

NO-FAIL PICKUP TIPS: WING GIRL EXPERT = YOUR SECRET WEAPON

PENTHOUSE

LIFE ON TOP 
U.S. EDITION

COVER GIRL
**EDEN
ADAMS**

**13
HOT
SPOTS**

WHERE TO
FIND GIRLS THIS
SUMMER

**MOTOWN
MOJO**
DETROIT'S DAZZLING
ENTERTAINMENT
COMEBACK

**NUDE
BEACH
NO-NO'S**
LOSING THE
PERV FACTOR

PENTHOUSE.COM
JUNE 2011

\$8.99



0 6>
11





Free Shipping • No Late Fees • Cancel Anytime
New Releases and Classic Games

VIDEO GAME RENTALS

DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR



Extended Free Trial*

SIGN UP AT

www.gamefly.com/print

ENTER CODE: NEWS422



**Free on Your iPhone, iPad,
Android & Palm Devices**
Over 8,000 Games at Your Fingertips



*New members only. Free trial valid in the 50 United States only, and cannot be combined with any other offer. Limit one per household. First-time customers only. Internet access and valid payment method required to redeem offer. GameFly will begin to bill your payment method for the plan selected at sign-up at the completion of the free trial unless you cancel prior to the end of the free trial. Plan prices subject to change. Please visit www.gamefly.com/terms for complete Terms of Use. Free Trial Offer expires 12/31/2011.



34



88



104



120



Pet of the Month
Eden Adams
page 64

PICTORIALS

34 Brooklyn's Finest

Lena D.

64 Garden of Eden

Pet of the Month
Eden Adams

88 The Guccione Years

1994 Pet of the Year
Sasha Vinni

104 Passion in Pastels

Chikita & Carmen

120 Video Vixen

Aleska Diamond

FULL FRONTAL

11 Revealing Entertainment

12 Flicks

The Hangover Part II ups the ante, plus other previews and reviews.

14 TV

Backstage at Showtime's *The Green Room*.

16 Joystick

Seemingly endless apps promise to reinvent technology.

18 Sounds

Arctic Monkeys prove they were always for real, plus other reviews.

LIFE ON TOP

21 Guided Tour

You don't have to be Eminem to appreciate the Motor City.

24 Freewheelin'

Daytona roundup.

28 Tech

Gadgets that make the most of the great outdoors.

30 Travel

Mexico's Playa del Carmen is a centrally located launchpad for action.

32 Scoundrel

Picking up chicks on a nude beach? Here's how to lower the perv factor.

33 The Pour House

Rum is reborn as a rarefied spirit worth the splurge.



44



52



48

FEATURES

44 Body Work

The Amazing Water-Bottle Workout is no joke. Bottles are available everywhere, and they work as fitness tools. By Jason S. Greenspan and Lee Noonan

46 Gametime

Bernard King, one of the NBA's greatest scorers, is criminally underappreciated. By John Bolster

48 Keep Them Doggies Rollin'

Times Square's Naked Cowboy ropes in tourists, as well as six figures a year in tips. By Jeff Pearlman

52 Leveling the Playing Field

According to some invisible measuring stick, I'm short. Can I stop my height from holding me back? By Chris Illuminati

54 No Ordinary Joe

Joe Nichols hit the big time in 2002, but he's still on his way to becoming a household name. Interview by Alanna Nash

58 Warrior Wire

John Wordin is committed to helping disabled veterans change their future. By Peter Laufer

60 Here's the Bad News, Son

How can I protect my child from a world that lives inside of me? By Steve Almond

80 Nothing's Shocking

Rock star Dave Navarro takes your questions.

82 Stand-Up Guys

Bill Burr expands into movies, TV, and podcasts. By Nick Fircchau

84 Girls of Summer

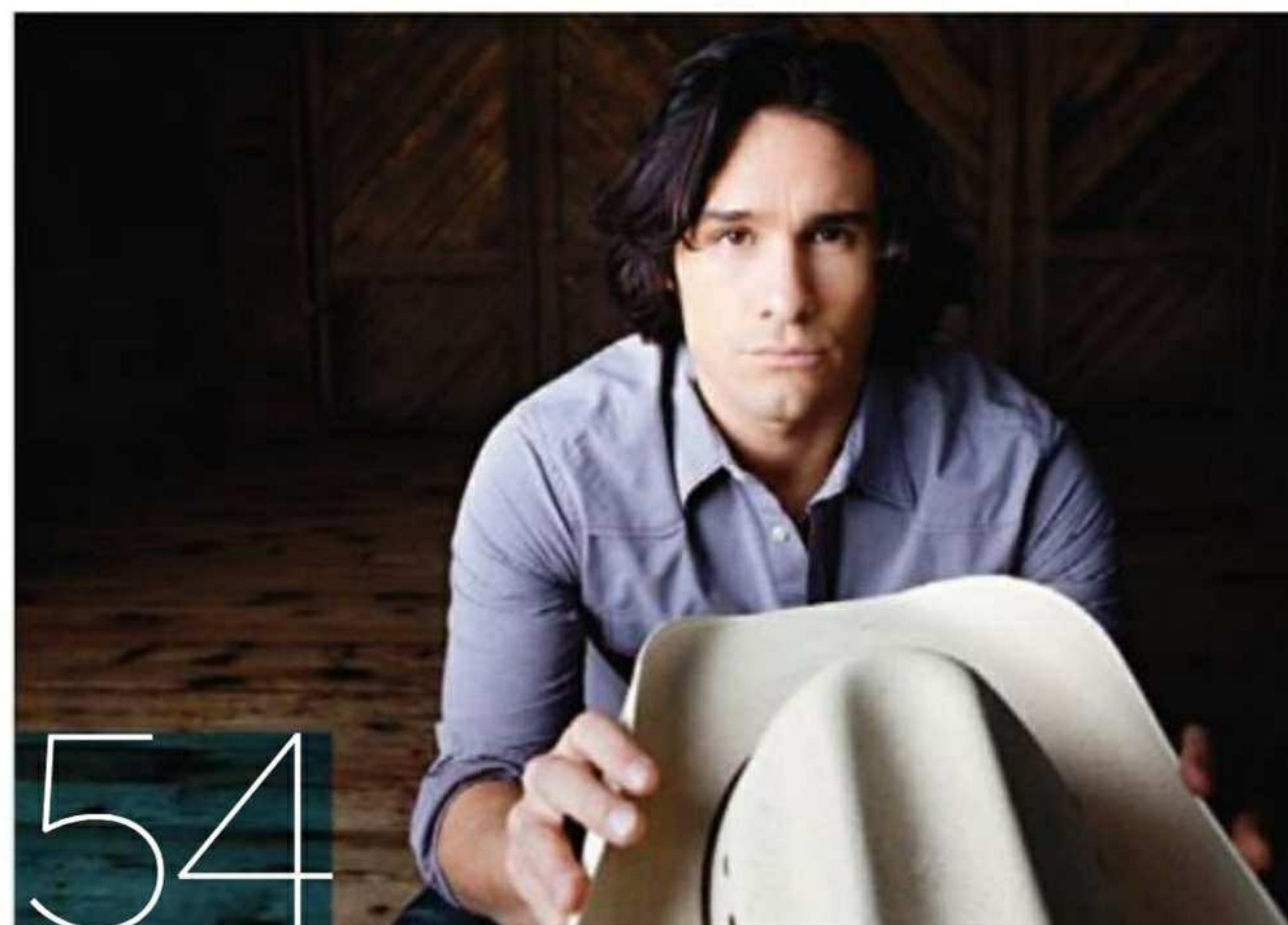
Our guide to this year's hottest easy livin'. By Joe Diamond

96 Meet Your New Wingman

Marni Kinrys is 29, fun, and smokin' hot. By Bobbi Dempsey

100 Porn Stars Need Not Apply

Why are this billion-dollar industry's stars still being discriminated against? By Larry Getlen



54



30



82

DEPARTMENTS

4 Forum

114 Illustrated Forum

116 Penthouse Books

118 Sex Ed.

130 X-Rated Video

142 Parting Shot



96



24



100



GET ONE MONTH

FREE

Then only pay \$25.99/mo with 1 year agreement. Plus taxes and fees.†

Throw out your big bill and start SAVING with VONAGE UNLIMITED calling to the U.S. and more than 60 countries for ONE LOW PRICE.

WHEN YOU ADD IT ALL UP, NOTHING ELSE STACKS UP!

- Unlimited local and long distance.
- Calls to more than 60 countries.*
- Consistently clear call and sound quality.
- Great features like readable voicemail and simulring.

EASY TO SWITCH, EASY TO SAVE

- Keep your existing phone number^.
- Vonage® works with your existing home phone and high-speed Internet connection.
- 25 Premium Features at no extra cost.
- FREE activation. (with 1-year agreement)

**30 Day
Money-Back
Guarantee<**

Call: 1.866.982.0046

Limited time offer; new lines only. † With one-year agreement. Rates exclude surcharges, fees and taxes. High-speed Internet required. Unlimited calling and other services are based on normal residential rate and are subject to our reasonable use policy on Vonage.com. *In-plan international calling may exclude certain call types such as calls to cell phones depending on the destination. Out of plan calls are charged at our low per minute rates. Offer valid in the US only. See Terms of Service for details. < For Guarantee details see Vonage.com. ^ Where available. The number transfer process may take up to 10 business days from the time you confirm your transfer request. Vonage 911 service operates differently than traditional 911. See www.vonage.com/911 for details. TTY, Alarms and other systems may not be compatible. ©2010 Vonage.

Sex to Go

A few months ago a new waitress started working at the pizza place where my buddies and I go on Fridays after work. All the women who work there are hot, and the official outfit of tight T-shirts and micro-shorts shows off their assets to the fullest. But Andrea is in a league of her own. The first time she was there it was a good thing my buddy Josh ordered for us, because I was so overwhelmed by her beauty that I would have asked for two large pizzas covered in tight butt and a couple of pitchers of 36Ds.

The guys could see I was interested in her and kept telling me to ask her out. By the time she returned with our food and drinks, I'd mustered up enough courage to ask her what time she got off work. In response, she flashed her engagement ring at me and said, "Sorry." Over the next few weeks it became a joke with us. I'd ask her what time she got off work, she'd show me her ring, and we'd all laugh.

But last Friday was different. When I asked what time, she said, "Midnight. Meet me at the front door." I was there 15 minutes early. When she arrived, still in her sexy waitress outfit, I was about to ask what had happened with her guy, but I had barely said hello before her tongue was in my mouth and her crotch was pressing against mine. She stopped Frenching me long enough to give me her address, then added, "And make it snappy, buster."

We managed to get to my car despite her hand in my pants, pressing my superhard cock, and mine rubbing her mound through her shorts. After I pulled out of the parking lot, I looked over at Andrea and nearly drove into a ditch. Her shorts and panties were down around her ankles and her shirt was bunched around her neck. She had two fingers thrusting deep into her pussy, while her other hand massaged her taut nipples. When I regained control of the car, I reached over with my right hand and started rubbing her clit, which was soaked with her juices and as hard as a



pebble. Feeling my touch, she began moaning loudly. With only occasional glances at the road, which was—fortunately—deserted, I watched Andrea finger-fuck herself to a back-arching, screaming climax.

As soon as we got to her place and were through the door, Andrea said, "I want you inside me. Now!"

She was totally naked in a flash. With one motion she pulled down my zipper and freed my raging hard-on. Then she pushed me down on the sofa and lowered her sopping cunt onto

my cock. I slid balls-deep into her heat, and she almost immediately came again, showering my prick with her nectar. She bounced up and down so fast I could not keep up. I fastened my mouth to one breast, then the other, while I spanked and squeezed her butt. When my finger penetrated her asshole, she cried out again in another body-shaking orgasm.

Then she got on her hands and knees, giving me my next order. "Fuck my ass," she cried. "Fuck it hard!" My prick was so wet with her juices that the entire length slid right into her tight, puckered backdoor. I stroked in and out and massaged her clit while she slammed into me. Then I felt her fingers sliding in and out of her dripping twat. I held out as long as I could before shooting what felt like gallons of jizz into her. When I withdrew, a cascade of come drained from her ass, bathing

her pussy lips. She swiped two fingers across her glazed labia and then licked them clean. Watching her, I was instantly hard again and wanted to fuck her more than ever.

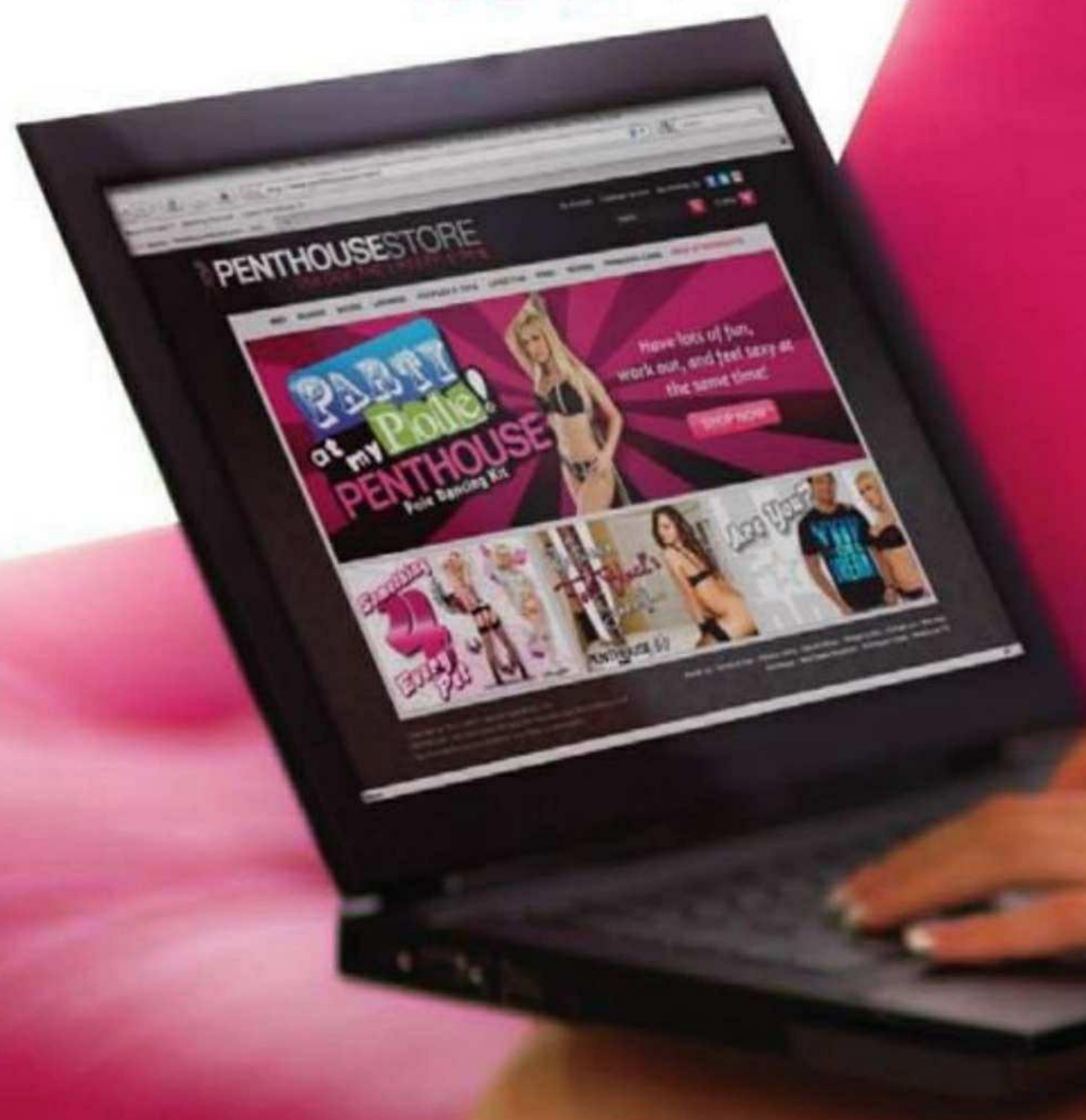
We spent the entire weekend having sex in every position possible, and in some I hadn't known. She never filled me in on what happened with her engagement. Maybe on next Friday night's date we'll take a break from sex long enough for me to find out.—R.J., North Carolina

She lowered her sopping cunt onto my cock. I slid balls-deep into her and she came again, showering my prick with nectar.

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.

Shop The All New
PENTHOUSESTORE.com
UNLOCK THE LIFESTYLE 

Nikki Benz
PENTHOUSE *Pet*
2011 *of the year*



we know what you want...

APPAREL • LINGERIE • TOYS • DVD/VOD • AND MORE

Save 15% With Promo Code: phs2night

PENTHOUSE, PENTHOUSE Pet™, the One Key Logo and the Little Devil Girl are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. used by permission.

HUNTING SEASON

I know it's hard to believe, but I had never seen a *Penthouse* magazine until recently. After paging through a few issues at my boyfriend's apartment and reading the exciting letters and Bedtime Stories, I decided to share my own erotic experience from a few months back.

Moira and I are in our late twenties and work together. While our boyfriends have never met, they do share something in common—they're both avid hunters. Moira invited me to spend the weekend at her place during the deer-season opener.

On Friday evening we went out for drinks and a movie, then returned to Moira's place. After changing into our sleepwear, Moira made popcorn and put in one of her boyfriend's pornos. I've watched porn with my boyfriend before, but it felt a little weird watching porn with a girl. What wasn't different was that I got horny. When I told Moira that watching porn might not be the smartest thing for us to be doing with our boyfriends away, she agreed, then told me she had something to fix that.

Moira went into her bedroom, returned with a ten-inch rubber cock, and asked if I was interested. Of course, I didn't mind sharing if she didn't, so I said, "Sure."

Moira got a dining room chair and placed it in the middle of the living room. Attached to the base of the dildo was a large suction cup. Moira wet the underside of the cup with her tongue, then stuck it to the seat of the chair. When she told me that she'd fucked herself many times this way, I told her to go first to show me. It was kinky seeing the dildo pointing up on the chair, and it got even better when Moira took off her nightgown and I saw her beautiful body.

Moira spread some lube on the dildo and straddled the chair with her back to me. Then, taking the dildo in hand and guiding it to her opening, Moira began lowering herself onto it.

"Oh, yeah! Fuck yeah!" she moaned as the dildo disappeared into her cunt. Then, placing her hands on the back of the chair and using her legs as leverage, Moira began slowly moving herself up and down over the full length of the rubber cock.

"Oh, I love fucking myself this way, Nina!" Moira cried out.



Seeing Moira fuck herself and hearing her lusty moans had me pulling off my own panties and rubbing my clit. Moira heard my whimpers of pleasure behind her and told me to stand in front of her so she could see me. I moved around the chair and started fingering myself again. Hearing her tell me how hot it was to see me masturbating made me even wetter.

Moira rode the dildo for a good ten minutes before crying out that she was coming. I quickly moved back behind Moira to witness the incredibly gorgeous sight of her flooding the rubber cock with her juices.

When it was my turn, I was so wet and horny that I just impaled myself on the dildo—no easy riding for me. I had never had anything quite this big

in my cunt, but I reveled in the feeling of fullness. I yelled, "God, I love fucking this big cock!"

Moira caressed my ass and egged me on, telling me how hot and nasty I looked riding the dildo. Then her finger teased the entrance to my tight asshole before pressing inside.

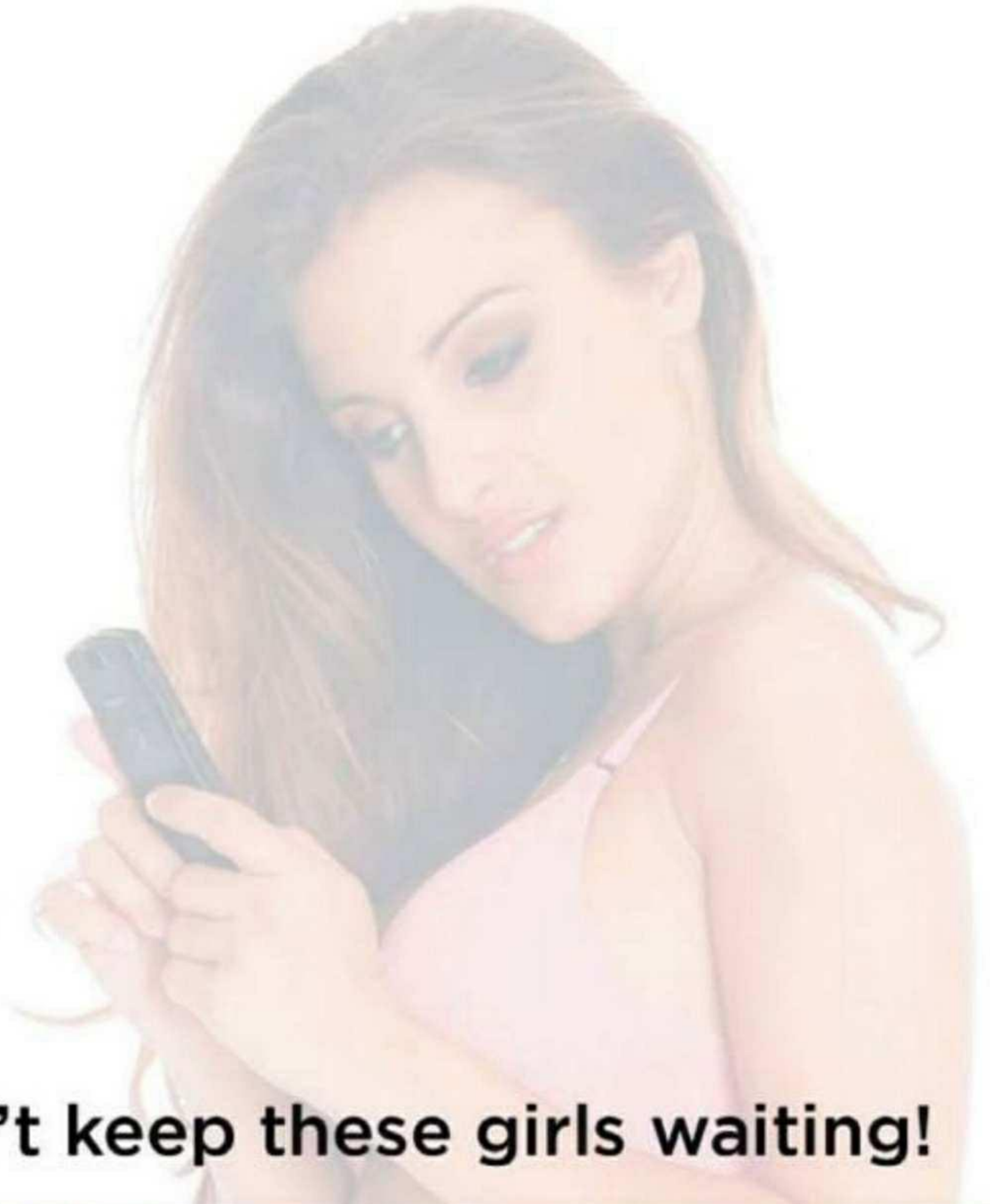
"Oh, yes, Moira!" I screamed. With the added pleasure of Moira working her finger into my ass as I continued humping the rubber cock, I didn't last nearly as long as she had. It wasn't long before an orgasm shuddered through me.

For the remainder of the weekend we had a great time watching pornos, taking turns getting each other off, and fucking each other with the dildo. Moira and I can't wait for our guys to go hunting again, and we both want our next time together to be even hotter.—N.T., Minnesota

More letters on page 132

When she told me that she'd fucked herself many times this way, I told her to go first to show me.

Text **"PENTHOUSE"**[®]
to 50501



Don't keep these girls waiting!



3 babes a week...every week...

\$9.99/month subscription, 3 messages/pictures sent per week.

You must be 18 or older to participate. Message and data rates may apply.

Charges will appear on your wireless phone bill or be deducted from your pre-paid balance.

Visit (<http://50501.mobi>) to read our Terms & Conditions. Text STOP to 50501 cancel.

Available in the US on AT&T, Alltel, Cricket, Sprint, Verizon and in Canada on Rogers and Telus.

PENTHOUSE[®] is a registered trademark of General Media Communications, Inc. Used by permission.

U.S. EDITION

EDITORIAL

| | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| Executive Editor | BARBARA RICE THOMPSON |
| Deputy Editor | PETER BLOCH |
| Managing Editor | CHRISTINE COLBY |
| Features Editor | JOHN BOLSTER |
| Senior Editor | DEIRDRE M. GOLDBECK |
| Contributing Editors | RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL, ERIC DANVILLE, BILL HEALD, JENNIFER PETERS |

ART

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| President, Penthouse Studios | KELLY HOLLAND |
| Art Director, Publishing Group | JOHN AROCHO |
| Art Director | JOHN FARACI |
| Designers | JESSICA PIETRAFESO, PABLO TURCIOS |
| Photo Researcher | CORINNE BUTLER THOMPSON |

LIBRARY

| | |
|----------------------------------|------------------|
| Art Rights Manager | MARIA ROTHENBERG |
| Photo Librarian | EVELYN BUTLER |
| Assistant Photo Librarian | NORMA DELGADO |

CIRCULATION

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Vice President, Director of Circulation | JOSEPH M. GALLO |
| Director, Newsstand Sales | PAUL G. PEARSON |
| Customer Service Manager/Analyst | MORGAN EVERETT |
| Traffic Director | BILL HARBUTT |

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

| | |
|----------------------------|-------------------|
| Associate Publisher | RICH MCENTEE |
| Account Manager | ELYSIA G. BANDONG |
| Promotions Manager | LAINIE SPEISER |

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING/INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS

| | |
|--|---------------------------|
| Director, Global Clubs Licensing | JEFF STOLLER |
| Director, Model Recruitment | STACY VALENTINE |
| Director, Licensing | AMANDA BYRD |
| Manager, International Publishing | MONICA KIRBY |
| Licensing Inquiries | LICENSING@FFN.COM |
| International Subscriptions | HTTP://INTL.PENTHOUSE.COM |

INTERNET

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| President, Penthouse Internet | ROBERT BRACKETT |
| Vice President, Product Development | MICHAEL MCNICHOLAS |

PRODUCTION

| | |
|--|----------------|
| Vice President, Art, Manufacturing & Production | MICHAEL TANG |
| Production Manager | MARIA KELLEHER |
| Photo Retoucher | GIL VELEZ |
| Type Systems Supervisor | MARIO IANNOTTA |
| Production Assistant | JANICE VENTURA |

CORPORATE

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| Chief Executive Officer | MARCH H. BELL |
| Chief Financial Officer | EZRA SHASHOUA |
| President, Licensing & Publishing | JAMES SULLIVAN |
| Controller | FRANK MATASAVAGE |
| Accounting Manager | ANTHONY MANISCALCO |

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES

| | |
|------------------------------|--|
| New York | 20 BROAD STREET, 14TH FLOOR NEW YORK NY 10005 TEL: 212-702-6000 FAX: 212-702-6262 |
| Advertising Inquiries | ADSALES@FFN.COM |

ENTERTAINMENT/LICENSING OFFICE

| | |
|----------------------------|--------------|
| Los Angeles, Calif. | 310-280-1900 |
|----------------------------|--------------|

READER INFORMATION

TO ORDER A SUBSCRIPTION: For 12 issues, please send a U.S.-drawn bank check or money order for \$32 (\$56 for foreign residents) to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235. To order by credit card, call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or visit PenthouseMagazine.com. From Canada or elsewhere in the world, call 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) between 8 A.M. and midnight Eastern Standard Time, Monday through Friday, or from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. on weekends. Closed holidays.

TO SOLVE A SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEM: Write to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235, or call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) from outside the U.S. Hours are 8 A.M. to midnight weekdays, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. weekends (Eastern Standard Time). Closed holidays. You also can email us at Penthouse@palmcoastd.com. Editorial and advertising offices cannot resolve subscription problems.

TO CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS: We require eight weeks' advance notice of change of address (to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235) to ensure that delivery will not be interrupted. Be sure to include your old as well as your new address and zip code.


TO RENEW A SUBSCRIPTION: We must receive renewal payment two months before the expiration of your current subscription to ensure that you will not miss an issue. Renewal notices are first sent several months before subscriptions are due to expire. If you renew before your current subscription expires, the full term of that renewal will be added to your current subscription.

IF YOU PAID FOR A SUBSCRIPTION BUT ARE STILL GETTING BILLED: If you have paid a subscription bill and get another bill within four weeks, ignore the new bill. If you have paid a subscription bill more than four weeks before getting another bill, send proof of payment along with your bill to *Penthouse*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235.

BACK ISSUES: To inquire about the availability and price of back issues, call 888-312-BACK. You must specify the issue precisely (e.g., September 2010); we cannot accurately locate back issues based only on such identification as a story title, a story's subject matter, or the picture on the cover. We have back issues available for the previous 12 months.

ARTICLE REPRINTS: To order reprints of articles, obtain permission to photocopy, or receive a copy of a past article, call 212-702-6000. Unauthorized reproduction of any portion of *Penthouse* text constitutes copyright infringement.

To email *Penthouse* editors:
PenthouseEditors@ffn.com



HOOK UP

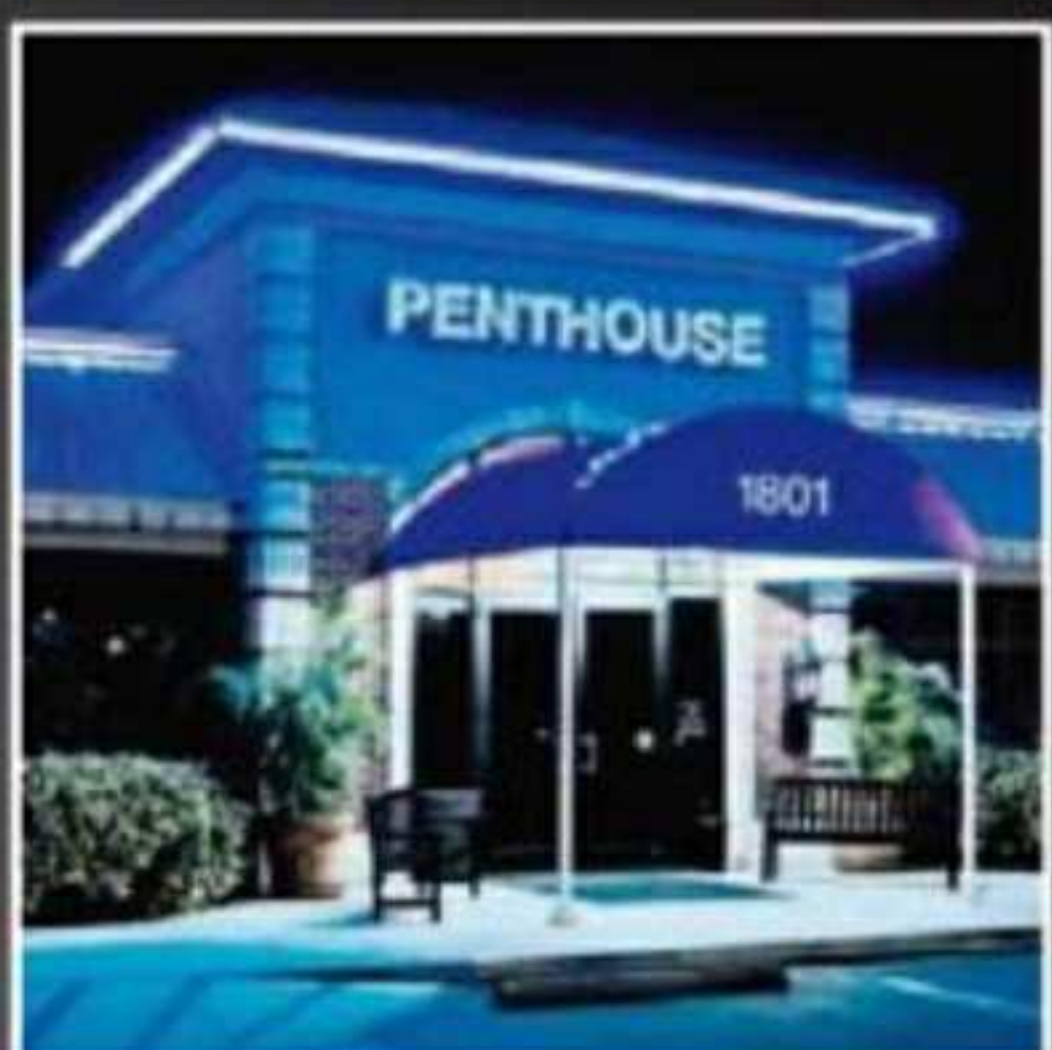
TONIGHT NEAR YOU

Join for Free* at **AdultFriendFinder.com**
The World's Largest Sex & Swinger Personals Community

ADULTFRIENDFINDER.com® is a service mark of Various, Inc. Used by permission. Model depicted in photo.
*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade from a free membership to a paid membership.

The **PENTHOUSE** *Club*

The Penthouse Club – where you, your friends and business associates can relax in comfort, talk business and dine in elegance. Enjoy personalized service with a wide selection of champagne and wines, while you are entertained by the world's most beautiful women.



Atlanta
Auckland
Baton Rouge
Chicago
Denver
Detroit
Houston
Moscow
Myrtle Beach
New Orleans
New York
Niagara Falls
Philadelphia
Reno
San Francisco
St. Louis
Tampa

For more information on our clubs, visit: www.PenthouseClubs.com



HAIR OF THE DOG

The boys from *The Hangover*—Zach Galifianakis, Bradley Cooper, and Ed Helms—get back on the horse that threw them onto the Hollywood A-list and ride to Bangkok for *Part II*.



ILLUSTRATION BY REVEL-INK



Bangkok Blackout

The Hangover Part II ups the ante by relocating the action—and the drug-related amnesia—from Vegas to the notorious capital city of Thailand.



The Hangover Part II

Bradley Cooper, Zach Galifianakis, Ed Helms, Liam Neeson

In the epic tradition of *The Godfather* and *The Lord of the Rings* franchises, a great saga continues. Looking back, it's not so hard to understand why the first one was such a global success. Yes, there have been raunchier weekend-in-Vegas movies, but none have paid quite so much attention to the chemistry of the comic putdown, expertly delivered by hungry actors in star-making performances. As if aware of this, everybody's returned to play again: bearded baby-toting goon Galifianakis, toothless Helms, charmer Cooper, even Mike

Tyson. (A brief flirtation with a Mel Gibson cameo was wisely nixed—wrong energy.) Even more promising, the action's been relocated to Bangkok for the marriage of Stu (Helms) and his fiancée, played by Jamie Chung. If your mind just awakened to the potential for tranny-hooker trouble, then you're the target audience. No big female stars onboard this time around—good-bye, Heather Graham—but writer-director Todd Phillips, whose Galifianakis-driven *Due Date* was one of last year's most underrated comedies—is back in the power seat, a good thing.

REVIEW

The Trip**Steve Coogan, Rob Brydon**

Call it a sad, unexplainable quirk of the movie biz that comedian Coogan, so popular in his native Britain, hasn't quite connected in the U.S. (His *Night at the Museum* cameos don't count.) No matter: Coogan's simply gone back home, reteamed with his finest on-screen foil—the equally underrated Brydon—and director Michael Winterbottom (*24 Hour Party People*) to make his most painfully funny effort. It's a road movie about two middle-aged actors—essentially Coogan and Brydon themselves—touring the English countryside, eating in schmancy restaurants, and ceaselessly bantering. Brace yourself for savage impressions of Michael Caine and, more stealthy, a tender tale of friendship, à la *Sideways*.



SNEAK PEEK

**Super 8****Elle Fanning, Kyle Chandler, Amanda Michalka**

Little is known about J. J. Abrams's sci-fi thriller, but having privately seen some advance footage, *Penthouse* is prepared to declare this one the summer film to beat for sheer Spielbergian nostalgia. Latchkey kids living in a beautifully rendered late-1970s Ohio make dorky movies; when their camera accidentally captures a train wreck (as impressive as the one in *The Fugitive*), real-life mystery enters the picture. Online geeks have been nosing around the alien aspects—what's that banging around?—but Abrams (TV's *Lost*, the *Star Trek* reboot) has wisely foregrounded the domestic drama. **A-**

**X-Men: First Class****James McAvoy, Michael Fassbender, Jennifer Lawrence**

Were you hungering for a *Mad Men*-era prequel to the mutant gang's blockbuster story? Neither were we, but the idea's growing on us: Everyone's a whole lot younger and more unsure of themselves, especially McAvoy as a wide-eyed Professor X (with a full head of hair!) and *Inglorious Basterds*' Fassbender as his closest friend, the not-yet-villainous Magneto. The plot has something to do with the Cuban Missile Crisis, so expect high nuclear stakes. Mostly, though, we're lining up to see Lawrence (*Winter's Bone*) in the ultraminimalist Mystique costume.

**The Tree of Life****Brad Pitt, Sean Penn, Jessica Chastain**

On the surface, we're talking about another family melodrama starring Pitt as a terse 1950s dad—not exactly unexplored territory. But Pitt's director this time out is the mystical Terrence Malick (*Badlands*, *The Thin Red Line*), who, with his unusual attention to the natural world, often achieves a heartbreaking sense of grandeur. Expect Malick's latest to accommodate plenty of generational angst as well: Penn costars as a troubled boy grown into a troubled man. (Is that really acting for him?) True to form, the trailer's a knockout, filled with quiet, evocative music and moments of aching visual poetry.

**Bad Teacher****Cameron Diaz, Jason Segel, Justin Timberlake**

Diaz has done her best over the years to remind us that she can act, taking serious roles in movies like *Gangs of New York* and *The Box*. But we've always preferred her when she's being silly—swirling her perfect ass in the *Charlie's Angels* flicks and working the stiff hair in *There's Something About Mary*. Diaz's new film hopes to return her to the sex-comedy throne: She plays a spectacularly inappropriate high school teacher, profane and often stoned, trying to earn enough money in an extracurricular competition to buy breast implants. Where was she when we were in high school?



From left: Bo Burnham, Ray Romano, Marc Maron, Paul Provenza, Garry Shandling, and Judd Apatow

BACKSTAGE AT THE GREEN ROOM

Forget all the phony chat you see on talk shows: Showtime's *The Green Room* is like eavesdropping on comedy friends really shooting the shit.

By Harmon Leon

Everybody Loves Raymond's Ray Romano sits in the center of the room. In a moment of pathos, the sitcom clown lets down his mask. "Before I was famous

I used to think cab drivers hated me. Now I think limo drivers hate me." Romano looks to fellow funny-men Garry Shandling, Judd Apatow, and Marc Maron for validation. "Does that feeling ever go away—a feeling like you're an imposter?"

Moments later, Maron pipes up: "Are we meeting again here next week?"

This isn't an intimate comedian group-therapy session; it's a taping of Showtime's *The Green Room* with host Paul Provenza—a show with no structure. No rules. No promotional purposes behind conversations. No setups for comedians to fill in punch lines—just pure talk, battle stories, and love of all things comedy.

"It's real smart people who are stand-up comics, so they are trained in critical thinking and calling people on their bullshit—so their conversation is interesting and compelling," says Provenza. The green room is the backstage area where comedians hang out between gigs; the place

where comics let their guards down and the best stories are told. The Showtime program features comedians hanging out like that—except with a live audience. Filmed at the Vanguard in Hollywood (transformed into what looks like the living room of, say, an eccentric aunt, or "a bar of a very narcissistic restaurant," as Shandling puts it), a few hundred people—packed in on chairs and sofas—encircle the comedy icons; it's like being on the inside with the cool kids with *The Aristocrats* director Paul Provenza as ringmaster.

"We were just trying to do something that's authentic," Provenza

says between tapings. "It's the thing I miss in comedy and television. Authenticity is so hard to come by in our culture and lives." During these next few nights, he'll be conducting intimate group chatter with the likes of Lewis Black, Ron White, Margaret Cho, Richard Lewis, Jeffrey Ross, Kathy Griffin, Lisa Lampanelli, Janeane Garofalo, and Dave Attell.

"I've been a stand-up professionally since I was 17," Provenza says. "I know what makes comedians comfortable and what doesn't. I know what makes comedians feel like they are in a safe space."

Los Angeles comedian Troy Conrad agrees: "Paul is like a friend who can keep a secret. It doesn't matter if there's a crowd of a few hundred people watching. He can create a level of realness and honesty."

"Provenza's lineups are great equalizers," says executive producer Barbara Romen. "It's exciting to see fresh young comics meeting, for the first time, their comedy heroes—and chatting as 'colleagues' with perspectives to share. Combining 20-year-old Bo Burnham with Judd Apatow, Garry Shandling, and Ray Romano was an experience in comedic incongruity that none of us will ever forget."

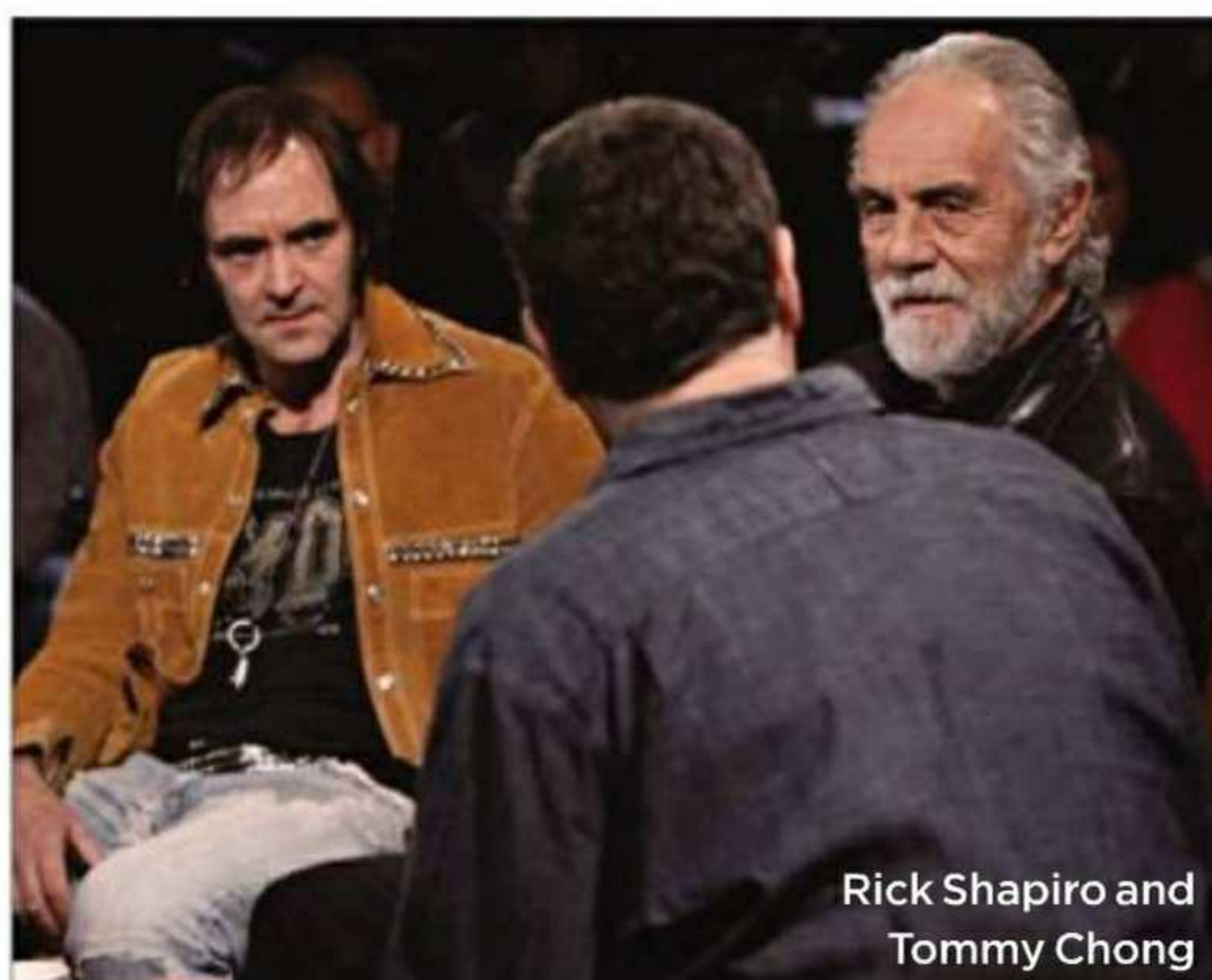
Apatow—dressed like a character from *Freaks and Geeks*—first wrote Shandling's jokes for the 1990 Grammys, while Romano initially met the *Knocked Up* director 17 years ago on HBO's *Young Comedians* special. ("I remember seeing you and thinking, *That guy's going to be a great writer.*") Silent up until this point, YouTube sensation Bo Burnham finally pipes in: "I'm of the younger generation, and I was just wondering—for all of you—who are you?"

Huge laughs.

As the guffaws die, Shandling retorts with perfect timing, "The feeling is sooo mutual."

"Do you need to be screwed up to be funny?" Burnham confronts his elder neurotic peers. "Comedy comes from so many different places," he says. "Comedy comes from love. It comes from fear. It comes from hate. I never had nothing but encouragement from my parents."

Provenza lets everyone have their solo as he frames the comedians, then brings the composition back together as a symphony. "I don't care who the



Rick Shapiro and Tommy Chong

"THEY CAME TO MY DOOR AND SAID, 'DO YOU HAVE ANY DRUGS ON THE PREMISES?' I'M TOMMY CHONG!"

hot comic is or who has done what movie," he says. "It's about the energy of the mix."

The taping later this night has the combustible jazz-cat mix of Tommy Chong, Rick Shapiro, Joe Rogan, and Eddie Ifft. In Joe Rogan's solo, he confesses to being stoned on marijuana lollipops throughout season two of *Fear Factor*. Tommy Chong recalls his dehumanizing prison stint and police bust. ("They came to my door and said, 'Do you have any drugs on the premises?' I'm Tommy Chong!") Former addict Shapiro ("I Sucked Dick for Heroin") mocks Rogan's riff about talking to dolphins when high. ("Talk to the dolphin again and get more information out of him!")

After Shapiro's rant, Provenza jokes, "If he [wasn't] doing stand-up comedy, somebody would be dead." He then turns to Chong: "I thought it

was time that someone showed you the effects of too [many] drugs."

Afterward, the comedians and audience spill out onto the back patio of the Vanguard for free drinks and food. Comedy fans abound. Porn star Ron Jeremy meanders about, while on other nights John Corbett, Steven Weber, and even Sugar Ray Leonard schmooze with comedy icons. Tommy Chong—giving off a Buddhist aura—is surrounded by a flock sharing a joint. (You can't pass up an opportunity to smoke with Tommy Chong—it's like being blessed by the holy grail of stonerdom.)

"Someone asked me if I do anything to prepare for the show. And the truth is, I've been watching *Dog Whisperer*," Provenza states. "You come out and go, 'Okay, what does this animal want—this creature we call 'comedian'? Okay, this is Kathy Griffin. I have to make her my bitch immediately."

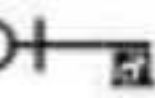


Bo Burnham and Ray Romano

She has to know who's boss.'"

With a "mission accomplished" glow, Provenza sums up his favorite moment of the evening: pushing Garry Shandling to open up. "I had some conversations with Garry about his Zen Buddhism and his spiritual journey, and I was quite surprised that he choose to be so closed, because he celebrates it."

Provenza kept badgering Shandling until it finally snapped his Zen, and the formerly neurotic funnyman explained his philosophy on comedy and life: "Authenticity. Not a fake moment onstage. Just being. Be authentic of who I am—to be my true self."

"I talked to him afterward and said, 'Why were you holding back on me?' And he said, 'I don't know, I just need to be pushed'—and that was a beautiful moment," Provenza says. "It goes beyond comedy." 



Paul Provenza

YES, THERE'S AN APP FOR THAT

We sort through the endless wave of applications that promise to reinvent technology as we know it.



It's impossible to overstate the ability of these value-priced on-demand downloads to add endless functionality to electronic devices and utterly transform your daily routine. According to mobile application retailer GetJar, apps are expected to be a \$17.5 billion industry by 2012, with Apple's App Store alone having topped ten billion downloads in less than three years. The irony is that these figures may actually *understate* the degree to which apps have invaded all aspects of everyday life, from dining to dating to entertainment.

You can credit that growing success to a rapidly expanding array of devices—from high-def TVs to cars and even refrigerators—and skyrocketing numbers of imaginative new applications that aid with everything from locating lost pets to finding mall bathrooms. *Variety* technotainment blogger Chris Morris says, "Ultimately, apps' overwhelming success comes down to price and convenience. The question now is if creators and internet providers can keep up with demand."

THE BEST RECENT APPS

■ COMMUNICATIONS

TANGO (Free; Android/iPhone/iPod Touch; Tango.me)

Tango lets iPhone/iPod and Android owners videoconference between different devices using 3G, 4G, or WiFi, enabling an iPhone 4 user to ring his girlfriend's Galaxy S.

HIPSTAMATIC (\$1.99; iPhone/iPod Touch; HipstamaticApp.com)

Jazz up photos by swapping lenses and image effects to create striking sepia-toned portraits or re-create that washed-out seventies feel before sharing them via Facebook or Flickr.

TWEETDECK (Free to \$1.99; Android/iPhone/iPod Touch/Google Chrome; TweetDeck.com) A one-stop hub for Twitter and Facebook exchanges that makes it simple to juggle pithy status updates, manage multiple accounts, and keep

friends notified every time you sneeze or use the can.

NEER (Free; Android/iPhone/iPod Touch; NeerLife.com)

While Foursquare and Gowalla let you proudly broadcast your location to the world, this practical, privacy-minded alternative allows friends and family to monitor your everyday movements, sending notices when you reach remote locales.

■ ENTERTAINMENT

FLIPBOARD (Free; iPad)

This takes all your favorite online feeds, including blog entries, Facebook updates, and Twitter posts, and displays them in a gorgeous, easily readable magazine-style format.

NETFLIX (Free, plus Netflix membership; iPhone/iPad/Windows Phone/Blu-ray players/HDTVs; Netflix.com)

Stream thousands of TV shows and films to your smartphone or internet-connected home-theater device.

PANDORA (Free; Android/BlackBerry/iPhone/iPad/Palm/Windows Phone/Blu-ray players/HDTVs; Pandora.com)

Pandora serves up free, personalized streaming radio stations, so you can enjoy quality music anywhere you have a signal, on dozens of devices.

INTONOW (Free; iPhone/iPod Touch/iPad; IntoNow.com)

Identify TV shows and their individual episodes in seconds by their soundtrack, and get links to additional info.

■ GAMES

INFINITYBLADE (\$5.99; iPhone/iPad; EpicGames.com)

A shockingly advanced hack-and-slash fantasy adventure whose stunning audiovisuals closely resemble game-console outings.

ANGRY BIRDS (Free to 99 cents; Android/iPhone/iPod Touch/iPad/Palm/Symbian; Rovio.com)

This arcade puzzler in which you use slingshots to launch irate avians at annoyingly positioned, egg-stealing pigs has been downloaded 50 million times, quickly proving itself to be mobile gaming's answer to *Tetris*.

DOODLE JUMP (99 cents; Android/BlackBerry/iPhone/iPod Touch/Nokia; LimaSky.com)

Graphics modeled after primitive grade-school sketches belie a surprisingly deep, reflex-intensive experience in which you attempt to climb an endless series of platforms without toppling.

100 ROGUES (99 cents; iPhone/iPod Touch/iPad; 100Rogues.com)

Guide a knight or fairy through a series of increasingly complex, monster-infested

dungeons, hunting for limited supplies of food, weapons, and treasure.

■ PRODUCTIVITY

PRIZMO (\$9.99; iPhone; Creaced.com)

Turn your iPhone into a document scanner to quickly digitize business cards, documents, and invoices.

EVERNOTE (Free; Android/BlackBerry/iPhone/iPod Touch/iPad/Palm/Windows Mobile; EverNote.com)

Effortlessly organize photos, voice recordings, screenshots, and more under a single banner, then quickly search your collection by tag, title, or even the text inside images.

AIR DISPLAY (\$9.99; iPhone/iPad; Avatron.com)

Transform your iPad or iPhone into a second Mac/PC monitor and enjoy easier browsing and additional screen real estate.

SWIFTKEY KEYBOARD (\$1.99; Android; SwiftKey.net)

This app uses adaptive artificial intelligence to learn your writing habits and predict words you're typing, vastly speeding up the process of pounding out lengthy emails or notes.

■ TRAVEL

FLIGHTTRACK PRO (\$9.99; Android/iPhone/iPad; Mobiata.com)

Import trip information from airline confirmation emails to monitor arrivals, departures, gate changes, weather conditions, and delays.

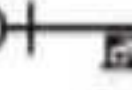
KAYAK (Free; Android/BlackBerry/iPhone/iPad; Kayak.com)

Rapidly search for flights, hotels, and car rentals from multiple providers, so you can score top deals.

YELP (Free; Android/BlackBerry/iPhone/iPod Touch; Yelp.com)

Turn stopovers in unfamiliar cities into epic adventures with Yelp's help pinpointing dive bars, restaurants, drugstores, banks, and other hot spots by neighborhood, price, and proximity.

HOPSTOP (Free; iPhone/iPod Touch/iPad; Hopstop.com)

Use starting and ending addresses to get directions via bus, subway, or foot in major metropolitan areas, or to estimate the time and cost of a cab. 

FAST-FORWARD

Gartner Research senior research analyst Eric Knipp reveals what's next for the app invasion.

CACHING OUT

Using in-app purchases and microtransactions, you'll be able to buy subscriptions, unlock new app features, and even order Chinese takeout without glancing up.

YOURS TRULY

Increasingly context-aware apps that track location, personal preference, and social habits will offer better choices. Expect coupons for 20 percent off your favorite variety of K-Y when you pass a drugstore.

GIVE AND GO

Use wireless near-field communication technology to pay for popcorn or theater tickets by swiping your cellphone at a movie poster.

MAKE YOUR OWN APP

Scheming about creating the next million-dollar download? Appy Entertainment CEO Chris Ulm explains how to take your idea from hand-drawn doodle to surround-sound-quality fart app in no time flat.

1. CREATE A BLUEPRINT

Put every element of your app's design, from unique features to how it looks and works, down on paper, even if all you've got is a napkin sketch.

2. FOCUS ON THREE KEY BENEFITS

The less you need to launch with, the quicker you can get your app made, and the more time you can spend perfecting it.


3. FIND A CAPABLE PRODUCTION PARTNER

Services like oDesk.com and Guru.com can connect you with developers, as can such sites as GetApps Done.com and iPhoneAppQuotes.com. But be sure you review contractors' past work to understand their experience and capabilities.

4. DON'T OVERSPEND

As a rule of thumb, your budget for small apps should be one to two months and \$10,000 to \$15,000; midsize apps three to six months and \$30,000 to \$60,000; and larger apps five to eight months and \$150,000 to \$200,000. If you can do your own programming, some developers can do an app for pennies on the dollar.

5. DESIGN EVERY ASPECT OF YOUR APP

That includes features, updates, whether it's free or paid, and if there will be in-app transactions. And don't reinvent the wheel. First timers should avoid features that are technically difficult or have never been done. 



ARCTIC MONKEYS

Suck It and See

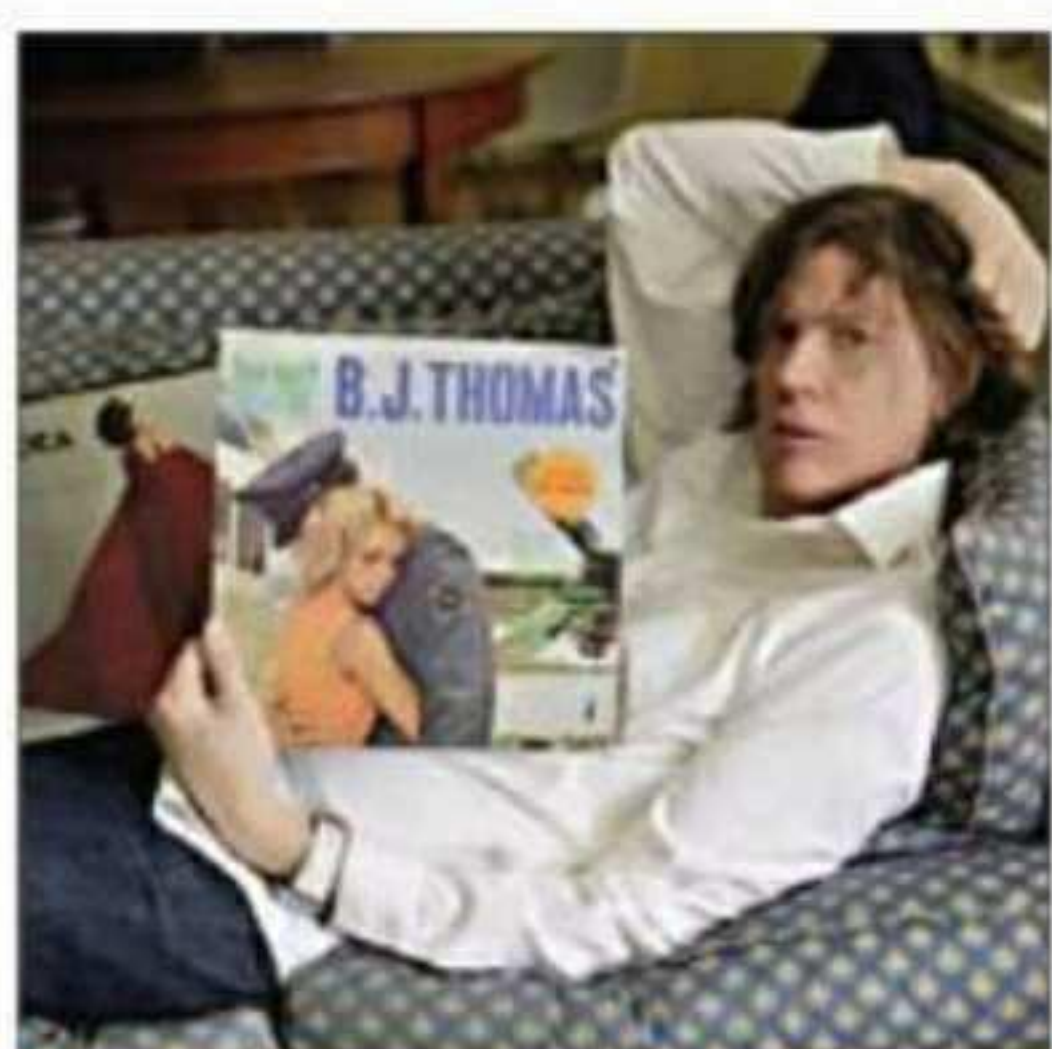
Domino

★★★

Overhyped British bands have a long history of underdelivering—Gay Dad, anyone?—so the skepticism that greeted Arctic Monkeys in 2006 was warranted: The Sheffield quartet that was artfully scruffy, barely old enough to drink in their own country (and not yet in ours), seemed worthy of a fling, not an invested relationship. But as the buzz quieted, the band got better: *Suck*, their fourth album, is their strongest by a country kilometer. At the ripe old age of 25, frontman Alex Turner feels like “the Sundance Kid behind a synthesizer,” and spins wry tales of “topless models doing semaphore” and “kung-fu fighting on roller skates” over swaggering, Kinks-y backbeats. These young Monkeys were only warming up on their ballyhooed debut five years ago.

COMING IN FROM THE COLD

Buzzed, then backlashed, Arctic Monkeys prove they were for real all along on their accomplished, delicately titled fourth record.



THURSTON MOORE
Demolished Thoughts
Matador
★★★

“Delicate” and “quiet” aren’t normally adjectives that come within screeching distance of Thurston Moore, founding member of Sonic Youth and leading cause of tinnitus for

much of the nineties’ Alternative Nation. And yet here we are: *Demolished Thoughts*, the 52-year-old’s (!) fourth solo album, is a hushed, acoustic affair that’s decibels away from the shrieking feedback normally issuing from Moore’s guitar. It’s a surprise, yes, but a wonderfully welcome one. The gentle “Benediction,” with its beautiful, buzzing violin line, stands out. Produced by noted genre-hopper Beck, the album finds Moore approaching songs with the same expansive spirit and gusto he brings to his day job, just in a quieter mode. It’s still punk as folk.



MOBY
Destroyed
Mute
★★

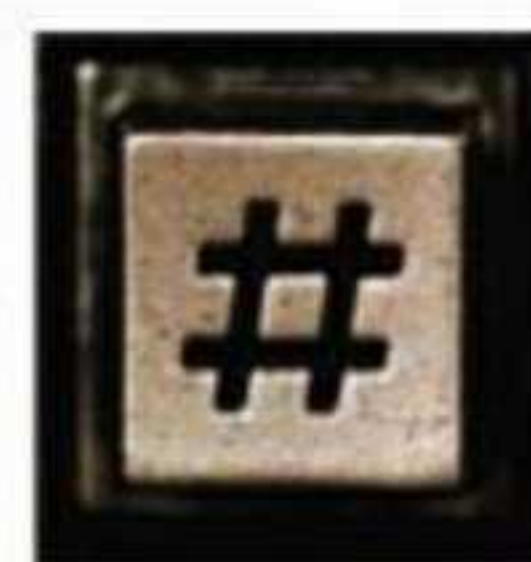


Moby doesn’t run from criticism. The diminutive, follicly challenged vegan, now into his third decade of recording,

refers to himself as “Little Idiot,” and named a recent album *Hotel*, which was red meat to the folks who believe his sound is nothing more than fashionable Muzak. *Destroyed* moves from one dull setting to another, its inspiration provided by bouts of insomnia at airports. At times it does effectively capture the strobe-lit half-life of the deeply jet-lagged, as on “The Broken Places,” an insidiously compelling track, and “Rockets,” which has a sad, smeared beauty. But as the gauzy tracks pile up, the album seems less inspired by insomnia than a cure for it.



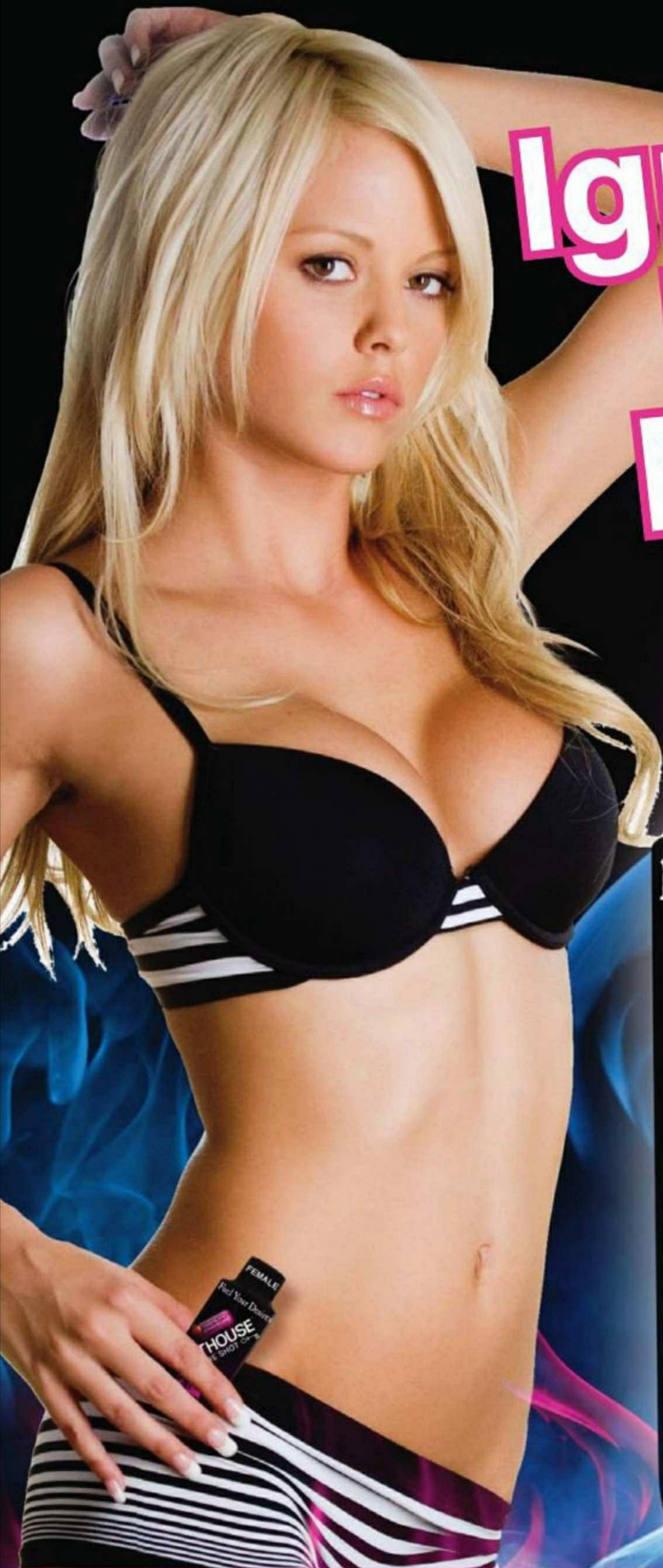
DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE
Codes and Keys
Atlantic
★★★★



In 2001, Death Cab for Cutie recorded “Why You’d Want to Live Here,” a scabrous—at least by the band’s gentle

standards—hate letter to Los Angeles. Fast-forward a decade and the city has grown on them: “Life is sweet/ in the belly of the beast” songwriter Ben Gibbard sings of his blissful, Hollywood existence with starlet wife Zooey Deschanel. He’s happy, sure, but not complacent: Death Cab’s seventh album is a collection of gorgeous investigations into the dwindling days of youth (also known as your thirties). The title track—which rides a *Pet Sounds* piano and woozy strings while slaying romantic doubt—and the soaring “St. Peter’s Cathedral” offer a melancholy kind of hope.

Ignite Your Passion & Pleasure



Coming Soon To A Retail Outlet Near You.

These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.
PENTHOUSE™ and the One Key Logo™ are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. Used by permission. Licensed by Prestige Imports, LLC.

Made In USA & Distributed by Prestige Imports LLC. - Ph: (586) 778-2143



Don't Miss Out On The **Wildest Live Webcams!**

Watch hundreds of sexy babes get naked live!

Join for free at cams.com*



Cams.com is a service mark of StreamRay Inc. Used by permission. Model depicted in photo.
*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade from a free membership to a paid membership.

MOTOR CITY MAGIC

You don't have to be Eminem to appreciate the Motor City.
Metro Detroit provides a variety of entertaining pastimes.

By Joe Diamond





GUIDED TOUR



A Zingerman's Deli sandwich

THE FAST AND THE CURIOUS

■ MOTOR MUSTER

TheHenryFord.org/events/MotorMuster.aspx; 313-982-6001
Motor City wouldn't exist, let alone the world as we know it, without Henry Ford. It's only fitting that the museum complex created in his honor play host to Motor Muster, a colorful celebration of automotive history. During the two-day annual festival at the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village, hundreds of classic cars, trucks, and motorcycles fill the streets. "They're all here," says a museum spokesman. "From brawny muscle cars to the real straight-out-of-the-showroom cars you and your parents grew up with." Where brawny muscle cars roam, hot women are sure to follow. (June 18-19; tickets are \$22)

■ WOODWARD DREAM CRUISE

WoodwardDreamCruise.com
Organizers call the Woodward Dream Cruise "the world's largest one-day celebration of classic-car culture." On August 20, more than a million spectators will line a 16-mile stretch of Woodward Avenue between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M. to check out thousands of muscle cars, hot rods, and other souped-up vehicles. It's like one big street party, and it's where returning University of Michigan coeds go to let off steam before hitting the books. Oakland County native Leon Norway says, "Car owners cruise, burn rubber, and flaunt their rides for hours and hours. Large crowds watch and root and take pictures. People act up, have fun." Sounds like our kind of party.



The Corner Bar

■ DETROIT APBA GOLD CUP

Gold-Cup.com; 586-774-0980
Cars aren't the only things that move fast in Motown. Each summer Detroit hosts the American Power Boat Association's Gold Cup, the "Super Bowl of power-boat racing." The first Cup was awarded in 1904, and today, boat racing is a major event in Detroit. The Gold Cup features turbocharged "unlimited" hydroplane boats that can rip across the water at 200 miles per hour and cover a football field in less than a second. In addition to these

modern speed demons, spectators are treated to exhibitions of vintage race boats. (July 8-10; tickets are \$15)

LIVE MUSIC

■ HART PLAZA

Movement.us
DetroitRiverDays.com
DetroitJazzFest.com
This huge riverfront civic space, just south of the intersection of Jefferson and Woodward avenues, is a staple for outdoor events in Detroit. On Memorial Day weekend, electronic and techno fans will gather for the Movement Electronic Music Festival (three-day admission is \$60 and up). The annual Detroit River Days



Penthouse Club Detroit

festival (June 24–26; admission is \$3) will feature live concerts by both local talent and internationally known performers. Last year's festival boasted big-name nineties acts Blues Traveler, MC Hammer, and the Spin Doctors. The Detroit Jazz Festival, one of the country's top festivals celebrating one of America's homegrown musical genres, will close out the summer over Labor Day weekend (admission is free).

■ CLUTCH CARGO'S

ClutchCargos.com; 248-333-2362

This converted church is one of Detroit's leading live-music venues. General manager Amir Daiza claims the club intentionally cultivates a "female-friendly" atmosphere, and lots of bachelorette parties keep the crowd around 55 percent women. It's only open on Saturdays, which may account for its combustible, do-or-die energy. Although it's no match for the Penthouse Club, Clutch Cargo's has been the site of some sizzling bikini pole-dancing contests.

■ MAJESTIC ENTERTAINMENT CENTER

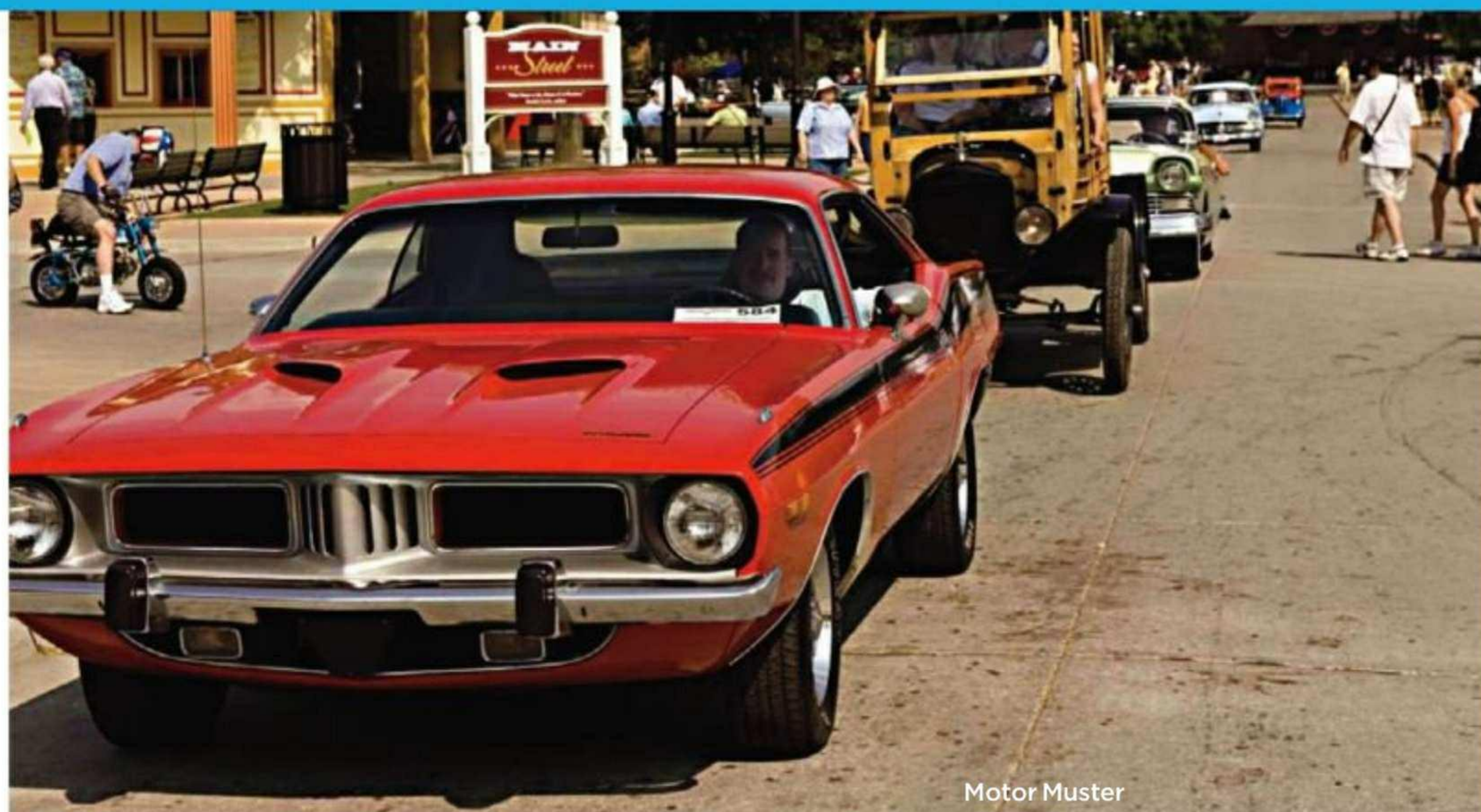
MajesticDetroit.com; 313-833-9700

At one time this was the world's largest movie house; the modern Majestic is a full-fledged entertainment complex, with America's oldest running bowling alley, a pool hall, two live-music venues, four bars, and a restaurant. (The Majestic Cafe has what might be the most mouth-watering strawberry-swirl cheesecake in the Midwest.) Despite its fabled past, the Majestic doesn't try to be anything it's not, and it's been affectionately called "crap-tastic."

HOTEL HOT SPOTS

■ V NIGHTCLUB

MGMGrandDetroit.com/V-Nightclub; 877-888-2121



Motor Muster

Part of downtown's \$800 million MGM Grand, V lives up to the hotel chain's Las Vegas roots with a dazzling interactive light show, pulsating dance music, stunning waitresses and club dancers, and equally beautiful patrons. Resident DJ Whip and such celebrity spinners as Fashen and Sam Young help pack them in. When you're finished dancing, you can chill out on the red crocodile- and white ostrich-leather sofas.

■ THE CORNER BAR

TheCornerBarMi.com; 248-647-2958

Detroit has its Lions and Tigers, but nearby Birmingham's got cougars. They'll be ready to pounce at the Townsend Hotel's chic bar, especially after they've downed some of the award-winning cocktails. Since opening in 2002, the Corner has emerged as one of suburban Detroit's top taverns. The sleek decor—the backlit bar is especially striking—first-class service, and mix of soul, contemporary, and classic tunes draw a sophisticated crowd. The best nights to go are Thursday through Saturday, when the city's hottest deejays unleash their aural magic.

ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

■ PENTHOUSE CLUB DETROIT

ThePenthouseClubDetroit.com; 313-541-7000

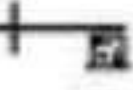
Michigan's only premier gentleman's club features more than 300 dancers,

exclusive bottle service, five-star cuisine, premium cigars, and more. Guests experience jaw-dropping entertainment in the form of an aptly named "Dirty Martini" show in which a pair of erotic exotic dancers fondle each other atop a giant Martini glass, not to mention the dancers slithering over the custom choppers that are suspended from the ceiling. Club owner Alan Markovitz knows plenty about showcasing sexy entertainment, including former Pets of the Year Heather Vandeven, Erica Ellyson, and Taya Parker. "I have always been stubbornly insistent on creating the highest-quality gentleman's club on the market," he says. The stunning results of his operating philosophy are on display here.

UNCONVENTIONAL PICKUP SPOT

■ ZINGERMAN'S DELICATESSEN

ZingermansDeli.com; 734-663-3354

Zingerman's is an Ann Arbor institution with a global reputation, strategically located in the shadow of the University of Michigan. *Food & Wine* magazine declared it one of the Top 25 food markets in the world. Not surprisingly, it's a favorite with tourists and locals who come to enjoy the delicious made-to-order sandwiches, which burst with meaty delights like premium Black Angus corned beef, free-range chicken, and homemade chopped liver. You'll find plenty of choices to satisfy all your cravings, from farmhouse cheeses to gourmet chocolate to U of M coeds. Open daily from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M. 

THUNDER IN THE SAND

Bike Week in Daytona Beach welcomed four all-new motorcycles, and saw Ducati race to its first Daytona 200 victory.

By Bill Heald



■ HARLEY-DAVIDSON BLACKLINE

Earlier this year, Harley invited us to Don Hill's club in Manhattan's stylish Soho district for the unveiling of the latest addition to their Dark Custom movement. It turns out the long, low cruiser in question is a very important bike for Harley, because the FXS Blackline blends the minimalist design roots that the Dark Custom design ethos is all about with contemporary technology to create the perfect twenty-first-century hog. "The prettiest motorcycles in the world," commented the Motor Company's senior vice president and chief styling officer Willie G. Davidson, "are racing motorcycles, in my eye, because they're just wheels and an engine. This is a less-is-more motorcycle, and I think it's the perfect time for it, as we're getting simple in these really crazy times." After riding one in Daytona, it was clear Davidson wasn't just selling us on a concept. There's nothing on this bike but the

basics, or so you think when you walk around and admire its elegant, classy simplicity. But this Softail is armed with Harley's Twin Cam 96B V-twin, which is not only wonderfully muscular (especially when you crack open the throttle at low revs), but counterbalanced in such a way that you get the feel of a Big Twin without excessive vibrations. A feet-forward riding position makes Harley's Blackline the perfect laid-back city ride, yet it works well on the highway, too, and the big motor's relaxed cadence makes all-day cruising a breeze. Further modern technology you might not expect includes optional ABS brakes and a digital trip display (located in the simple speedometer on the handlebars), with multiple modes you can cycle through, thanks to a switch near the left grip. The combination of old and new is very impressive on this bike, and will no doubt appeal to a broad variety of riders.

SPECIFICATIONS

| | |
|-------------------------|---|
| Engine type | Air-cooled Twin Cam 96B V-twin |
| Bore x stroke | 95.3 mm x 111.1 mm |
| Displacement | 1,584 cc |
| Fuel system | Electronic Sequential Port Fuel Injection |
| Ignition | Electronic |
| Transmission | Six-speed Cruise Drive |
| Front suspension | 41.3-mm telescopic forks |
| Rear suspension | Hidden, horizontally mounted twin shocks |
| Front brake | Single 292-mm disc, optional ABS |
| Rear brake | Single 292-mm disc, optional ABS |
| Front tire | MH90-21 |
| Rear tire | MU85B16 |
| Fuel tank | Five-gallon capacity |
| Wheelbase | 66.5 inches |
| Seat height | 26.1 inches |
| Dry weight | 682.5 pounds |
| Base price | \$15,499 (Vivid Black); \$15,998 (two-tone) |

■ TRIUMPH TIGER 800

They used to be called dual sports, meaning they could handle most on- and off-road riding chores with a high degree of competence, whether you're into tooling down some obscure logging road in the bush or navigating your way to work in a crowded urban environment. Now we have adventure bikes, which are basically the same thing tweaked for longer trips, more accessories, and, ultimately, adventure. How do you build such a motorcycle? If you're Triumph, you start with a stout, smooth 799-cc inline triple and build a chassis around it that's tough enough for unpaved roads, yet has terrific street manners (and is a blast to flick around in congested Daytona traffic). Our Tiger 800 was accessorized with Triumph's tank and tail packs that take seconds to put on and remove, and easily hold your rain gear (a good thing when you get caught in a thunderstorm riding back from dinner). The riding position is upright and comfortable for all-day exploring, and unlike dual-sport motorcycles of the past, this bike doesn't have a seat height so lofty that it'll give you a nosebleed (in the pursuit of ground

clearance when you're in the bush). Instead, there's plenty of clearance to help keep you and the bike off rocks and other obstacles, yet a lower saddle height than most bikes in this genre makes straddling the bike at stoplights easier. That said, you can raise the seat about one inch if you desire to view the landscape from a higher perch (or have a long inseam and want more legroom). Overall, the feeling is more like you're sitting *in* the bike than on top of it, like other adventure rides, and there's never a feeling of top-heaviness, even when you've got it cranked over in turns. A generous number of accessories can tailor your Tiger to whatever type of riding you want to do (and how far you want to go). And with a base price just under \$10K, Triumph serves notice that you don't have to score a pile of grant money to start your own expedition.

SPECIFICATIONS

| | |
|------------------|---|
| Engine type | Liquid-cooled inline three-cylinder |
| Bore x stroke | 74 mm x 61.9 mm |
| Displacement | 799 cc |
| Fuel system | Multipoint sequential electronic fuel injection |
| Ignition | Electronic |
| Transmission | Six speed |
| Front suspension | 43-mm male upside-down telescopic forks |
| Rear suspension | Single shock, preload adjustable |
| Front brakes | Dual 308-mm discs, optional ABS |
| Rear brake | Single 255-mm disc, optional ABS |
| Front tire | 110/80-ZR-19 |
| Rear tire | 150/70-ZR-17 |
| Fuel tank | Five-gallon capacity |
| Wheelbase | 61.2 inches |
| Seat height | 31.9 inches |
| Dry weight | 462 pounds |
| Base price | \$9,999 |



FREEWHEELIN'



■ HONDA CBR 250R

If there's a sleeper among this notable group of new rides, it is the least expensive, least intimidating, and least polished machine here. This motorcycle has "entry level" written all over it, for it has a small, user-friendly 249-cc single in the engine room and a wispy 357-pound curb weight. Experienced riders would see such specifications and want to just skip to the next bike, but that would be a big mistake. This is a jewel of a machine, and while it's not going to rip your arms out of your sockets when you open up the throttle, it has attributes that both beginning and experienced riders can appreciate. These include a brilliant chassis, crisp throttle response, and impressive attention to detail (which includes some styling cues from others in the CBR family, as well as the new VFR 1200). The modest size of the engine means the single piston is turning around 7,000 rpms at 65 mph, yet

vibration isn't a problem, thanks to a counterbalancing shaft and engine tuning that helps smooth out power delivery. The six-speed transmission uses available power to the fullest, and helps the bike deliver insanely good fuel economy. As light as this CBR is (Kawasaki's Vaquero, right, weighs more than twice as much), it's stable at highway speeds and feels quite substantial even in windy situations. The icing on the cake is the handling, though, for not only is this baby CBR nimble in traffic, it can be thrown into corners at silly speeds without bothering with braking. The combination of lightweight, sporty riding position and stable steering geometry keeps you comfortable and in control even at extreme lean angles. A blast down a twisty back road will drive home what Honda has accomplished here, and when you do need to use the brakes, you'll find that they're excellent (and ABS is available).

SPECIFICATIONS

| | |
|------------------|--|
| Engine type | Liquid-cooled single-cylinder |
| Bore x stroke | 76 mm x 55 mm |
| Displacement | 249.4 cc |
| Fuel system | Programmed fuel injection |
| Ignition | Computer-controlled digital transistorized |
| Transmission | Six speed |
| Front suspension | 37-mm telescopic forks |
| Rear suspension | Single shock, preload adjustable |
| Front brake | Single 296-mm disc, optional ABS |
| Rear brake | Single 220-mm disc, optional ABS |
| Front tire | 110/70-17 radial |
| Rear tire | 140/70-17 radial |
| Fuel tank | 3.4-gallon capacity |
| Wheelbase | 53.9 inches |
| Seat height | 30.5 inches |
| Dry weight | 357 pounds |
| Base price | \$3,999 |

A CURSE BROKEN BY NEW PAVEMENT

It may seem hard to believe, given the success Ducati has had at almost every track in the world, but the Italian marque has never before made it to the top of the podium in the Daytona 200. It's been close, yet something (some have thought witchcraft) has

always prevented the company from winning at the famous Florida venue. But rider Jason DiSalvo and his Latus Motors Ducati 848EVO finally managed to do the deed on the high banks, on a track that was resurfaced for the first time in decades last fall and

therefore generated some seriously quick lap times. Unlike the past couple of years, the big race was moved from under the lights on Friday night to a Saturday afternoon that turned out to be a picture-perfect day for racing. This historic win was not

without drama, though, as a problem with front tires after a little more than 20 laps caused AMA officials to red-flag the race to force the entire field to change to a different compound tire. This was done in the interest of safety, as a couple of riders had gone

down due to suspect fronts that were wearing prematurely. DiSalvo's Ducati was having engine problems, so his crew took a big gamble and frantically grabbed the engine from his backup bike and installed it in his chassis just in time to make the restart (perfectly legal,

■ KAWASAKI VULCAN VAQUERO

The name Vulcan is normally associated with the epic *Star Trek* sci-fi franchise, and refers to the stoic, pointy-eared citizens of the planet Vulcan, who mate only every seven years or so. Bummer. But in motorcycle circles, Vulcan refers to Kawasaki's big cruisers, and the Vaquero is a tightly integrated cruising tourer designed to take the laid-back long-haul experience to a whole new level. It starts with a veritable locomotive of an engine, which delivers great acceleration across the board, especially in the 50 to 70 mph range (perfect for passing slower traffic). A riding position more upright than most

cruisers spares your back on long journeys, much as the standard cruise control spares your right wrist from fatigue. This big motorcycle handles its weight well, and is surprisingly nimble at low speeds while rock-stable when you crank it up on the open road. The elegantly sculpted rear saddlebags provide a substantial amount of luggage capacity, so your partner can bring her favorite nightwear, and the rear shocks are air-adjustable in case she packs her martial-arts gear as well. In the event you find yourself on a boring stretch of highway, the dual-speaker audio system includes AM/FM/weather band and XM satellite capabilities, and there's even a handy foam-lined pocket in the left fairing so you can plug in your iPod or other electronic device for accessing your personal road music. 

SPECIFICATIONS

| | |
|------------------|---|
| Engine type | Liquid-cooled 52-degree V-twin |
| Bore x stroke | 102 mm x 104 mm |
| Displacement | 1,700 cc |
| Fuel system | Digital fuel injection, 42-mm throttle bodies |
| Ignition | TCBI with digital advance |
| Transmission | Six speed |
| Front suspension | 45-mm hydraulic forks |
| Rear suspension | Twin air-assisted shock |
| Front brakes | Dual 300-mm discs |
| Rear brake | Single 300-mm disc |
| Front tire | 130/90-16 |
| Rear tire | 170/70-16 |
| Fuel tank | 5.3-gallon capacity |
| Wheelbase | 65.6 inches |
| Seat height | 28.7 inches |
| Dry weight | 835.7 pounds |
| Base price | \$16,499 |



as long as the original frame that started the race is used). The rest of the contest was shortened to a 15-lap sprint to the finish, and a dramatic fight at the front eventually resulted in a perfect last-lap drafting pass by DiSalvo to snag the win, with Cory West on his

Suzuki GSX-R 600 trailing by a scant .029 seconds, and the Yamaha YZF-R6 of Jake Zemke in third place. It was a very unusual Daytona 200, but in the end it delivered a long-overdue victory that brought joy to the Ducati faithful around the world. 



GOOD TO GO

Break out of your man cave with gadgets that make the most of the great outdoors.

By Crispin Boyer



1 UltraView outdoor TV

Ciil • \$2,800 to \$8,000

These high-def TVs are built to withstand the most extreme backyard conditions—and even some natural disasters; they're permanently encased against rain, snow, dust, and bugs. They'll even function completely submerged (although we don't recommend watching the game in the deep end of the pool). Display sizes range from 32 to 55 inches, and every model comes with a shatter-resistant screen, weatherproof speakers, and an ambient-light sensor that adjusts for sun glare. Best of all, you won't have to lug the TV to the garage come wintertime. These sets operate in temperatures ranging from 114 degrees to 13 below.

2 Portable charger

iSound • \$130

Boldly go beyond the reach of power outlets with this pocketable battery that charges five gadgets simultaneously. The Power Max delivers up to 480 hours of juice to any USB-powered device, from tablets to smartphones to digital cameras (it comes with a mini-USB adapter). Charging power varies by gadget. A fully powered-up Power Max will recharge a dead iPad twice, an iPhone 4 up to 11 times, and portable media players nearly 20 times. Keep it plugged in at home for use as a master charging station for all your USB-powered toys. While in the wild, an LED indicator shows how much charge time remains until you should return to civilization.

3 Coolpix P300

Nikon • \$330

This 12.2-megapixel point-and-shoot is easy to carry and even easier to operate. Its quick startup and rapid-fire shooting mode make it hard to miss action shots, while a high shutter speed ensures sharp shooting in twilight conditions. A pop-up flash brings some old-school pizzazz. The dedicated video button records at a full 1080p, trouncing the competition's models. When you're ready to get a little more hands-on, switch to the manual settings more common to higher-end cameras. But with so many auto-photo features at your disposal—from vibration reduction to a panoramic mode—there's no shame in taking the easy shots.



4 Nike+ SportWatch GPS

Nike • \$199

This is essential gear for any type of runner—except maybe those running from the law. It uses TomTom GPS info and the optional Nike+ sneaker sensor to record every nitty-gritty detail of your daily jog, from calories burned to route taken. The bulk of this info scrolls across the watch's easy-to-read face, which isn't bogged down with buttons; for a more detailed analysis you can download your run and route data online via the USB plug built into the strap. Audible "attaboys" keep you motivated when your performance is up to par, plus the watch will nag you if you haven't hit the streets in a while. You've been warned.

5 XtreaMP3 waterproof MP3 player

Finis • \$150

The unfortunately named XtreaMP3 is small and shock resistant, with earbuds specialized for aquatic rocking out, so it can take the silent drudgery out of lap swimming and add a soundtrack to surf sessions. The XtreaMP3's one gigabyte of memory holds up to 240 songs that will stream for nearly eight hours on a single charge. A neoprene strap secures the player to your forearm, and oversize shuffle and track-select buttons make it easy to choose tunes in crashing surf. You wouldn't want to wear this thing in the legendary swells of Maverick's, though—it's waterproof only to 15 feet.

6

6 SkyProdigy 130 telescope

Celestron • \$800

Nothing makes you feel brainier than ogling heavenly bodies through a high-end telescope. And nothing makes you feel dumber than trying to find those heavenly bodies when the vastness of space and the Earth's rotation turn the view-finding process into a galactic crapshoot. This auto-aligning reflector telescope does the hard work for you. Its motorized mount and camera-equipped computer automatically target any planets, stars, or galaxies you input, making it easy to spy on interstellar neighbors at 307x magnification. The SkyTour option finds the most spectacular stellar objects based on your location, season, and time.

7 Soulra XL solar boom box

Eton • \$300 (estimated)

What's a better poolside or campfire companion than a splashproof and solar-powered portable speaker system for your iPhone/iPod Touch? The solar panel does double duty as a clamshell lid during wet weather, and a stowaway remote lets you crank the freedom rock from across the campsite. Don't expect to live off the electric grid, though. For every four hours of sun-powered playtime, the Soulra XL requires a day to recharge its lithium-ion battery through its solar panels (four hours via its AC adapter).



4



5



7



The light at the end of the cave at Río Secreto

Jungle Hunt

Playa del Carmen offers easy access to the beach, extreme sports in the jungle, ancient Mayan ruins, and a hell of a nightlife scene.

By Camper English

Cancún is the big cheese in the area; it's full of high-rise resorts, cruise ships, and a zillion other American tourists just like you. It's like a big city with an awesome beach. But less than an hour away is Playa del Carmen, which is the suburb to Cancún's city, spread out for miles down the coast in individual resorts, with a small but classy central nightlife district.

Many tourists come to stay at these resorts all day and night, relaxing with umbrella drinks and indulging in spa treatments, but we've come to Playa del Carmen because it is a centrally located launchpad for action. We're here to see as much as possible in two days with the winners of the Dos Equis Cargo Hunt: five crafty bastards (plus a crafty journalist to "report" on it) who won a four-month online treasure-hunt contest in search of the Most Interesting Man in the World. This trip is the grand prize, an opportunity to track down some of the artifacts (like a Mayan version of a basketball hoop carved from stone) from the game in person. Plus, beer.

■ DAY ONE: PLANES, PYRAMIDS, AND THE OLD SWIMMING HOLE

Our first stop is the Mayan ruins at Chichén Itzá. Every day, endless busloads of tourists take the three-hour trip each way from Cancún to be at the site for a couple of hours, but we don't have that kind of time. We head to the local airport, which is more of a parking lot with a runway, and load into tiny five-person planes.

The flight passes over the Yucatán Peninsula, the tail end of the country that curves up into the Gulf of Mexico. From the plane we can see the geography of the area: endless jungle. It looks flat, with the occasional blue lake. The 40-minute ride is not nearly as terrifying as I expect, except for when the pilot lets one of the guys in the group fly the plane for a bit. Personally, I prefer my planes to be piloted by pilots, not passengers.

Chichén Itzá is dominated by a central pyramid with steps up the sides that people are no longer allowed to climb. (The stairs are crazy steep—I'm guessing there were a few accidental human sacrifices.) We take a guided tour of the site and check out the local crafts—they have some pretty amazing wooden figures for sale, and it's hard to pass up a giant snake-head mask that would rock at Halloween, but probably wouldn't fit in the plane.

From the ruins we take a quick drive to a cenote; those "lakes" we saw from the plane aren't lakes at all, but giant sinkholes. Beneath the jungle is a whole system of underground rivers, and every now and then a sinkhole forms and the surface of the Earth drops out. Most of the fun stuff to do in the area takes place in the rivers, caves, and subterranean swimming holes formed by the sinkholes.

We've rented out the entire cenote for our group, and we tiptoe down treacherously steep, stone-carved steps to a sinkhole probably 100 feet below the surface. In the cenote we swim around in masks and snorkels and try to find the entrance to the underground river. The water is clear and deep, dark blue.

After the flight back, we hang out at the resort for the night. The clever people hosting the trip try to distract us from going to party in town (and potentially missing the next morning's events) with dinner on the beach, a drum show, Cuban-style cigars hand-rolled in front of us, and a pair

of scantily clad ladies whose sole purpose is to serve us Dos Equis all night. Not surprisingly, this works.

■ DAY TWO: ZIPPING, SPELUNKING, RAPPELLING

Up early(ish) the next morning, we head off to Río Secreto, an enormous cave system beneath the jungle that was discovered when the property owner was chasing an iguana he wanted to eat. This is one of several places just a few minutes from Playa del Carmen where you strap on a helmet, headlight, and wet suit, then head into the caves. We walk, crouch, swim, and feel our way through a series of caverns with an underground river running through it. We find cave catfish, huge freaky spiders, and bats aplenty.

Though we spend an hour and a half underground, they offer up to five-hour cave tours at Río Secreto. At other cenotes in the area, certified scuba divers can swim in the underground rivers, jumping into a hole in the jungle in one place, swimming through an underground tunnel, and resurfacing in another hole.

harnesses and head for the zip lines. The first goes down a steep slope, the second through the treetops, and the third high above the other two lines, making you feel as if you'd get split in half by the wires below if you fell. You clip in on a pulley, then they hand you a "brake"—literally a stick with a hook shape that you use to slow yourself down by dragging it on the wire.

After racing back through the jungle on bikes, we take a dip in another cenote, but this one doesn't have a walkway; we have to rappel down like mountain climbers, 50 feet to the bottom. There we float on inner tubes and dive off the rope swing until they make us come out. (We are reluctant to leave, so they tempt us with beer.) We don't go up the rope, but climb a set of ladderlike stairs.

We end our daytime adventure here, but Playa del Carmen offers a lot more options: deep-sea fishing, golf, scuba, snorkeling, swimming with dolphins, skydiving, kite surfing, and even crocodile hunting. Maybe all those spa resorts would come in handy *after* a full day in the jungle.

■ OUT ON THE TOWN

Pretty much everything in Playa del Carmen looks like an urban ultra-lounge with breezy open-air settings beneath tall ceilings, comfortable seating surrounding a dance-ready space, thumping Euro-house beats, and a mishmash of Eastern and Western symbolism, from Quetzalcoatl to Shiva to Buddha lording over the dance floor. It's way more modern than you might expect to find in Mexico, and more upscale, too. Pack not just beach clothes, but clubwear for the nightlife; downtown is full of groups of young singles, and everybody appears to be looking to hook up.

Clubs in Playa stay open all night, and many don't get swinging until midnight, even during the week. There is a service called Playacrawl that takes groups on a bar tour and arranges no-wait admission and free drinks all night—not a bad option if you're in a big group with limited time. But all the bars are near one another if you just want to barhop.

That's what we do, walking down the streets with clubs on either side pumping out music to compete with



Pyramid at Chichén Itzá



Cave swimming at Río Secreto



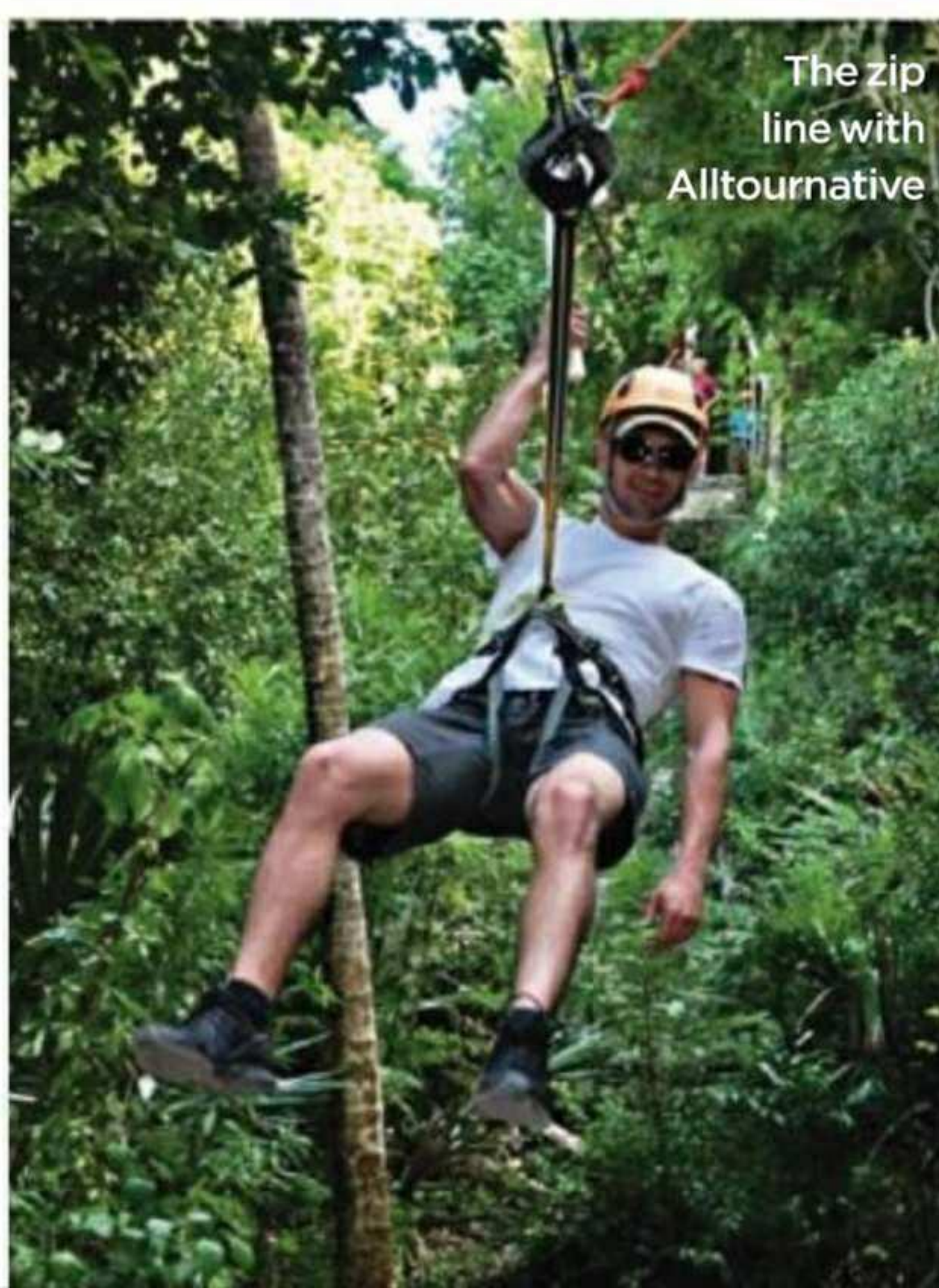
Rappelling into a cenote



Mid-cave at Río Secreto

We head to another spot in the jungle with an adventure-tour operator called Alltournative. First we climb into another cave for a Mayan purification ceremony, which some of us may need after the previous night's indulgences. The cave walk itself is pretty amazing, and lit up so you can see the rock formations, unlike the spookier Río Secreto.

Then we jump on mountain bikes and ride through the forest on a path that includes a few jumps. They tell us it's not a race, but we race anyway. At the end of the road we strap on



The zip line with Alltournative

the others, while employees try to lure us in with drink specials. We end up hitting the ocean-side fire show at the Blue Parrot, dancing at Mandala, lounging upstairs at La Santanera, and getting stupid at Coco Bongo—a huge, cheesy, and ridiculously fun theater club with acrobats and lip-synching celebrity impersonators.

Next thing we know, it's after 3 A.M. and we've had plenty of beer. We need to call it a night: We've got an 8 A.M. airport shuttle. I'm hoping this time they won't let the passengers fly the plane. ✈️



GET NUDE, NOT RUDE

Picking up chicks on a nude beach can be risky business. Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to lower the perv factor.

Illustration by Celia Calle

Last summer in Miami I happened upon a nude beach. I'd never bothered going to one before because, well, I always associated them with old nudists whom I wouldn't want to see naked, but this was a whole different scene. Problem is, I'm pretty shy, so I barely even looked at anyone, and anytime I did sneak a peek, I sprouted a full-on chubby. Now I'm planning a vacation and heading somewhere with a nude beach (Ibiza is my first choice), and I'm a little worried that I'm going to blow all this money only to bury my head in the sand. I'd like to be able to approach a girl, but I feel like that would be creepy unless I'm nude myself, and I'm not crazy about getting naked. I have an average physique and a respectable dick size, so there's no shame there, but I think there's still something unnatural about strutting around outdoors in the buff. Plus, I'll be with a couple of my boys. Are we really going to hang around with our schlongs out?

T

here's no way around it: If you're creeping around a nekkid beach by yourself, you're going to show up on every girl's prey-dar; they're going to sense you're preying on them. You need the cover of friends. Ideally one of them will be a female who won't be mistaken for your girlfriend. If you don't know any chicks who are cool enough to hang, then you and your boys are going to have to enact a policy of "no cock blocking, and no cock *mocking*." If you're really insecure, opt for the strict no-glans-glance stance.

Now that that's figured out, the question is, how do you make a move? It sounds like last summer you made the classic rookie mistake: You bunkered down. As soon as you lay out on a beach towel and put those ogle goggles on, you're a pervy sick-fuck sitting duck out in the open with no camouflage. The most obvious cover-up is to horse around with the boys like you're not even aware chicks are around. Your first thought is probably, *Okay, we'll play some volleyball, and when the ball rolls over to some hottie's beach mat, we'll ask her to join us.* Eh, not so fast, shrimp dick. She's going to know you just want her to join in so you can see her bazoongas bounce. Aim higher. If you're flying a kite, for instance, she'll be less likely to tell you to go fly a kite. Other things that work: Tell a girl you need an extra player for a card game and offer to share the champagne in your cooler. You may go from playing poker to plain old poking her.

Whatever you do, remember, you probably aren't going to get randy where it's sandy. Always have a party to invite her to that night. Then, when she meets up with you later on, you can work on getting to see her naked again.



RUM FOR YOUR MONEY

So long, Piña Colada. The oft-maligned rum is stepping out from its umbrella-topped past to be reborn as a rarefied spirit worth the splurge.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

For decades, rum has been the cheap floozy of the spirits world, a tacky booze to mix with cola or whirl into an umbrella-topped libation. But lately rum—a grab bag of distilled spirits crafted from sugarcane and its by-products, mainly molasses—has rehabilitated its besmirched name. The white and spiced rums you pounded in college have been joined by oak-aged elixirs and artisanal spirits that are on par with, and sometimes exceed, more revered dark spirits. “Whiskey and Scotch converts are leading the way to the rum shelf,” says spirits expert Edward Hamilton, who runs the Ministry of Rum website.

Which rum is worth opening your wallet for? Look for *rum agricole*—agricultural rum. Instead of molasses, the French West Indies’ specialty is made with fresh-pressed sugarcane juice. The result is clean and grassy, floral and citric, making *rum agricole* a great drink to sip neat or in a cocktail, such as the simple lime-and-sugar Tí Punch.

Fresh *rum agricole* is aged in barrels, mainly French oak, to impart the lush notes of vanilla and wood, and has a darker tint that bourbon fans will favor. After at least three years of marinating in a barrel, the *agricole* is dubbed *rum vieux*, or “old rum.”

When buying a *rum agricole*, examine the label. Numerous Caribbean distilleries use sugarcane juice, but France’s *Appellation*



d’Origine Contrôlée certifies that only Martinique’s seven distilleries can lay claim to *rum agricole*. Brands worth buying include Rhum J.M, Rhum Clement, Neisson, and Depaz, which specializes in aged rums.

While *rum vieux* requires just three years of aging to earn its appellation, other rums are slumbering in oak for 12, 15, or even 30 years, making them as complex and nuanced as a snort of Scotland’s finest. In fact, Renegade Rum takes its super-rare, single-vintage rums and “enhances” them with oak-cask aging at Scotland’s famed Bruichladdich Distillery, resulting in snifter-worthy sensations best served straight—mixing would be blasphemy.

In Barbados, Mount Gay Rum makes two exceptional long-aged specimens. The Extra Old naps in bourbon-soaked oak for up to 15 years, and presents a nose of sweet

fruit and oak and a zesty finish. By contrast, the 1703 Old Cask Selection—named after the year Mount Gay was founded—incorporates rums aged from 10 to 30 years; expect a nose of cigar-friendly leather and oak, and flavors that flit from bananas to candied fruit. From Guatemala, you’ll find the fab premium rums of Ron Zacapa. The distillery’s exquisitely nuanced Centenario line stars spirits aged up to 15 or 23 years, and the exemplary XO (extra old) is aged in bourbon, sherry, and wine barrels before being finished in cognac casks.

To splurge on a once-in-a-lifetime liquor, look toward Ron Abuelo Centuria. In honor of Varela Hermanos’s 100th anniversary, the Panamanian distillery released an extra-antiquated version of its benchmark Ron Abuelo rum. The Centuria is a select blend of private-reserve rums aged up to 30 years in oak barrels that once held bourbon. It’s equal parts familiar and unexpected, a tropical luxury worth savoring beneath, not with, an umbrella. ☞

Life on Top

INGREDIENTS

1 ounce Neisson Rhum Agricole Blanc
1 ounce Maker’s Mark bourbon
½ ounce sweet vermouth
3 dashes orange bitters

Stir all ingredients in a mixing glass. Strain over a large ice cube into a rocks glass. Garnish with a flamed orange peel.

Recipe courtesy of Michael Neff, co-owner of New York City’s Rum House.





brooklyn's finest

Twenty-six-year-old Lena D. is thrilled to represent Brooklyn in these pages, and we're sure that borough's residents will be equally proud to have this lovely 36-26-34 model as the face of their hometown.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker

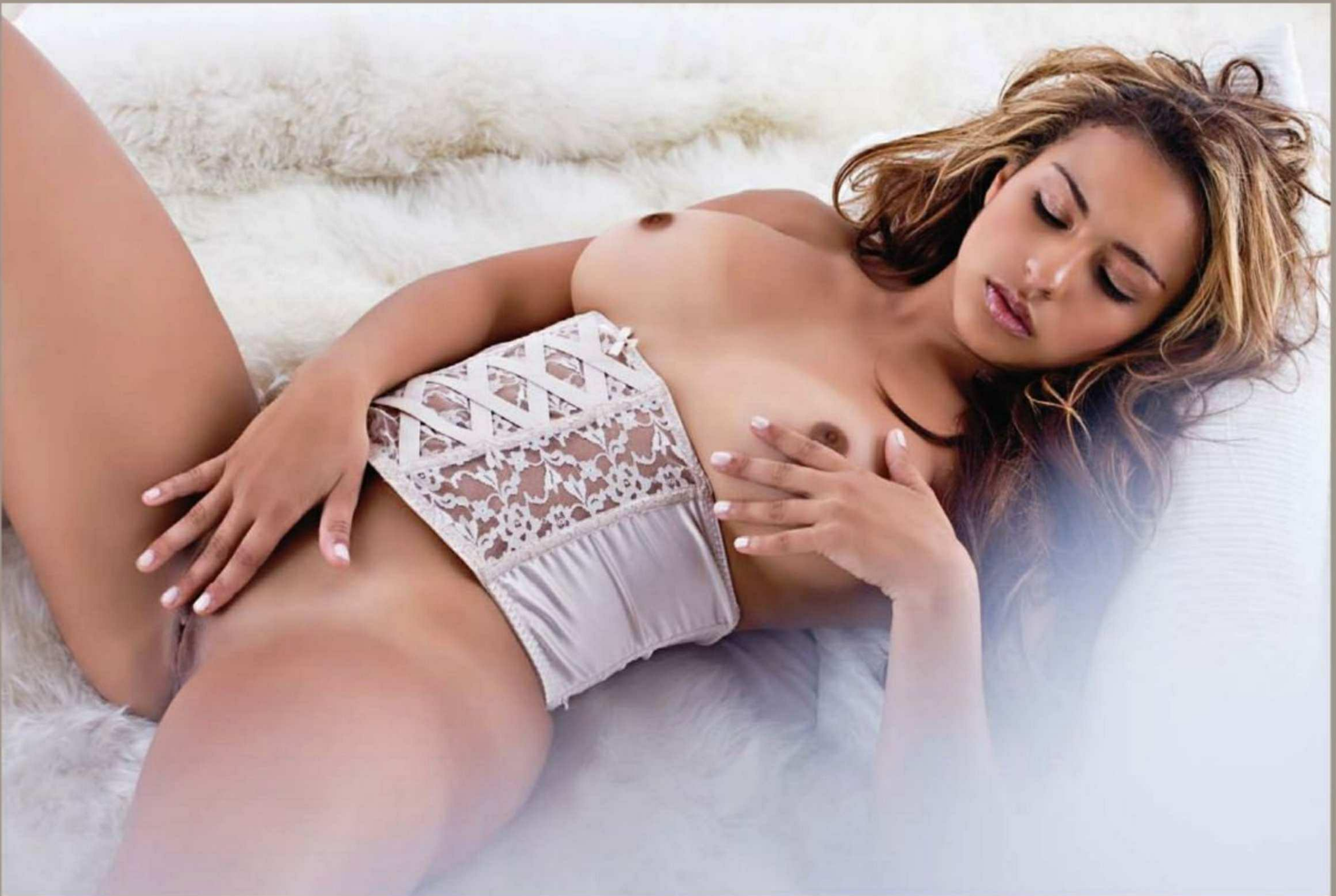


“When I’m photographed
naked, I’m in my element.
I pretend the camera
is someone I’m trying to
seduce, so only naughty
thoughts go through my
head. I hope it shows!”

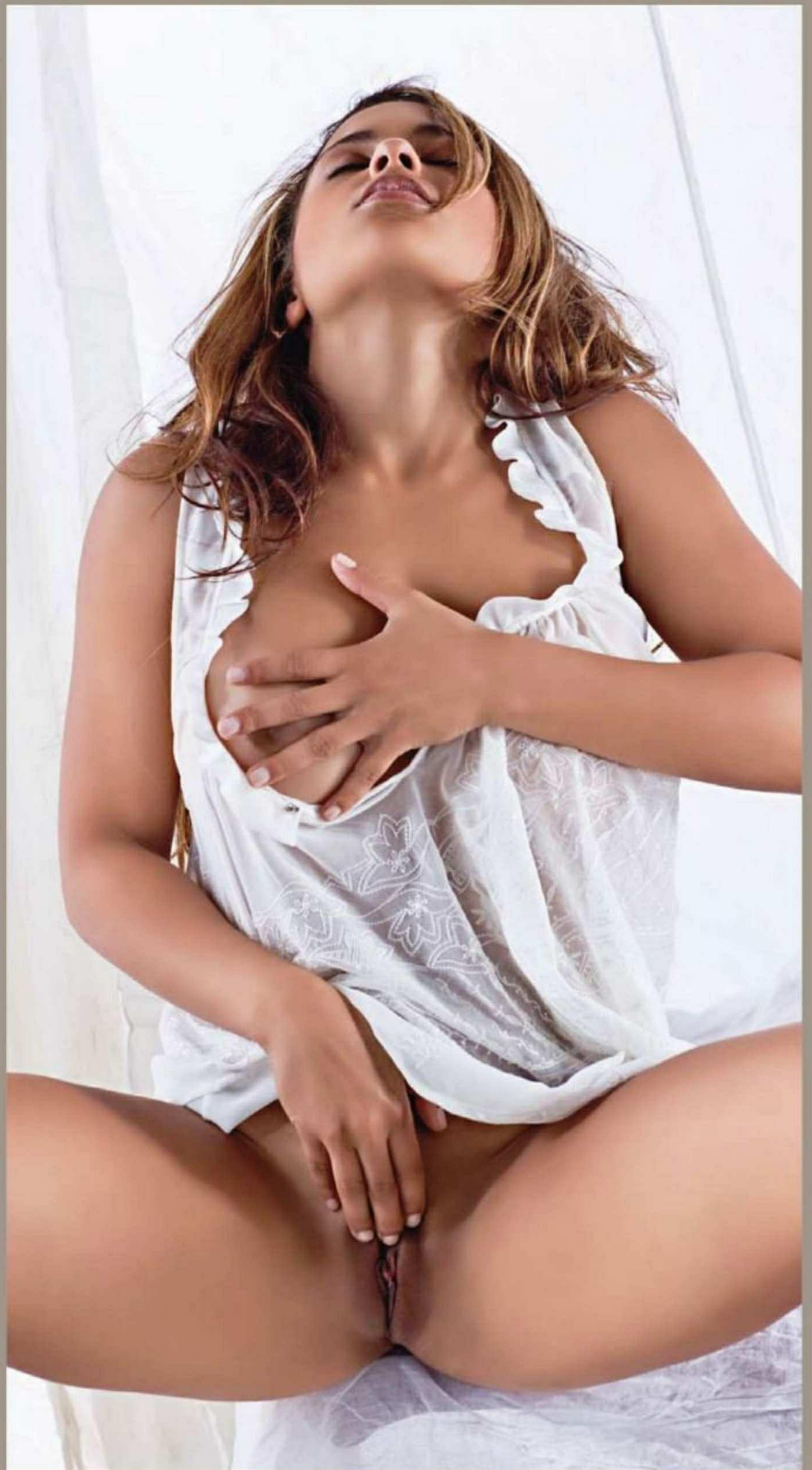


A full-page photograph of a woman with long, wavy brown hair and light skin, lying on her back on a thick white fur rug. She is nude, with her hands resting on her chest and hips. Her eyes are closed, and she has a soft expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

"I always have an amazing experience when I dress up in bed, and it's a great way to fulfill my fantasies. But I still have to act on my favorite: a threesome with another girl."







“Any blue-collar worker is my kind of guy, because I know he gets sweaty and dirty at work. And I love to laugh, so if he’s funny, that’s a plus.”

“My idea of a great date is a sporting event, a concert, or even an amusement park. I’m not into the whole long-walks-on-the-beach kind of thing.”





WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF LENA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

BODY WORK

You may laugh when you think of using water bottles to increase strength, but think again. Water is heavy and, like dumbbells, water bottles come in different shapes and sizes. Best of all, they're available everywhere.

By Jason S. Greenspan and Lee Noonan

You don't need a gym. You don't need weights or elastic bands. You just need to understand the true power of water.

Water in bottles is just another form of resistance. When you exercise, your muscles aren't aware of the source of the resistance. It could be dumbbells, elastic bands, machines, a big rock ... or bottles filled with water.

There are no more excuses for not working out. You can get fit and have fun doing it without joining a gym. No one will be watching, judging, intimidating you and your efforts to succeed. You can exercise at home, at work, on vacation, on business trips ... anywhere and everywhere.

But before you grab those water bottles and get started, make sure you read these guidelines:

- Consult a physician before beginning a new workout program.
- Warm up prior to exercising.
- Stretch after working out.
- Exhale when lifting water bottles (or upon exertion). Never hold your breath.
- Work within your comfortable (pain-free) range of motion.
- Lift water bottles in a controlled manner to eliminate momentum.
- Maintain proper posture throughout each exercise.



BASIC CRUNCH

ONE WATER BOTTLE (WB)

STARTING POSITION

- Lie on mat or cushioned floor, knees bent, feet shoulder-width apart.
- Hold one WB above the chest, fingers interlaced for maximum weight support.
- Elbows are soft (not bent, not straight).

POSTURE: Abs tight, lower back on floor, shoulders down and back, eyes focused on ceiling.

TIMING: Six-second reps: two seconds up—pause—four seconds down.

PROPER FORM

1. Exhale. Contracting abs and looking at the ceiling, lift shoulder blades slightly off the floor.
2. Pause.
3. Inhale. Return to starting position.

COMMON MISTAKES

- Tucking chin; looking down.
- Raising shoulder blades too high.

INTERMEDIATE PROGRESSION

- Increase intensity by increasing weight.

ADVANCED CHALLENGE

- To increase tension on abs, do not let shoulders touch floor between reps.

ALTERNATE-KNEE WB CRUNCH

- As you lift shoulder blades, draw right knee toward WB. Pause.



OBLIQUE CRUNCH

ONE WB

STARTING POSITION

- Lie on mat or cushioned floor, knees bent, feet shoulder-width apart.
- Hold one WB above the chest, fingers interlaced for maximum weight support.
- Elbows are soft (not bent, not straight).

POSTURE: Abs tight, lower back on floor, shoulders down and back, eyes focused on ceiling.

TIMING: Six-second reps: two seconds up—pause—four seconds down.

PROPER FORM

1. Exhale. Contracting abs and looking at the ceiling, lift shoulder blades slightly off the floor and bring WB toward left knee.
2. Pause.
3. Inhale. Return to starting position.
4. Repeat steps 1–3 while moving WB toward right knee.

COMMON MISTAKES

- Tucking chin; looking down.
- Twisting head from side to side.

INTERMEDIATE PROGRESSION

- Increase intensity by increasing weight.

ADVANCED CHALLENGE

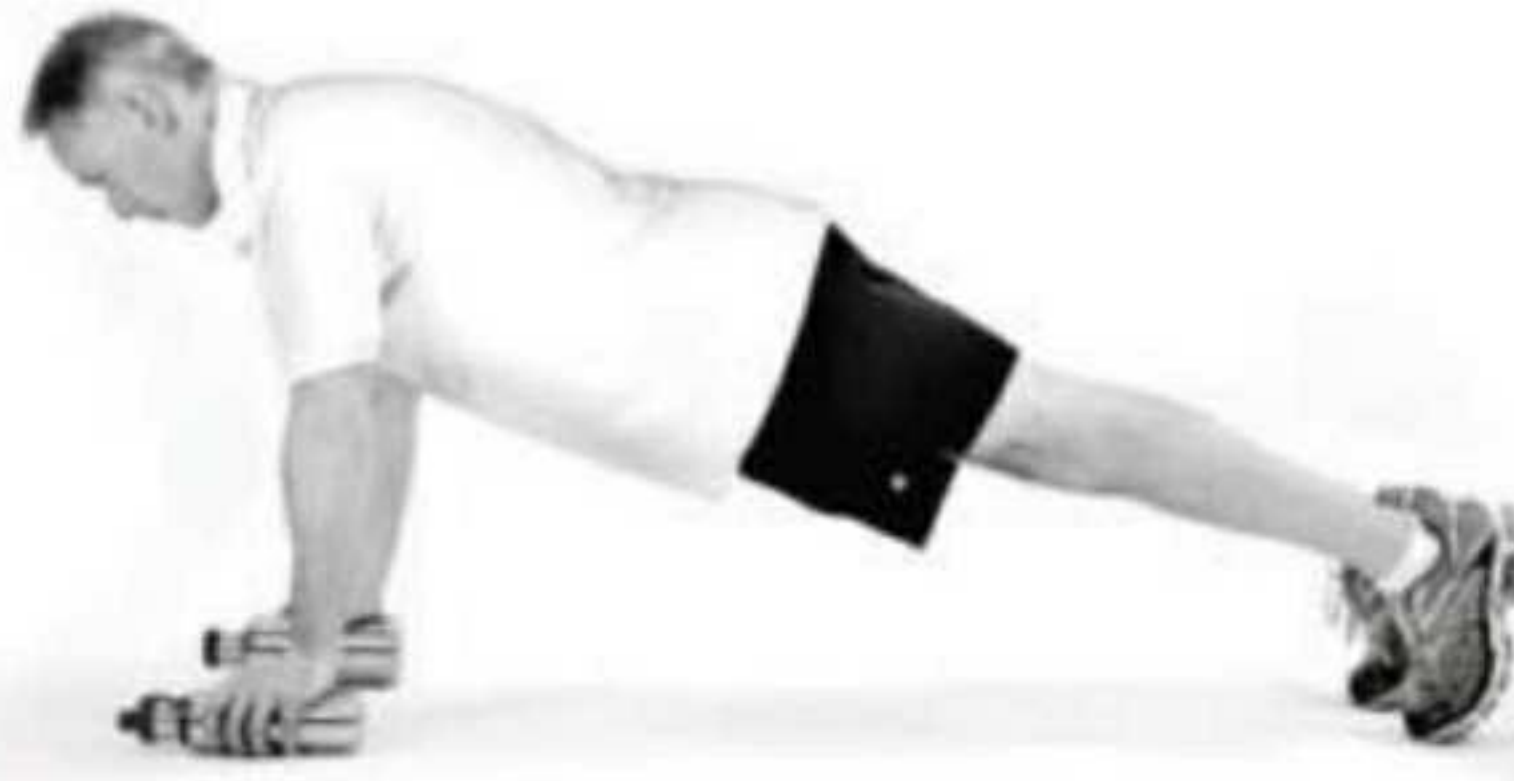
- To increase tension on abs, do not let shoulders touch floor between reps.

ALTERNATE-KNEE WB OBLIQUE CRUNCH

- As you lift shoulder blades, draw right knee toward WB. Pause. Return. Alternate knees.

HISTORY OF NECK PAIN?

- Do the Alternating Oblique Crunch. Eliminate WB. Support head with hands, elbows pointing out to sides. Do *not* interlace fingers. Follow form of steps 1–4.



“GREEN” PLANK

TWO STAINLESS-STEEL WBS—ALL LEVELS

STARTING POSITION

- On a mat or cushioned floor, position stainless-steel WBS shoulder-width apart.
- Hold firmly on to WBS; elbows are soft (not bent, not straight).
- Knees are bent and resting on mat.

POSTURE: Abs and buttocks tight, head in line with spine, chin tucked.

TIMING: Hold for one minute. Relax.

PROPER FORM

1. Extend legs backward and lift body off floor until a straight line forms between head and feet.
2. Hold for one minute. Relax.
3. Breathe naturally throughout exercise.

COMMON MISTAKES

- Letting hips sag.
- Shrugging shoulders.
- Lifting head.

CAUTION!

Do *not* use plastic WBS for this “green” exercise. They are not strong enough to support body weight and may break. If you do not have stainless-steel bottles, place hands flat on floor and follow form.

BEGINNERS

- Modify exercise by keeping knees in contact with floor while lifting hips. Hold for up to one minute, or as long as comfortable. Relax.

INTERMEDIATE/ADVANCED CHALLENGE: ONE-LEGGED “GREEN” WB PLANK

- Lift one leg and hold plank form for one minute. Relax and change legs.



BIRD DOG

ONE WB—ALL LEVELS

STARTING POSITION

- On a mat or cushioned floor, kneel and place right hand on floor under right shoulder.
- Left arm is extended in front of body, holding WB one inch above floor, palm facing floor.

POSTURE: Abs tight, back flat, head in line with spine.

TIMING: Six-second reps: two seconds lift—pause—four seconds return.

PROPER FORM

1. Exhale. Simultaneously raise left arm and extend right leg until parallel with floor.
2. Pause.
3. Inhale. Return to starting position.
4. Slide WB to right hand and follow form of steps 1–3.
5. Continue, alternating arms and legs.

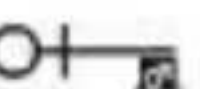
COMMON MISTAKES

- Lifting arm or leg too high.
- Rounding back.
- Lifting head.

BEGINNERS

- Modify exercise by lying on stomach, both arms extended in front of the body. Left hand holds WB, palm facing floor. Lift left arm and right leg simultaneously until parallel with floor. Pause and return to starting position. Slide WB to right hand and repeat, lifting left leg and right arm. Continue, alternating arms and legs.

INTERMEDIATE/ADVANCED CHALLENGE

- Slow down to ten-second reps: Six seconds lift—pause—four seconds return. 



BRIDGE

ONE WB

STARTING POSITION

- Lie on mat or cushioned floor, knees bent, feet shoulder-width apart.
- Hold one WB at center of abs, fingers interlaced for maximum weight support.
- Elbows are soft (not bent, not straight).

POSTURE: Abs tight, lower back on floor, shoulders down and back, eyes focused on ceiling.

TIMING: Six-second reps: two seconds up—pause—four seconds down.

PROPER FORM

1. Exhale. Contracting abs and buttocks, raise hips off floor until a straight line forms between hips and shoulders.
2. Pause.
3. Inhale. Return to starting position.

COMMON MISTAKES

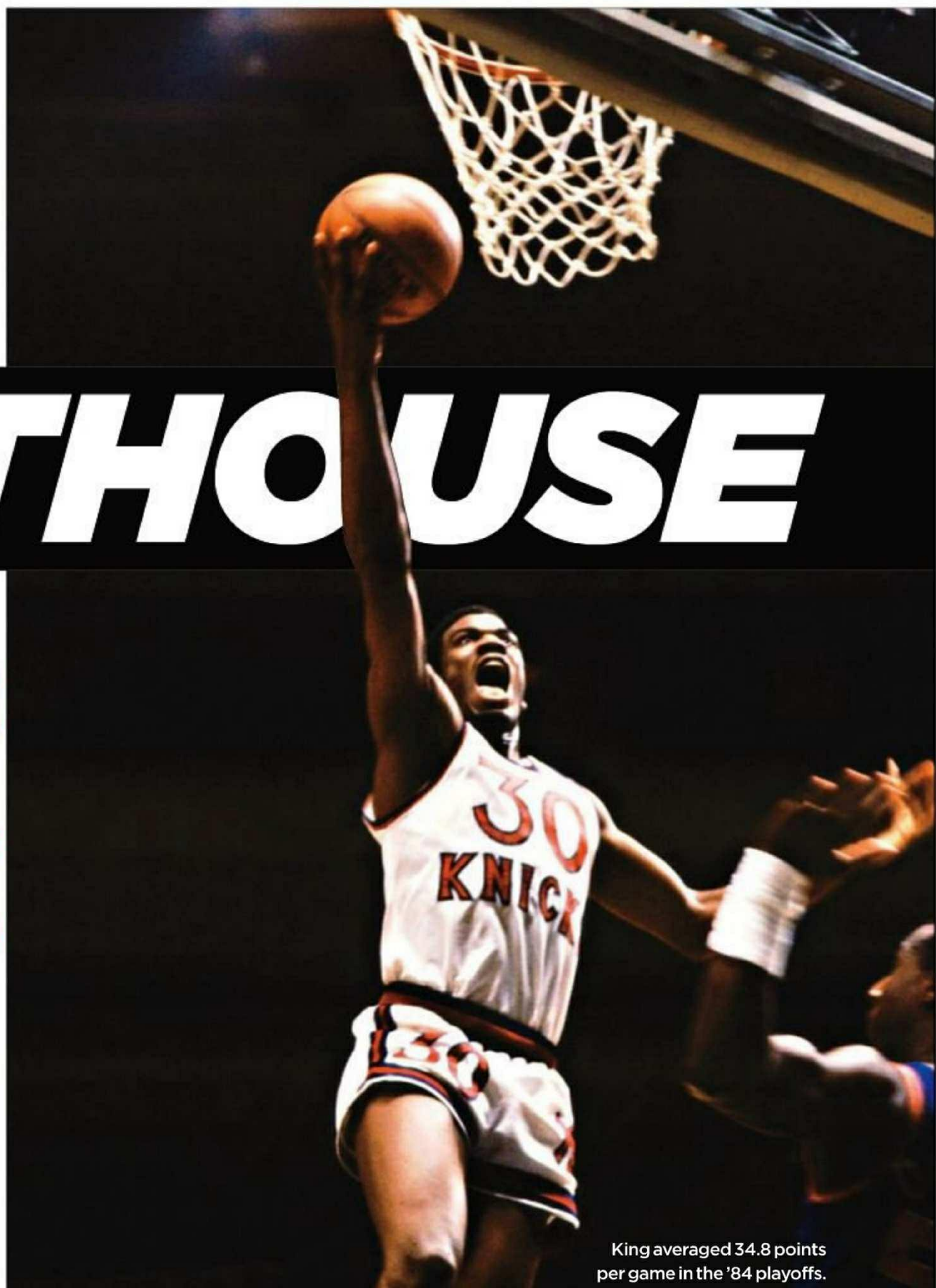
- Lifting hips too high.
- Shrugging shoulders.

Excerpted from the book *The Amazing Water Bottle Workout*, by Jason S. Greenspan and Lee Noonan, published by Basic Health Publications, BasicHealthPub.com.

PENTHOUSE

HALL OF FAME

He's one of the great pure scorers in NBA history, but Bernard King is criminally underappreciated—by fans and the Basketball Hall of Fame alike.



King averaged 34.8 points per game in the '84 playoffs.

If you were to engineer a high-caliber mid-1980s NBA small forward—you know, in your Dr. Moreau-style lab out back—you could do worse than modeling your creation on Bernard King. At a rangy six foot seven, with speed on the break and a legendarily quick release on his

shot, King was a consummate scorer.

Drafted seventh overall out of the University of Tennessee in 1977, he immediately excelled for the New Jersey Nets, averaging 24.2 points per game in his rookie season. After some off-the-court issues got him shipped out of New Jersey to Utah—and eventually into a substance-abuse program—King landed with the Golden State Warriors and won the

NBA's first Comeback Player of the Year award, in 1981. Two years later, he signed with his hometown New York Knicks (King was born in Brooklyn) and his career truly took off. During the 1983–84 season, King scored 50 points in consecutive games, against San Antonio and Dallas, the first player in 20 years to accomplish that feat.

In the '84 playoffs, King led the Knicks past Isiah Thomas and the Detroit Pistons, scoring 44 points in the deciding Game 5 of the first-round series. He helped New York push the eventual champion Celtics to the brink in the conference semifinals, which Boston escaped by taking Game 7 at home. The following season, King led

the NBA in scoring with a 32.9 average, and racked up 60 points against the Nets on Christmas Day.

Just as he was hitting his stride, though, King tore the anterior cruciate ligament in his right knee and missed the entire 1985–86 season. When he returned the following year, many observers said he'd lost something, and the Knicks eventually released him. It's a measure of King's determination that, three years later, as a member of the Washington Bullets, he made the fourth All-Star team of his career and scored 28.4 points per game, the third highest average in the league behind Michael Jordan and Karl Malone.



Mike Commodore in 2005—not the 1970s



Maxime Talbot's playoff beard has its own Facebook page (really).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT) KEVIN REECE/CON SM, ANDY MEAD/CON SM, GREGORY SHAMUS/NHL VIA GETTY IMAGES

THE PLAYOFF BEARD: A BRIEF HISTORY

Sizing up a woolly NHL tradition.

Here at Penthouse World HQ, we have mixed feelings about the NHL's tradition of the playoff beard. On the one hand, as card-carrying members of the American Mustache Institute (AMI), we champion most

customs involving facial hair. On the other, as die-hard NHL fans, we're concerned that the playoff beard adds anonymity to a league suffering from a surplus of the stuff. Look down an NHL bench in your average postseason game and what do you see? A bunch of white guys with russet beards who look pretty much interchangeable. As the redheaded stepchild of North American pro sports, the NHL can

hardly afford this. The NHL needs distinct individuals and characters and stars. It's a good thing the league's biggest star, Sidney Crosby, can't grow a beard to save his life.

In any event, the tradition persists, and we appreciate it on its own terms, PR drawbacks aside. But where did it come from? Let's take a look.

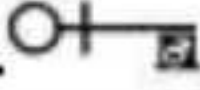
The playoff beard is not as old as you might think—most sources cite the 1980s New York Islanders team as the originators of the custom. Ken Morrow, Butch Goring, John Tonelli, and Clark Gillies let their facial gardens grow come playoff time, believing it promoted both good luck and team bonding. No one

could argue with the results, as those Islanders teams won four consecutive Stanley Cups from 1980 to '83.

While the team that dethroned the Islanders in 1984, the Edmonton Oilers, had a few hirsute members, its leading stars, Wayne Gretzky and Mark Messier, were notably clean-shaven, and the tradition so recently born went dormant for years. It appears to have resurfaced with the 1993 Montreal Canadiens, who won that franchise's 24th Stanley Cup that season, and then it came back for good with the 1995 New Jersey Devils, who marched to the first Stanley Cup in team history behind increasing thickets of chin-pillow foliage.

After the Devils' triumph, the custom took hold. Teams now resist the razor starting at the beginning of the playoffs, and don't shave until they are eliminated or they win the Stanley Cup. The practice has also extended to the minors, to college hockey, and, to the extent that it's possible, the high-school game.

Speaking of the follicly challenged, the Chicago Blackhawks' 22-year-old winger Patrick Kane claims he can't grow a beard (and his 12-year-old appearance backs him up), so he opts for a playoff mullet. At the other end of the spectrum, Columbus defenseman Mike Commodore produced one of the more robust versions of the playoff beard—and added an exploding red 'fro to complete the ensemble—as a member of the Carolina Hurricanes in 2005.

Check out the ongoing NHL playoffs for samples of the flourishing tradition, ranging from peach fuzz to grizzly-esque face fur. 

KEEP THEM DOGGIES ROLLIN'

After 12 years on the job, the Naked Cowboy continues to rope a steady stream of tourists—and six figures a year in tips!—in Times Square.

By Jeff Pearlman



PHOTOGRAPH BY SPENCER PLATT/GETTY IMAGES

THE PLAN IS TO LIVE FOREVER.

Only it's not so much a plan as a destiny. It *will* happen, because the man in the double-ply underwear says it will. And when the man in the double-ply underwear says it's so, well, it *is* so.

That's part of the weirdness (there are about 8,000 other parts) of Robert John Burck, aka the Naked Cowboy. At first, he comes across as your average, run-of-the-mill crazy street performer, blathering inanities about world domination and the path toward righteousness and yada yada yada.

But then the things Burck prophesies, well, they come into



being. *They really happen*, even when there's no way in hell they should.

Take the time, years ago—soon after completing his degree in political science from the University of Cincinnati—when Burck told anyone willing to listen that he would make a career out of standing in the middle of Times Square in a pair of Fruit of the Looms, singing and playing guitar. So what if Burck didn't actually know how to play the guitar? So what if, at the time, his voice evoked comparisons to a rabid emu eating a bowl of salted peanuts? Burck had a vision and, dammit, it was going to happen.

Then there was the occasion, seven years ago, when I first met Burck, in a now-extinct Howard Johnson's in Times Square, and he promised me that he would become the most-photographed man in America. "Wait, scratch that," he said. "Not man—person. I will be the most photographed person in the *world*."

In 2011, Barack Obama faces a regular onslaught of cameras. So, for that matter, do Brad and Angelina; Derek Jeter and Alex Rodriguez; Sarah Palin and Lady Gaga. But who has more people—more random, we-just-happen-to-be-visiting-New York people—capturing their image than the Cowboy?

"No one," says Chris Quartuccio, the CEO of the Blue Island Oyster Company, which reached a deal with Burck to lend his name to a newly minted Naked Cowboy Oyster. "People take his picture all day, every day. It makes Robert incredibly valuable."

Especially if he never dies.

That's Burck's belief—that, at the chronological age of 40, he has, literally, ceased aging. When the rest of us have disintegrated into worm food, Burck claims he will still be standing tall in Times Square, displaying his ripped physique and entertaining tourists. "The preternatural prowess of the hero is the gift of immortal youth," he says. "I'm going to be out here when I'm 240 years old—I have no doubt about that."

I have learned from experience not to doubt Burck, but this claim, of course, sounds asinine. Yet Burck is far from an ass. He is, in fact, the most unlikely entrepreneur in America; he's a savvy peddler of ego who has earned anywhere from \$200,000 (in a bad year) to \$400,000 (in a good one) annually, by sheer force of will. Hence, if Burck says that he will get rich by singing in his tightie whities, then he will. If he says he will be the most photographed person in the world, he will be. If he says he will live forever, well, hey, he's been right so far.

"You'll never meet anyone who believes more in convincing yourself

that what you want will happen," says Mary Ann Bello, Burck's mother. "He is sold on the power of thought." She's had multiple sclerosis for 20 years, yet her son regularly insists that she set aside her wheelchair and stand up. "I'd love to," she says. "But it's MS."

Bello laughs because she can. She still remembers vividly the day—December 23, 1970—when the second of her three sons was born in the Cincinnati suburb of Greenhills, Ohio. She watched as he grew into a classically tormented teenager, one who cared little for school and less for authority, one who battled anorexia and dabbled briefly with steroids. As a senior in high school, Robbie (as he was known) excitedly responded to an advertisement in a local newspaper reading NUDE MODELS WANTED.

Within weeks, he was working an even more risqué gig, stripping at bachelorette parties and gay clubs for a local X-rated service. The words of encouragement—"You're beautiful," "Let's fuck," "You remind me so much of my grandson"—fed his ego like nothing before. By the time he enrolled in college in 1991, Burck had started his own stripping company, Sensations Entertainment, and shortly thereafter appeared naked in two issues of *Playgirl* magazine. "I always had the need to be loved and admired," he says. "I just didn't realize it as a young kid. But once I understood, I did all I could to use it."

At some point around this time, Burck made a conscious decision that he would be famous. Not that he *might* be famous or would *try* to be famous. No, fame was his destiny—and he'd do anything to acquire it.

He took a bus from Cincinnati to New York, armed with a portfolio and a dream. He walked, uninvited, into the offices of every major modeling agency in the city. "I was rejected by all of them," he says. "Every single one." Burck remained in the Big Apple for two years, making money as a nude dancer on the gay club circuit (he's straight) and sleeping many

"I'm going to be out here when I'm 240 years old—I have no doubt about that."



nights in a McDonald's booth.

Then he caught a break by entering—and winning—a radio-station hunk contest, with the grand prize being an appearance as an extra on *Baywatch*, at the time one of TV's hottest shows. Burck was flown to Los Angeles, convinced that this was the moment he'd been waiting for. He would undoubtedly be recognized and signed by an agent. He just knew it. But his big network-television debut consisted of filming a scene that lasted all of two seconds.

Devastated and broke, Burck spent the remainder of the day at Venice Beach, playing his guitar for tips. After two hours he had hauled in a grand total of \$1.02. Two cents? "Two kids threw pennies at me."

That night, a friend idly dropped in Burck's lap the key that would unlock his future: "Why don't you go out there in your underwear? Venice Beach likes unique people."

The next day, wearing nothing but briefs and a hat, Burck made more than \$100. Shortly thereafter he returned to New York City, imagining the grand haul of tips that would be his. Sure, Manhattan had rejected him before. But that was when he was Robert John Burck, one of the city's thousands of struggling artists.

Now, he was the Naked Cowboy.

The rest, of course, is history. Burck is a star. A bright one. His strategy was brilliant—keep people posing for photographs as long as humanly possible, thereby making other passers-by interested in a picture. The



more cameras, the more tips.

Nowadays, though, Burck looks back and laughs at the naïveté of his approach. "There was so much more I could do," he says—then proceeds to rattle off a list of his current Naked Cowboy endeavors. Along with the oyster deal, for which he is paid \$2,000 monthly, plus sales-based royalties, Burck performs regularly at Carolines, a Midtown comedy club. He is in the process of recording an X-rated country album, with most

of the songs written by the mildly famous Buck Moore. ("Robert's voice reminds me of Willie Nelson," says Todd Rubenstein, Burck's mildly delusional booster/manager. "He's a very wonderful singer.") Burck has a website, a full line of Naked Cowboy apparel, and, as an officially sanctioned reverend of the Universal Life Church, he officiates Times Square weddings for \$499 a pop.

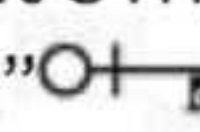
Not that he cares much for the matrimony stuff. When I first met Burck, he lived in a dumpy New Jersey motel across from the Lincoln Tunnel, paying \$50 a night. Six years ago, while working out, he struck up a conversation with Cindy Fox, a fitness model and personal trainer. They have lived together since 2006, and while Burck plays with her three children and sleeps in her bed and helps buy groceries and run errands, he keeps his packed suitcases in the back of his Escalade and pays Fox \$50 a week in rent. "It hurts me a little," Fox says. "But Robert feels like he always has to be ready to go in case a new opportunity arises. He's a loving companion, but that's his quirk. I respect it."

In other words, he won't be popping the question anytime soon.

No, Burck doesn't have time for marriage. Or kids. Or vacations. Or strolls on the beach. He has written down his goals—on scraps of paper, in notebooks, in the margins of his Tony Robbins books—and there is no time like the present.

"My goal is to be the greatest entertainer of all time," he says, repeating a line he's written countless times. "My goal is to be the richest man on the face of the Earth; a guy who stands out among every other person in the history of the Earth and says, 'If you want to do something, you can do it. No matter how ridiculous it looks, no matter how ridiculous it seems.'" Last fall, Burck added a new goal: to be President of the United States. He vowed to run in 2012 as a member of the Tea Party. As with his many other objectives, Burck promises this one, too, will come true. "And unlike the mythologies of Jesus or Buddha, I've documented everything from day one. I've written a book called *The Legend of the Naked Cowboy*."

Burck pauses. Not for thought, but to take a deep breath.

"Legend," he says. "That's my life. That's who I am. A legend." 



Leveling the Playing Field

According to some invisible measuring stick, I'm short. I'm certainly a midget in my own mind. Can I stop my height from holding me back?

By Chris Illuminati

THERE IS NO BETTER WORD TO DESCRIBE ME THAN "AVERAGE."

I rank somewhere in the vast gray area between "forgettable" and "exceptional." I was not the valedictorian, but also not the chalk-sucker. Not the first guy picked when choosing teams in gym class, but never second-to-last in line next to the kid with the clubfoot. Some subjects in school came easily, while I struggled with sine, cosine, and a screaming tangent when trigonometry turned math into an exercise in fucking ridiculous. Even my appearance is average, generally the guy definition of "cute"—which is a big step up from the female "cute" that means "fat with a great sense of humor."

Only in height do I fall below average. I stand a husky five foot six. I can appear close to five seven

in a thick-heeled pair of dress shoes or work boots. According to some invisible measuring stick that was agreed upon by society generations before I was born, I'm short. I'm certainly a midget in my own mind.

I've always been self-conscious about my height. It affects my life. It makes me a little more apprehensive in groups, a little less aggressive at work, and a little more timid with the opposite sex. It may not be obvious to the naked eye. It's a subconscious tic developed during school dances spent staring at girls' necks and always being the first to know someone ripped ass in a crowded elevator.

A study by the University of Michigan last year refutes my personal conclusions on the subject. A study of 712 sixth-grade boys and girls of varying heights found that shorter kids do just as well in "exclusion, social

support, popularity, victimization, depressive symptoms, optimism, or behavioral problems." But I'm not sure sixth graders make for the best study subjects. I was the Yao Ming of my sixth-grade class. Unfortunately, I stayed that same height until my junior year of high school, while everyone else popped up faster than my joyknob rubbing against silk sheets.

While a sawed-off stature might not have an effect on preteens, according to an Australian study published in *The Economic Record*, "Taller men are able to earn more money than their shorter counterparts simply because taller people are perceived to be more intelligent and powerful in the workplace."

These studies got the hamster on the wheel in my head running off a Red Bull buzz. Is my height still holding me back in my mid-thirties? Is that the reason I haven't gotten a better job or been open to more opportunities to succeed? And if that is the case, what can I really do about it? Plastic surgery can reshape an ugly snout, make mosquito-bite-size tits into porn-star-caliber funbags, and even suck a life of cheeseburgers out of a fat, willpowerless bastard. Yet there's no outpatient surgery for the vertically challenged.

The internet, for the first time in my adult life, provided little guidance until I noticed the ads popping up in the "sponsored links" section of Google. All those queries about how to medically enhance my stature brought about a whole new way of attacking the problem. Maybe I wasn't what needed to change after all.

I checked the mailbox three times a day, despite knowing that the mail came at the same time every afternoon. Nothing but bills, holiday cards, and Christmas gifts I'd purchased for everyone else. Then, finally, I tore my package open like Ralphie ripping into the envelope to get to his long-awaited Little Orphan Annie decoder. The contents were the key to solving all my problems: The heightening inserts for my shoes had arrived.

All those queries about how to medically enhance my stature brought about a new way of attacking the problem.



ILLUSTRATION BY JOE BLUHM

I first wore them to work. It didn't change how I acted in meetings or interacted with coworkers. No one thought I was any more intelligent or powerful. Or, if they did, they were too busy staring me up and down, wondering what was so different, to make a comment. At the grocery store, a fine young woman asked me to grab something off the top shelf for her. I politely obliged and she smiled and walked away. Tall me was just as timid with women, or maybe I was put off by her cart full of disposable diapers and baby food. The one-inch inserts were having little effect. Time to kick this experiment up a notch.

The two-inch inserts brought an immediate change: I was down to only two wearable pairs of shoes. Adding inches to one's feet isn't easy when the shoe is a certain size. Still no reaction from my coworkers, although I'm not sure what I was expecting. Maybe "Hey, Chris, you look different. Have you grown?" No mention of a raise from the boss.

The weeks passed and my confidence actually sank lower than before. My life was the same. Is it possible it hasn't been my height holding me back all these years, but the fact that my approach to life is to be, well, average? Do I use my height as an excuse, a crutch, a scapegoat for never standing out in a crowd, never climbing the corporate ladder or scoring the hottest women? Instead of popping in performance-enhancing heels for the company holiday party, I went au naturel, going out of my way to talk in large crowds, engage management, and act bigger than life. Results varied. At least I'm not blaming my height. In this instance, I'll blame Scotch.

Even though I had decided at the onset of my experiment that adding three inches to my frame would be too obvious, I wanted to take those inserts for a test drive. I saved them for a special occasion: the family Christmas party. I figured if anyone would notice or comment on the fact that I was suddenly pushing five nine, it would be the people who freak out if I comb my hair differently. I promised myself, and my abused toes, that this would be the final time. I paired the inserts with the only boots that could house a three-inch heel plus my swollen feet. Finally, someone noticed a difference in the way I carried myself in public: My cousin asked me why I was limping. 

No Average Joe

By Alanna Nash

Joe Nichols hit the big time in 2002, but he's still on his way to becoming a household name. Nevertheless, it's undeniable that Nichols is doing all right.

In 2002, Joe Nichols' pensive ballad "The Impossible" hit No. 1 on the country-singles chart, kick-starting a career that would boast back-to-back chart-toppers, a platinum CD, four Grammy nominations, and proclamations of mantle-carrying from his heroes, George Jones and Merle Haggard. Still, to keep him humble, the 34-year-old neo-traditionalist keeps a framed napkin that lists the names of everyone who turned him down. "I was told 'no' 31 times before somebody finally said 'yes,'" Nichols explains. "Managers, publishers, labels. Anybody I could sing a country song for said, 'Nah.'"

With the release of his late-summer/early-fall CD (still untitled at press time), Nichols is likely to solidify his growing fan base, particularly with the armed forces. Members of the military helped make Nichols' inspirational video for the song "The Shape I'm In" the most-watched video on CMT.com earlier this year; the video featured former Navy SEAL Marcus Luttrell, author of *Lone Survivor: The Eyewitness Account of Operation Redwing and the Lost Heroes of SEAL Team 10*, and two men wounded in the current wars.

Not bad for a kid from Rogers, Arkansas, who grew up watching his truck-driver father play little dives and dreamed of Hank Williams Jr.-size success.



You struck a loud chord with your military-themed video for “The Shape I’m In,” featuring real-life wounded heroes. How did you decide on that approach?

Trey Fanjoy, who is an outstanding director, came up with a great concept and storyboard. I’m very proud of it. That was a great day for a lot of reasons. I got to meet Marcus Luttrell, who is one of my heroes and a great American. What

he went through in Afghanistan is unbelievable. Ivan Castro and Chad Fleming are the other two gentlemen in the video. I got to spend a little time with Ivan. He lost his eyesight and still proudly serves. He’s a character—a funny guy and an outgoing jokester. And Chad lost his leg in combat, but when he walks into a room, he scares me! Here’s this big guy who’s got a lot of energy and has done more in his lifetime than I could ever imagine. I so

appreciated those guys being there and making what turned out to be a pretty impactful video.

You dedicated that video to the military, and made it in partnership with the Lone Survivor Foundation, which assists returning veterans dealing with post-traumatic stress disorder and physical injuries. What kind of response have you gotten from it?

I’ve gotten a lot of emails and messages from families of servicemen and -women saying how much they appreciate it, and even some more personal stories about the soldiers who are in the video. I got a really touching email, for example, from the wife of one of the medics who worked on Captain Castro in the field in 2006 when he was hit. She said when her husband saw the video, he was overwhelmed with joy and sadness at the same time—joy because he hasn’t seen Captain Castro since that day, and sadness because of the friends and brothers he’s lost. She said, “This song describes all too well what a veteran’s life is like returning to the civilian world, and all too many times America forgets what they go through.” That made me feel great, because I’ve always had tremendous admiration and respect for the military. I look at them as I would my religious teachers. That should be the highest-paying, most sought-after, and most appreciated job in America. But it’s not about money to them. They’re praiseworthy people of very high character who happily serve.

You were the first celebrity to endorse the Boot Campaign, a grassroots initiative started by five women from Texas to show support for the troops and benefit soldiers returning home from active duty. Did that come out of your experience of performing for the military in Iraq?

Being in Iraq was a life-changing experience. I thought I was just going to go over and play a few shows to thank them for their service. But after I went, I felt way deeper in debt than I ever had before, because I saw firsthand that these people are dying for us. Not just dying by a bullet, but taking much tinier bullets in much larger increments for us. I feel that way in general about the military now, even if they’re serving here in the United States. They’re away from their families, and they do things that most of us wouldn’t dare ask ourselves to do. So I think the Boot

Campaign is a wonderful cause. It's not too much to ask that we chip in a little bit to recognize a foundation that helps military families and wounded warriors, and asks for a little bit of support for a family that lost its father, brother, son, daughter, or wife. It's a great cause, and they're a fantastic group of ladies with tremendous drive.

What can we look forward to on your new album?

"Take It Off" will probably be the first single. It's about going out to the lake and grabbing a cold one and twisting the top and taking it off. Of course, then you take off your cutoff jeans shorts, and the boat on the trailer... [Laughs] It's another naked song.

One of your biggest smashes was "Tequila Makes Her Clothes Fall Off." Did you know how big it would be?

When I first heard the song, I said, "That's a freakin' smash if I ever have heard one." I thought people were going to laugh and groove to it at the same time. Because everybody's got a tequila story. But after we recorded it and played it for the record label, a lot of people were offended. They thought it was ridiculous. I'll never forget the conversation I had with the president of the label. I said, "This will be the first single off this record or I am done."

the National Civil Rights Museum's Freedom Award. How did that come about?

That was something the record label asked me to do as a tie-in with our single "Believers." I said, "Absolutely. It would be a tremendous honor." I got to meet him and talk with him for a minute.

What does one say to the Dalai Lama?

[Laughs] Well, it was a very informal meeting. I'm not Buddhist, but I can definitely see the spiritualism in that guy. He's very in tune with peace, and with himself, and that radiates. It definitely didn't feel like meeting a politician. He's a very respectful person, very kind and gentle, and very thoughtful in his words. We asked him to bless us, and thanked him for taking the time to talk to us, and he just chitchatted.

Did he say "Tequila Makes Her Clothes Fall Off" was his favorite song?

No, no, he didn't say anything like that. But I wouldn't expect the Dalai Lama to be a big country fan. I don't know how many country stations they get in Tibet. That would have been awesome, though.

You performed at Anna Nicole Smith's funeral. Did you have a friendship with her?

in a two-hour period, I had hundreds of media requests. Larry King even requested an interview. I didn't talk to anybody. I don't think you [should] capitalize on something like that.

Anna Nicole got a bad rap as a kind of trashy cartoon, but she was actually very sweet and vulnerable, and quite easy to talk with, so I can see why you enjoyed being around her. Have you always been at ease with women?

I'm only at ease around my wife. Before I got married, I was always awkward and very shy.

You met her when you were 18, playing clubs in Texas, but you didn't marry until 12 years later. What did you think of her when you met?

I thought she was way out of my league, and still do. She was this pretty freshman in college and I was this scruffy, uncomfortable character who liked Merle Haggard and had long hair and was kind of goofy looking. She had the coolest car, a Mitsubishi, and these awesome clothes, and she was just hot! I thought, *Man, I will never get a girl like that.* But she went slumming, I guess, and couldn't get rid of me.

Why did it take so long to tie the knot?

It wouldn't have worked back then, had we gotten serious. We had a lot of

"When we do our show, a lot of women like

They were just freaked out about some people who were boycotting it. But I think they felt it was a hit song, and they just needed a firm answer from me.

That title and "Size Matters" could have put you in the novelty-song category, even though you launched your career with "The Impossible," which was about as serious as country music gets.

Well, that's a slippery slope, being too much one way or another. At times in my past, I just wanted to do deep, thought-provoking, meaning-of-life songs. Then I found that it doesn't work for me that way. I have a sense of humor, and I want that to come across in a lot of the music that I do. At the same time, I have depth as a person, so I want to find that balance. If you can do that and never get pigeonholed, people will respect both sides of you.

You performed for the Dalai Lama in 2009 when he was in Memphis for

Well, we weren't close friends. I'd say acquaintances. I didn't have her phone number, and she didn't have mine. [Laughs] But we'd met a couple of times. She was a very nice lady. She came to the Grand Ole Opry [in 2005] and got up and danced with the Melvin Sloan Dancers. She was a huge country fan. After she died, my manager called and said, "Brace yourself. Howard K. Stern called and asked if you would perform at Anna Nicole Smith's funeral." I was like, "You've gotta be kidding." I thought he was lying. At the time, it was just a media circus. I told my manager, "No. It's terrible. I'm not going to be part of this fiasco." Then I called a friend of mine, a spiritual person, somebody I think of as having a 1-800 number to God. I said, "What would you do?" And he said, "It's a great opportunity to pay respect and bring a little bit of class and peace to a situation that's lacking in both." So I changed my mind. I did two songs, "Wings of a Dove" and "I'll Wait for You." Then,

growing and living to do. So we were just best friends for a long time, through our own separate relationships. But we always kept in contact and we decided a few years ago that our paths had led us back to one another.

How did you propose?

I had a farm near Springfield, Tennessee, with this big backyard with a fireplace and a pool. I got a blanket and some champagne and a big ice bucket, and I was going to have a little picnic out there. She was telling me about her day, and I just got down on one knee and proposed, right there on the blanket. She looked at me like, "Are you serious?" I thought, *Aw, shit. What have I done?* That moment of fear. But then after she realized I meant it, she said yes. We were all good at that point.

Were you surprised when you went on the road how aggressive and outrageous women could be?



"The Shape I'm In" video stars: Captain Ivan Castro, former Navy SEAL Marcus Luttrell, director Trey Fanjoy, Nichols, and Captain Chad Fleming

You're the middle child, with an older brother, so a lot of Kelly's care must have fallen on you.

You could say that, especially since our parents divorced when I was 11 and we had a single mom. My brother and I were Kelly's caretakers for a while, and I have been very much a father figure to her. When Kelly came along, I was about ten years old, and I didn't know she had Down syndrome until she was delivered. Everything about me changed when she was born. She's shown me what living inside your heart really looks like. Having had such a volatile childhood, with the instability, and the addiction, and the

nominations poured in.

I don't know. It goes pretty far back and it goes extremely deep. The pain I brought on myself and the issues that I experienced later on in my adult life—the feelings of unworthiness, and being hopeless about my place in this world—are all related to childhood. When parents don't get along, it's brutal on the children, because they want everything to be perfect. And if it's not working, it's the child's fault—at least that's the thing that comes up in your mind. I never learned to cope with it. There are a lot of things that came with the incredible dysfunction that was my childhood.



to take their tops off and show 'em off."

That was a surprise. Of course, I did my fair share and got a lot of experience and a lot of fun out of it. When we do our show, a lot of women like to dance around and take their tops off and stand on their friends' shoulders and show 'em off. And some actually make out with their girlfriends. Hey, tequila is a damn good thing. Tequila will make you crazy. I've seen a lot of nakedness.

You recently won more than \$100,000 on the television show *Are You Smarter Than a 5th Grader?* and donated it to Camp Barnabas, a Christian camp in Missouri for kids with disabilities and life-threatening illnesses. How did you choose that?

My sister, Kelly, has Down syndrome. She's had the time of her life there.

abuse, I don't think I'd have the level of compassion that I do now had it not been for her. Because when I was a kid, there was a lot of trauma and tons of dramatic explosions. Those things can make a kid just close up. But she counteracted that, and made me think about what it would be like to be helpless or to need somebody's care, kindness, and patience.

When you say addiction ...

My mom was not addicted. Her problem was related to my dad's alcohol and addiction. He misbehaved, and was an addict and a volatile person.

You spent some time in rehab yourself a few years back. How much did your early success play into that? You were 25 when you released "*The Impossible*," and when the Grammy

Rumor has it you're a pretty good day trader.

I wouldn't say I'm good. I think I'm a lucky day trader.

Have you managed your money well?

No, but I'm a lot smarter now. I definitely spent it as fast, if not faster, than I made it. That was before I got married and realized that everything is not a big college frat party. I show a little more responsibility with my money now. Haggard told me he once had the song of the year and couldn't feed his family. He was broke and, God, we've all been there. I've spent my way into the poor house twice, but luckily now I'm with a fiscally responsible wife. She smacks my hand whenever I try to get stupid, so it works out well. Still, there's something about having money in the bank when you die that just makes me mad. ☹️

RIDING TO RECOVERY

John Wordin is committed to helping disabled veterans change their future by riding into it with freedom and exhilaration.

By Peter Laufer



Imagine being a young soldier in prime physical condition and shipping off to the fog of war, strong and intact. And further imagine returning home after your tour of duty, broken: missing legs and/or arms, suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder, dealing with devastating head wounds, or any of the myriad injuries that are the price too many in the military are paying for their roles in the wars in Afghanistan and Iraq.

Wartime doctoring works miracles on today's battlefields, saving soldiers with injuries that would have meant certain death just a few years ago. This means survivors are reentering civilian life with debilitating and permanent

disabilities, unable to experience simple activities that provided pleasure before their service—like riding a bike.

"One of your most cherished childhood memories of your life," muses John Wordin, the president of Ride 2 Recovery, "is the first day you ride a bike without training wheels. Everybody remembers that day." As a pro bicycle racer, Wordin thinks often about that ecstatic moment and how it lingers forever for bike riders. "You get that sense of the wind in your face, the freedom and exhilaration. You're in total control." As a former marine, he saw returning disabled veterans who were discharged from hospitals by doctors who told them there was nothing more modern medicine could do for them. Wordin felt convinced that if the vets could mount bicycles again, that freedom and exhilaration would constitute extraordinary continuing therapy.

Three years ago, Wordin decided to test his

theories and began fabricating bicycles adapted for use by riders with devastating handicaps, the type of injuries that observers lacking his creativity would figure make cycling impossible. A quadruple amputee, for example. Wordin devised special devices that would allow a quad amputee to operate the bike with his prostheses. Custom designs have since been created by Wordin and his team to accommodate every type of injury that's come through his shop's door.

Once Wordin saw that getting back up on a bike did indeed improve the quality of life for severely injured veterans, he founded Ride 2 Recovery and started raising funds to build enough bikes to fill a rapidly growing number of requests. But cruising on a cycle is only half of the Ride 2 Recovery program. The organization, based in Calabasas, California, combines that wind-in-your-face feeling with group therapy, organizing long-distance rides for veterans so they can enjoy the camaraderie of those who share an understanding of their wartime experiences.

You can do more than you think you can do, is Wordin's motto. He watches as vets first tell him they can't ride and then find out that, in fact, they can. "It's the greatest job ever," he says about his work, emphasizing that the organization is continually challenged. "A couple of months ago we got a call from a blind, double-amputee marine



Ride 2 Recovery organizes long-distance rides for veterans so they can enjoy the camaraderie of those who share their wartime experiences.

who heard about the rides and said, 'I really want to try. Do you think I can do it?' Anytime someone asks that, I ask if he *wants* to do it. If he says yes, I tell him he can do it." Wordin told the marine that he and his engineers would figure out how to make a bike he could ride.

Because the veteran was blind, the crew knew that the bike would need to be a tandem, and that it needed to be hand-powered because the soldier had lost his legs. The mechanical challenge was to create a tandem with a hand-powered rear position. "It's the hardest project we've had," Wordin says about the finished product, a machine that cost close to \$10,000 to make. Ride 2 Recovery finances such projects with corporate and foundation grants, along with donations from individuals. The blind double amputee mounted up and was able to relive the magic.

In addition to providing injured vets with the thrill

of cycling, Ride 2 Recovery is working with physical therapists to get patients on cycles in an effort to possibly reduce their rehabilitation time. Mobility, strength, and endurance are all benefits of bike riding, no matter what the vet's limitation.

Ride 2 Recovery is growing fast: Three years ago the organization put about 50 vets on bikes; in 2011 it expects to serve some 3,000 clients. Of course, what's been learned through working with veterans can also work for civilians, and there are plans to expand the program to serve anyone with disabilities.

"It's a daunting task," Wordin says about the Ride 2 Recovery mission, "because there's always another person. Every day."

Veterans who wish to participate can send queries via email through the organization's website, Ride2Recovery.com.



[book excerpt]

HERE'S THE BAD NEWS, SON

*How can I protect my child from a world
that lives inside of me?*

By Steve Almond

I am in the library of a small college in Salt Lake City when my cellphone rings. It's my wife calling from our home in Boston. She's just visited her ob-gyn. We've been waiting for the results of various prenatal tests. I walk to the bathroom, lock the door, and flip the phone open.

My wife sounds happy, a little out of breath. "Everything went great. No problems." She pauses. "They did another ultrasound."

By this she means, *I know the gender of the child*. This is a touchy subject, because both of us have been forthright about our desire for female offspring. When my wife told me, two years ago, that our first child was a daughter, I flushed with joy.

"Do you want to know?" my wife asks.

She's in such a buoyant mood. We must be having another girl.

"Sure," I say.

"It's a boy," she says.

I close my eyes. My forehead thuds softly against the mirror over the sink. It's my job now to say something, rather quickly, about how great this is, how excited I am to be having a son, a bouncing baby boy, an heir to carry on our silly family name. But when I open my eyes, the light inside the bathroom is a sickly yellow and my chest is hammering with panic.





[book excerpt]

I'm maybe five years old. This is in the house on Frenchman's Hill, where I grew up. Our cat, Macacheese, has just given birth to a litter of kittens in the backyard. But the kittens came out dead, stillborn in their amniotic shellac. We're not allowed to see them.

The event has me torn up, so I'm inside, sort of curled on my bed.

My older brother Dave appears in the doorway. "Remember when you dropped Macacheese on her head?" he says.

I shake my head.

"That's when the kittens died," he says. "You killed them."

Dave and I are fighting in the TV room. It's a boy fight: hurled fists and grunting. Our dad is seated on the piano bench, watching this awkward spectacle. He believes we need to "get our aggression out," and that there's no other way to do it. He's even sort of rooting me on, because Dave is bigger and I need to stand up for myself.

Dave grabs my hair and pulls down until I'm jackknifed at the waist, my head trapped below his chest. "Calm down," he says. "I'm not going to let you up until you quit spazzing out."

"You fucking pulled my hair!"

I'm appealing, I guess, to our dad. But he's no longer in the room.

I finally agree to calm down.

The moment Dave lets me up, I swing for his jaw and land a glancing blow. Later, after we've retreated to our rooms, our father comes to check on me. I'm lying on the blue rug, crying. He tells me Dave has a broken hand, from when he hit the coffee table. He'd been aiming for my skull.

I fight with my twin brother, Mike, too, until he hits a growth spurt and becomes too big to tangle with. Our final fight is especially vicious. We grapple and punch and tumble across the bed. We can smell each other—our skin, our breath. The intimacy is disorienting. Not so long ago, the two of us walked to school pressed together at the shoulder. But the prohibitions of boyhood have torn us apart. These days, the only time we touch is when we fight.

Having pummeled each other to exhaustion, we stand face-to-face. Our chests heave with adrenaline. We're confused, not sure how to bring this to a close. My hand flies up and slaps Mike across the face. It's a loud, clean blow, delivered so quickly neither of us can quite believe it. Mike bursts into tears and runs from the room. I stand, staring down at my hand. My palm stings, but the rest of me feels nothing.

Around this time, I become convinced that Peter Guerrero wants to kick my ass. I have no idea how this notion has taken root, but I spend every lunch period obsessing over it. Peter is a pudgy kid with a rash that makes the skin on his arms red and flaky. I am constantly thinking about where he is, where I can and cannot walk, what to say if he approaches me.

This is how I understand masculinity to operate: Either you are a bully or you are bullied. You find a weaker boy to absorb your humiliation, or you are that boy.

A few years later, the bully is a kid named Sean Linden, who organizes a posse of his friends to antagonize me. For months, they call me names and issue threats. Linden never gives any indication of why he has targeted me, and I never ask. All we know is that, because I'm too frightened to fight back, I've consented to this arrangement.

The only arena in which I enjoy some measure of physical pride is the soccer field, where I'm small but quick, a star. One year, I lead



my team all the way to the city championship game. I score a goal early and assist on a second, which puts us up 2-0 at halftime. Then a teammate tells me that the toughest kid on the other team is going to beat me up after the game. I spend the second half in a silent panic. We lose the game 3-2. I'm convinced my cowardice is to blame.

It's 1981, and Sugar Ray Leonard is fighting Tommy Hearns. It's one of the first fights on pay-per-view, and my father has agreed to buy the telecast. We've moved the TV into the living room because a bunch of friends have come over. There are maybe a dozen of us, men and boys flung across sofas and chairs.

We're all Sugar Ray fans—except for this one kid, Jeff, who worships Hearns. Nobody really knows Jeff. He heard from someone that we bought the fight and begged to come over. In the tenth round, Hearns lands a flurry, and Jeff, who's sitting next to me, throws punches right along with him, wild uppercuts and hooks. I stare at him in disgust. It's such a sloppy display of bloodlust, I think. But a few rounds later, when Sugar Ray is knocking Hearns senseless along the ropes—trying to do serious damage to the man's brain—the rest of us rise from our seats and start throwing our own vicarious haymakers.

I've been at the park, walking our hyperactive Labrador retriever. Dave, my older brother, is a senior in high school now. Mike and I are sophomores. As I approach our house, I can see our mother through the full-length window next to the front door. Her expression is grave, her complexion heading toward ashen. Mike appears behind her. He shoulders past her and out the door. He has the smaller of the serious kitchen knives in his hand.

Mike pounds on the door to the garage. "I'll kill you!" he screams. "I'll fucking kill you!" He's holding the knife as though he's the villain in a slasher film.

"You're crazy," Dave says, from inside the garage. "Calm down, crazy boy!"

This fight began at the dinner table. Mike claimed his right to take over Dave's room after Dave leaves for college. Dave objected. Insults were exchanged. Mike kicked at Dave under the table. Dave picked up a fork and stabbed Mike in the thigh. Mike substantiates this last act by showing me—with great ceremony—four puncture wounds, one for each tine.

I work hard in college to convince the world I've outgrown savagery. I quit the soccer team. I rally for nuclear disarmament. I adopt the prevailing feminist spellings ("women" becomes "womyn"). But when my girlfriend makes an offhand joke questioning my manhood, I punch a hole in her bedroom wall.

After college, I take a newspaper gig as a rock critic. Most of the shows that come through town are heavy metal. The fans

AGGRESSION IS THE MEANS BY WHICH BOYS LEARN TO SHARE THEIR FEELINGS.... FEAR BECOMES RAGE, AND RAGE BECOMES VIOLENCE.

in front are young dudes with radiant hair and bleak prospects. They all drink too much and talk tough. They want to be like the glittering figures onstage—that macho, that powerful. At one of the first shows I cover, a couple of burly guys launch into a pattern of shoving predictive of a fight. Then they start swinging. I leap between the two and shout for them to calm down, but I'm not sure whether I'm trying to break up the fight or trying to put myself into the middle of it.

A few years later I'm in Miami Beach, working for another newspaper. I make a right turn onto a main road, and within a few hundred yards a gold sports coupe cuts me off. I honk at the driver because I'm not going to let some dick do that to me. The driver responds by slamming on his brakes so that I'm forced to slam on my brakes. Then he does it again.

When we come to a red light, the guy glares at me in his rearview mirror, and I glare back. Then he gets out of his car—we're in the middle of a busy street—and marches back to my car. He's screaming about how I cut him off, evidently before he cut me off. I roll down my window, meaning to tell him, basically, "Okay, calm down. I apologize." But before I can say anything, the world swings out of focus, and then I'm staring at my car's grubby carpet beneath the passenger seat, where, curiously, my glasses are lying. It takes a second to dawn on me: I've just been punched. Hard.

The guy hurries back to his car, jumps in, and burns rubber around the corner. Blood is tickling my cheek, from where the rim of my glasses cut into my skin. I pull up at the nearest shop, a pharmacy, and ask if they have ice. The girl at the register stares at me with her mouth open. I am bleeding onto the floor. "This guy sucker punched me," I say. "Right in the middle of traffic. Can you believe that?"

I tell my friends that the cut on my face is from basketball. But I know the truth. I'm lucky the guy didn't drag me out of my car, didn't have a weapon, didn't turn me into the sort of violent headline I might read about in the Metro section while imagining the victim as a pathetic wimp.

For the next decade there's always some guy I feel I should fight. The guy who throws elbows in our pickup hoops game at Flamingo Park. The guy who spends months baiting me in grad school. The guy who sells me a bag of fake pot and refuses to refund my money. I sit around for hours at a time, reliving our confrontations, wishing I had the courage to punch these dudes in the face.

It's tempting to blame all this on my father. That would be the safe move. Perhaps if he'd encouraged us to share our feelings rather than pummel each other, my brothers and I would have entered the world without fear and loathing. We would have become

secure citizens, ready to talk things through. But that would miss the point, that masculinity has always been governed by aggression.

To put it more starkly: Aggression is the means by which boys learn to share their feelings. Not even the most loving father can protect his son from the playgrounds, the bars, and parking lots where bullies lurk, where soft emotions are hunted down and targeted, where fear becomes rage, and rage becomes violence.

My wife is downstairs with our daughter. I can hear them playing with the new paint set. I'm upstairs working on my novel. Except half the time, I'm not writing at all. I'm trolling YouTube for old boxing matches, street brawls, ultimate fighting—the pornography of the bullied. I watch these scenes with a scalding, masturbatory shame.

Or maybe I'm in my car, immersed in the molten wrath of Boston traffic. This is where I indulge my other secret vice: talk radio. Limbaugh, Hannity, Savage—our maestros of rage, each a Joe McCarthy Mini-Me. Grievance is their siren's call. "You are all victims!" they sing. "Are you going to let these [fill in the blank] kick us around? Fight back!"


These guys represent everything I despise. They're vampires of the soul, feeding on the psychic damage of their congregations. And yet listening to them is a kind of seduction. It's like tuning in to an emotional oldies station. The louder they wail, the deeper I descend into that primordial realm where nobody ever admits he's wrong or uncertain or frightened, where sadism is the chosen means of eradicating shame. Welcome to masculinity stunted at age five.

And whom does history commemorate if not those men most effective at marshaling their aggression to shape the world? For every Gandhi, a hundred Hitlers. For every Enlightenment, a hundred Inquisitions. For every treaty, a hundred wars.

What I'm asking here is, Do we ever outgrow our savagery? Is there any way to strip from us the masculine pathologies acquired over millions of years of evolution?

Let me put all this in a more personal light: How am I to protect my son from a world that lives inside of me?

I have plenty of fancy ideas about how this might happen, about what it means to be a good man, and I've spent many years trying to publicize my own glowing empathy. But the truth is, I remain a prisoner of terror and rage, one minute puffing out my chest, the next cowering, dreaming of a power that resides in valor, in the ability to inflict physical harm. It's horrible who I am.

So now you know why I feared having a son, and why, when I gaze down at my newborn boy sleeping—he is three days old as I write this—I am sometimes filled with dread. I offer no happy ending here, no eleventh-hour homily about the rescuing powers of forgiveness. A quick look at the state of the world should dispel such mush. All I can say is that I'll do my best with the love I have. I'll hope my boy becomes someone different from his father, braver in the right ways, less frightened. This, it seems to me, is the only reasonable hope fathers can offer their sons. 

The author's work includes *Rock and Roll Will Save Your Life; (Not That You Asked): Rants, Exploits, and Obsessions; My Life in Heavy Metal; and Candyfreak: A Journey Through the Chocolate Underbelly of America.*



This essay is excerpted from the book *The Good Men Project: Real Stories from the Front Lines of Modern Manhood*, published by Greenleaf Book Group and available online at GoodMenProject.org.



[pet of the month]





garden of eden


Eden Adams is a nursing student/erotic model and actress, so this bodacious blonde knows how to improve our lives both physically and lustfully. We'd head into any garden if the excursion ended with Eden leading us astray.

Photographs by Mark Lit for Hicks Photo

"I've shot for *Penthouse* in the past, and I always know the pictures will be stellar, but doing this shoot was special. I've dreamed of being a *Penthouse* Pet since I was 18!"

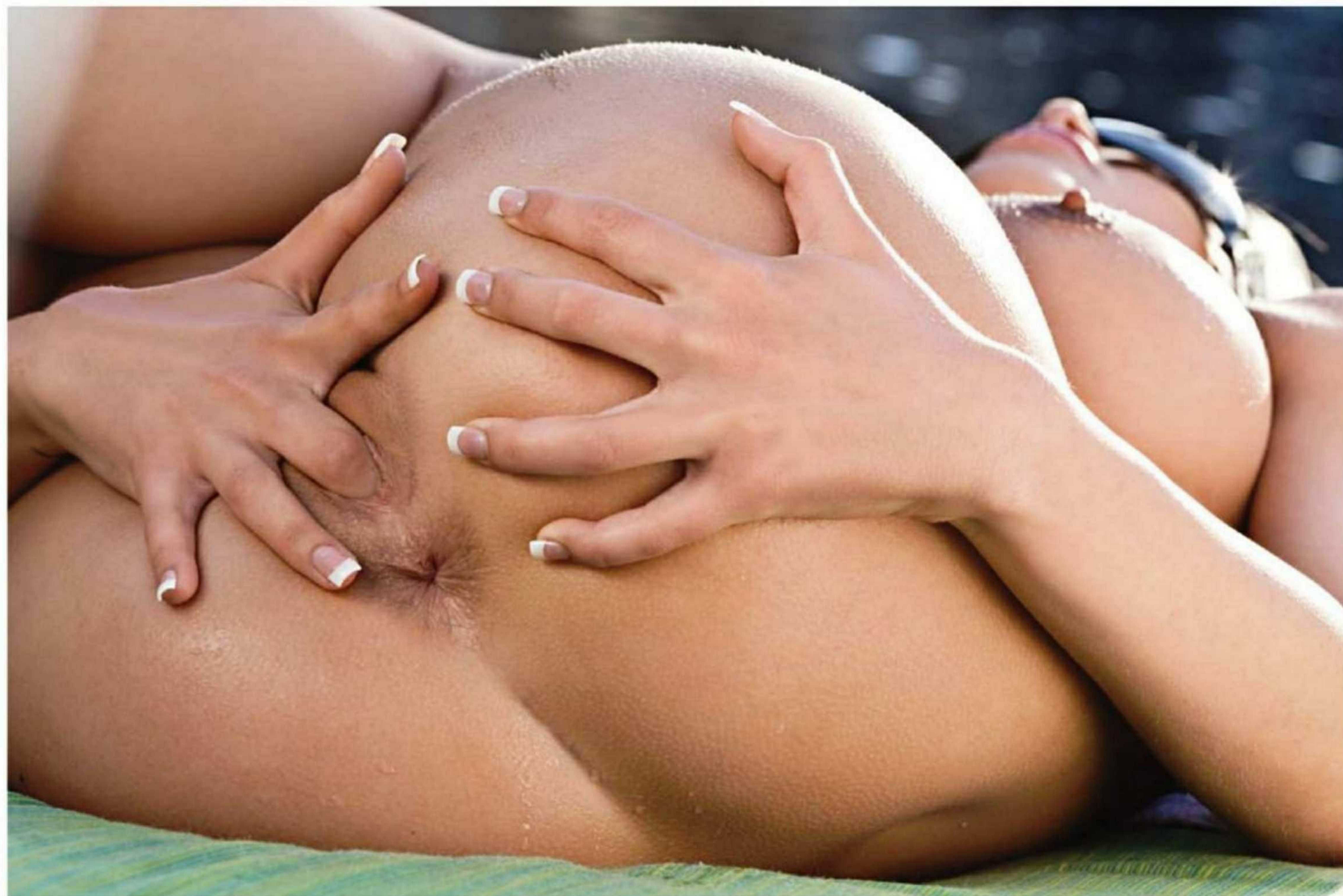
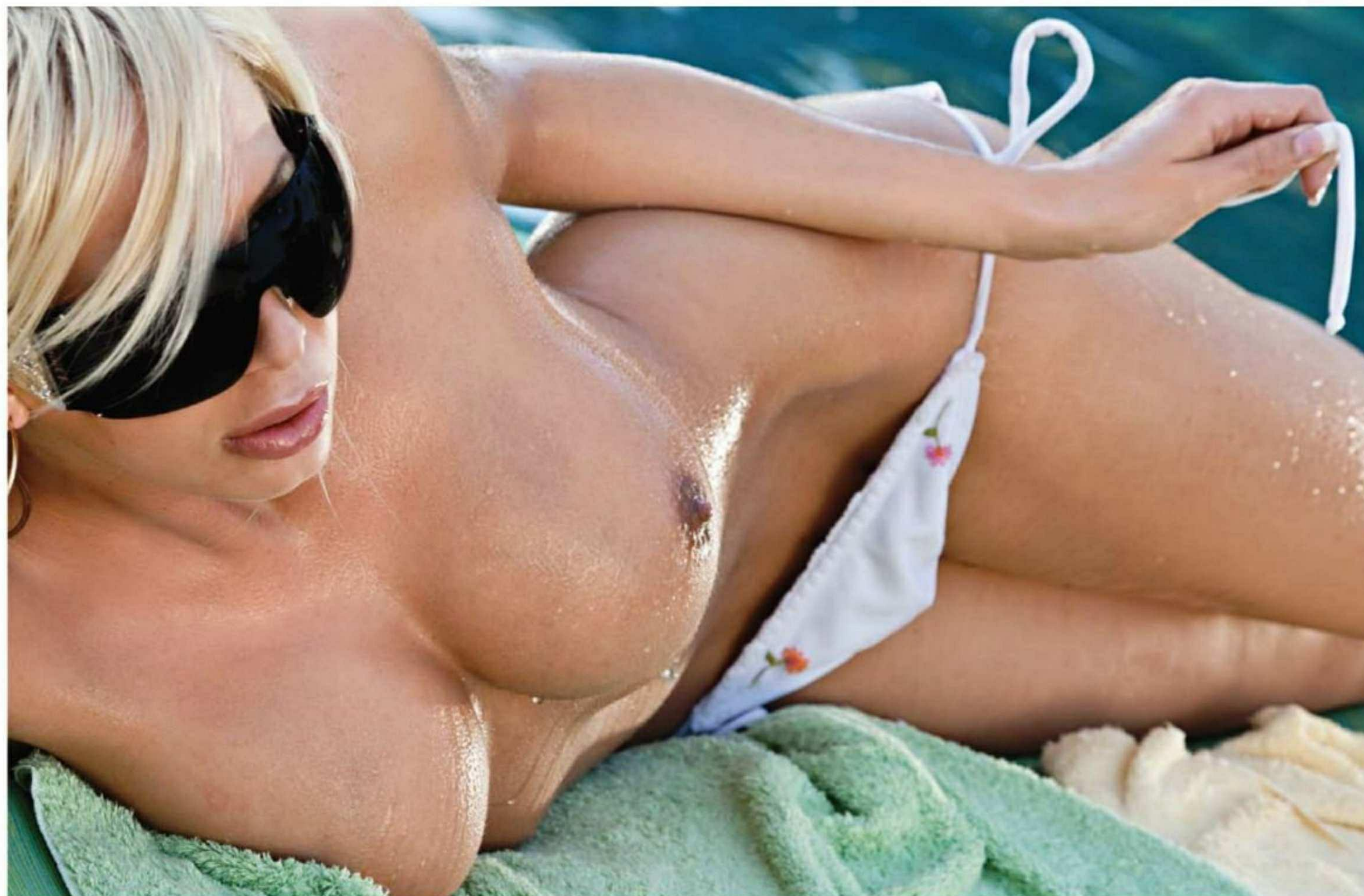





A full-page photograph of a blonde woman with long, wavy hair, posing nude outdoors. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The background is a soft-focus landscape with greenery and hills under a bright sky. In the top right corner, there is a block of text in a sans-serif font.

"I love that you asked how I would feel about getting caught masturbating by the pizza-delivery guy. That's actually happened, and I'd be happy to have it happen again!"







“What do I have
that other girls
don’t? Well, I think
I have nice boobs,
but I realize many
other women also
have nice boobs.”

♀ EDEN ADAMS
JUNE 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE BIG RIP







“The most exciting place I’ve ever made love is on a bike trail while I was on a hiking trip. It was a truly remarkable sexual experience.”



아 EDEN ADAMS
JUNE 2011 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







Vital stats:

34D-24-35; 5'8"

21 years old

Hometown:

Ventura, California

Favorite thing about your hometown:

Many pretty girls, lovely beaches, fresh air, and great friends. I love taking long walks on the beach with my dog.

Favorite vacation spot:

South Beach.

Dream vacation spot:

Italy.

Favorite sports:

Soccer and basketball.

Favorite drink:

Red wine.

Favorite TV show:

Real Time With Bill Maher.

Favorite movies:

The Notebook, Titanic, 9 1/2 Weeks.

Hottest movie sex scene:

Eyes Wide Shut.

Favorite music:

Alternative and indie rock.

Favorite sound:

The waves of the ocean, and moaning during sex.

What gets you excited?

A true gentleman.

What gets you in trouble?

Speed limits. I often drive too fast.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS
IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF EDEN AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

CALL ME! 1-800-799-PETT (1-800-799-7388)
CALLERS MUST BE 18 OR OLDER
COST: \$1.99 TO \$2.99/MINUTE

PENTHOUSE TV

A HIGHER STANDARD FOR Hardcore.

AVAILABLE NOW
LINEAR / VOD / HD

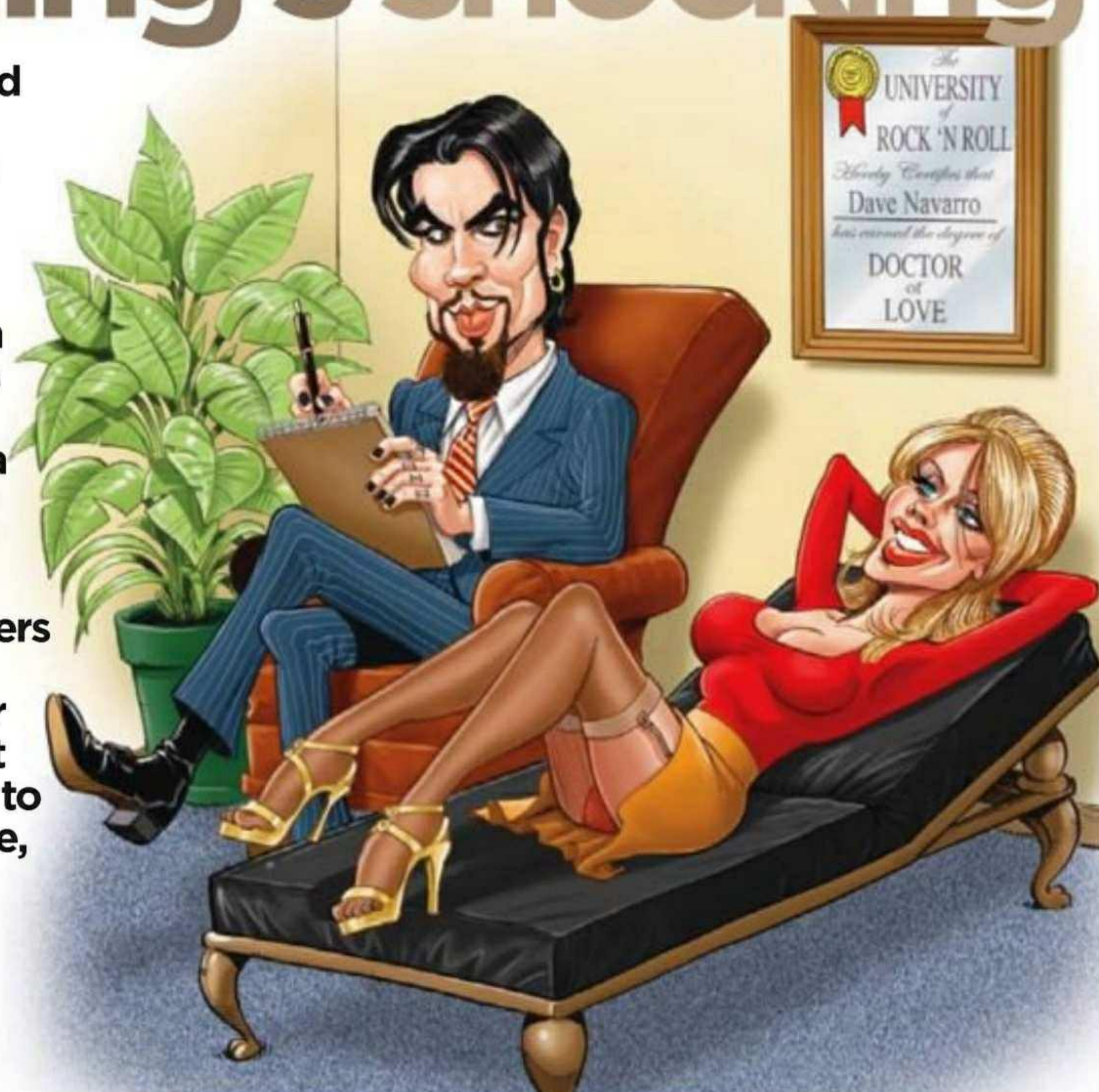
ORDER NOW ON DISH NETWORK, COMCAST, TIME WARNER CABLE, CHARTER CABLE AND OTHER SYSTEMS.
CALL YOUR LOCAL CABLE OR SATELLITE PROVIDER AND ASK FOR **PENTHOUSE TV**.

© 2011 NEW FRONTIER MEDIA, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro



■ **The hubby and I are trying to get pregnant. How do we keep sex from being a chore?**

I've found that it's more fun to have sex and try to avoid pregnancy, but hey, it's your life! (Kidding.)

I'm sure you have your ovulation days all marked down on your calendar or whatever you girls do, so that should help. I suggest you plan dates or special evenings around the days when you're going to be most fertile. Basically, do the opposite of what I do!

Try mixing up positions and have sex in unusual places and indulge in whatever fantasies you've never tried. It's possible that these are your last months with this kind of freedom and flexibility. Two things to remember as you try to keep sex from being a chore: (1) Once the baby comes, your ability to have sex whenever you want will be drastically reduced, as babies are king and demand a lot of work. Live it up now! (2) Keep in mind that the two of you are about to embark on an adventure for the rest of your lives with a new child who is the result of your love and partnership. Surely, there's some magic in that.

■ **How do you get a chick out of the "friend zone" and keep your dignity?**

I just say what's on my mind up-front to avoid any confusion. I use what seem like corny words to convey the truth—words such as "date" or "next level" or "let's make out" or whatever. Be direct. Most women don't want guys to pussyfoot around. Say what you want or make a move or simply talk about it. There's no reason to keep yourself in agony over something that has a solution. Sure, you may risk losing the friendship, but more often than not it can be salvaged. If you want an answer, you have to take the steps to get that answer. Period.

The way you keep your dignity? Easy. Respect her answer. If you get a "no, thank you," leave it at that. Your dignity evaporates as soon as you become a whiny little bitch. Simply say, "Cool. I totally understand. Just had to throw it out there." You've been a man about it; you've kept your dignity and respected the response. And you never know. Even after she says no, she may marinate on the idea and come around to it at a later date, now that you've put it in her head.

■ **If you really like someone but the sex is bad, is it even worth it?**

This comes down to personal preference, and there is no universal answer. It's like asking, "What temperature is too hot?" Everyone has a different threshold. Personally, if I really like someone and the sex is bad, I just end up really liking them and not having sex with them. That is an option.

■ **Is a "friends with benefits" situation destined to turn out bad?**

I don't think so, as long as both parties are clear and up-front. Just be aware that a long-term friendship is at risk. Sometimes, one of the "friends" develops feelings and wants more than late-night hookups, and that can get messy. I suggest occasionally checking in with each other to take the temperature of the relationship, as the success of the whole thing depends on what you both want out of it.

Many times "friends with benefits" really means "friends for however long we're fucking." If that's the case, it just is what it is. Either way, you have the hot affair without entanglement. I say go ahead. You can always make another "friend."

■ **Do people who have sex on a regular basis live healthier lives than those who are celibate?**

Not necessarily, but they are way happier when they die.

■ **Why am I sexually attracted to my gay friends and not as turned on by my very masculine boyfriend?**

Do you really want to open this door?

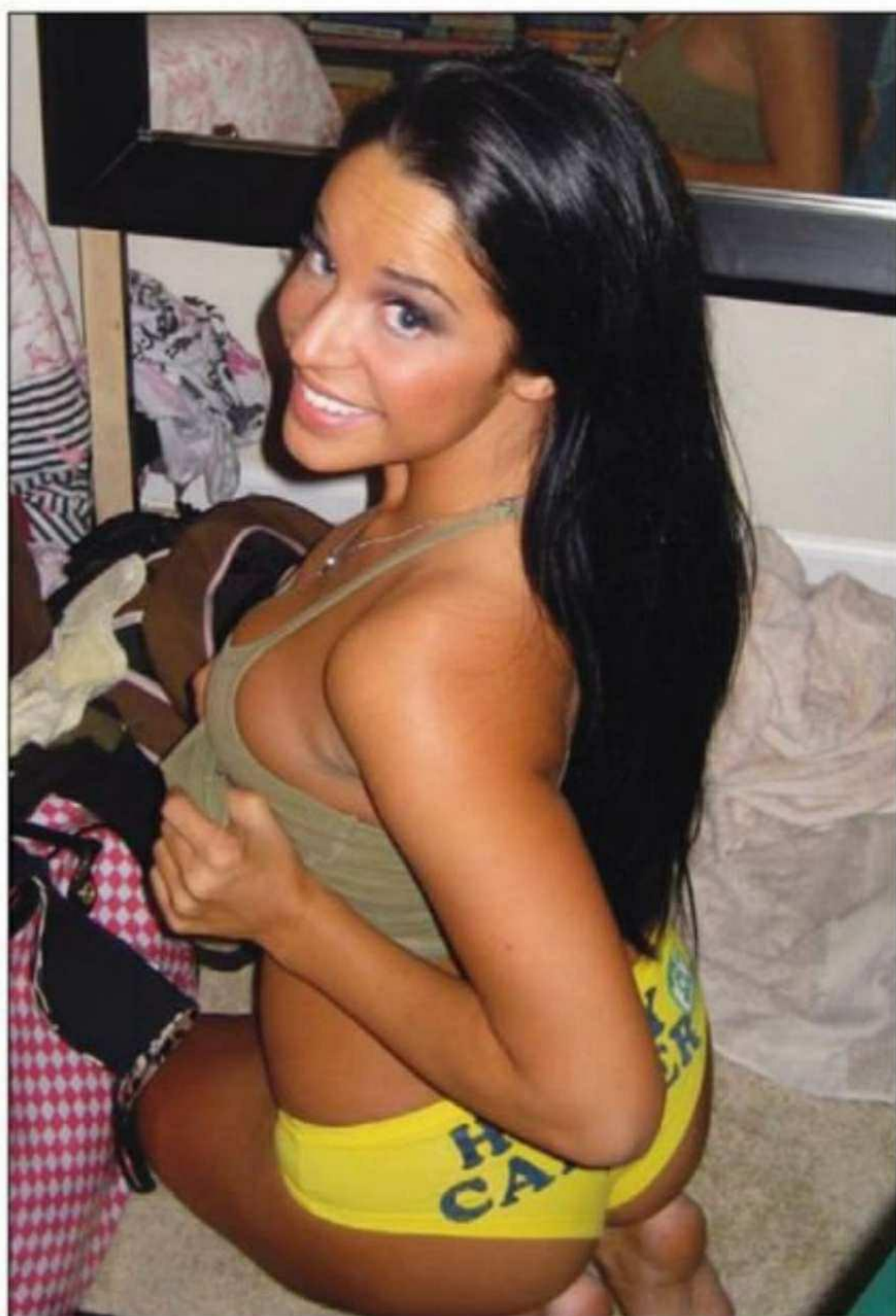
There could be a number of reasons, the most obvious being that you simply aren't attracted to your boyfriend, so you're looking for safe crushes that you know won't amount to anything. Another reason could be that you're in no danger of rejection from your gay friends. You can fantasize about the "what ifs." And sure, the gay guys listen and tell you the truth and help you pick out shoes and all that stuff. They seem like perfect partners. Instead of trying to figure out the "gay" issue, I recommend reevaluating your relationship. Maybe the gays have taught you a few things about what's lacking with your boyfriend.

■ **Bonus question: If you could blow yourself, would you swallow?**

Yes, but only if I was in the mood for a delicious slice of heaven. ☞

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.

Make Any Girl Want to Fuck...



Do you have trouble understanding women?

Learn about the secret “loophole” in female psychology which allows average guys to attract any woman, any time.

These 3 weird questions turn her on so fast they should **be illegal**.

Learn more at:
askher3questions.com

WHAT GUYS ARE SAYING ABOUT OUR FREE VIDEO:

“An Amazing Girlfriend... And Threesomes!” **Jamie P, Chicago**

“Just used the loophole again today at work... this time on the smoking hot secretary in our office...Once I knew her type it was SOOOOO easy... And it’s SO CLEAR what I was doing wrong before!” **Michael L. San Francisco**

“Wow...the trick about reading a girls mind...amazing” **Seb R, NY**

Watch the 100% Free Video:

www.AskHer3Questions.com

GINGER NINJA

Veteran comic Bill Burr is best known for taking on—and destroying—an ornery crowd of thousands in Philadelphia in 2006. But he's since expanded into movies, TV, and podcasts, all while maintaining his road-warrior stand-up schedule.

By Nick Firchau

Bill Burr has come a long way since he told a Philadelphia audience to go ahead and die on the way home from his comedy show back in 2006. And that was one of the kinder sentiments he conveyed that night. In an epic, 14-minute rant at a hostile crowd during an Opie and Anthony tour stop, Burr unleashed a scorched-Earth tirade on the City of Brotherly Love that must be seen to be believed (try YouTube). Some of the gentler moments included, “The terrorists will never bomb you people, because you’re fucking worthless!” and “You one-bridge-having piece-of-shit city that no one fucking cares about.” It was a tour de force of improvised bile-spewing that, remarkably, never repeated itself and, even more remarkably, eventually won over the crowd.

But the Boston comic insists that legendary beat-down is no longer his signature moment, and he’s right. Burr is still a relentless road comic, he has two DVD specials, and he’s moved on to the roles of amateur psychologist and aspiring actor. His short film *Cheat* debuted at the Tribeca Film Festival this spring (which Burr calls the “March Madness of film festivals”), his “Monday Morning Podcast” has a cult following, and he’s landed a guest role on the upcoming season of the Emmy-winning AMC series *Breaking Bad*. Yes, that dark, fucking hilarious night of the soul in Philly is long gone.

We found that out in a recent chat with Burr, during which he also told us about his busy schedule, helping hopeless romantics fall out of love, and how he’s dealing with the tyranny of Twitter.

I flipped by the movie *Date Night* recently, and there you were, playing a desk cop. I was thinking, *Bill Burr’s an actor?*

I will probably play a lot of cops or hairy best friends. Do you really think you’re going to see a redheaded male lead in an action movie? That’s truly when all groups will be able to celebrate that Hollywood has finally stopped with the stereotyping. Of course, then no one would go see the movie.

Is it true you’re doing an episode of *Breaking Bad*?

That’s my favorite show on TV, and pretty much the only show on TV that I can stand. I think I’ve seen every episode since the beginning, and I was onboard from the first episode. I gotta admit that every time I went out there to do a scene and they did the little clap thing, the “take two,” I would see

the *Breaking Bad* name on there and I would just smile to myself. I couldn’t believe I was doing the show.

A lot of people on your “Monday Morning Podcast” seek your advice on relationships or personal issues. I get the feeling you especially enjoy that part of the show.

A lot of the advice I give is based on my own failure [*laughs*]. I don’t have the answers, but sometimes people just need a nudge in the right direction. If you’re in a relationship and it sucks, but you’ve been in it so long you don’t how to get out, you just need someone to tell you, “Listen dude, it’s two hours, horrific conversation, she’s gonna cry. But the second you start, the hourglass turns over, and in two hours, you’re fucking outta there.”

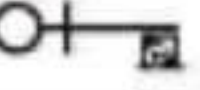
You’ve branched into short-film production. There’s a lot on your plate now.

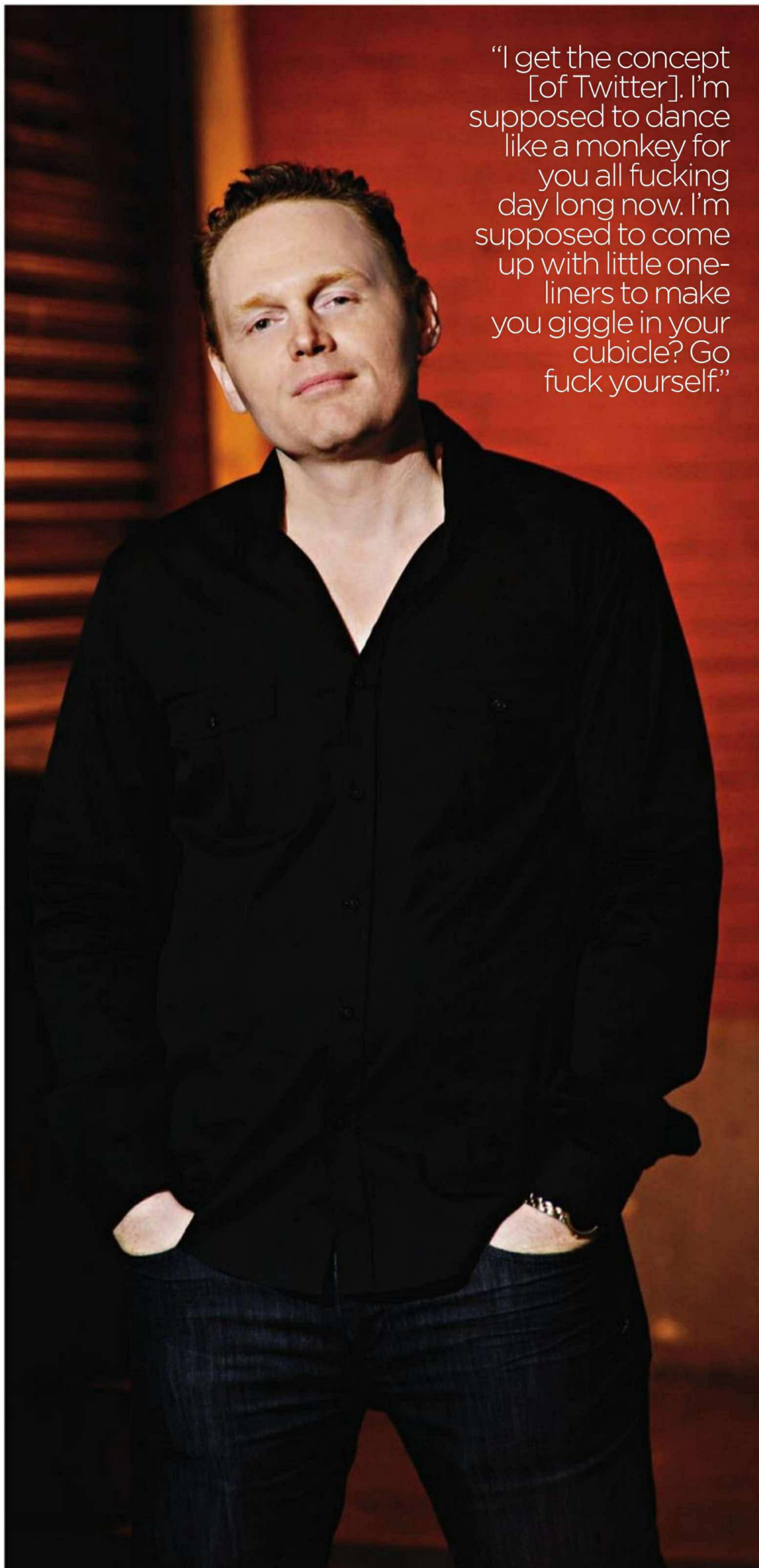
Yeah. I feel like the “Monday Morning Podcast” is my own radio show, I’m making movies with my two best friends in the business [Bobby Kelly and Joe DeRosa], and I have my stand-up act, which is just me going out and running my mouth. I also audition for things, like a Steve Carell movie, or I get to be on my favorite TV show. I really have no complaints.

You went kicking and screaming to Twitter. How’s it going so far?

I stayed with Myspace until it was just me and a couple of people in bands, and maybe a few sexual predators. I realized it was sort of like, *Well, so much for my little Norma Rae moment*, so I went over to Facebook. But Twitter’s weird. It’s a 24-7 job. I feel like I’m working for some magazine and not getting paid for it.

There’s always this pressure to be witty, funny, and sharp, in 140 characters.

Right. When I first started using Twitter I would just hype my gigs. And then people would tell me, “Dude, I don’t really think you get the concept of Twitter.” No, I get the concept. I’m supposed to dance like a monkey for you all fucking day long now. I’m supposed to come up with little one-liners to make you giggle in your cubicle? Go fuck yourself. When something’s funny, I’ll write it. When it’s not, I won’t. The whole thing is flipped now. The crowd is in control. 





The classic song assures us that in summertime, the livin' is easy. And so it is, if you know where to go for days and nights filled with wine, women, and song.

By Joe Diamond

Girls of Summer

Cape Cod

FUN IN THE SUN

■ The Hamptons

As New York's premier oceanfront playground for the rich and famous, the Hamptons exert a powerful force on gorgeous women of all backgrounds. Long Island's East End attracts an eclectic mix, from actresses and models to hairstylists

and waitresses. Saggy Main Beach in Bridgehampton and Cooper's Beach in Southampton are two standout beaches. Take a cab to Saggy Main because parking is reserved for town residents; if you opt for Cooper's, get an early start on the weekend, as

the parking lot fills up.

David Shapiro, a veteran party and vacation planner known as the Hamptons Concierge, says the two trendiest happy-hour spots are Cyril's Fish House in Amagansett (631-267-7993) on Saturdays, and

Sunset Beach on Shelter Island (SunsetBeachLI.com) on Sundays. For late-night fun, Dune in Southampton (DuneSouthampton.com) has been the area's most exclusive club for years, while Trata in Water Mill (Trata.com) is the hippest lounge. Dune, notes Shapiro, brings out the twentysomething ladies, while the lounge is perfect for cougar hunts.

"As you may expect, it can be tough for first-timers and even old hands to navigate the Hamptons' social scene," says Shapiro. "The clubs don't answer their phones, the restaurants book up weeks in advance, and many of the beaches are private." Which is why he has a career as someone who can open doors to the right places.

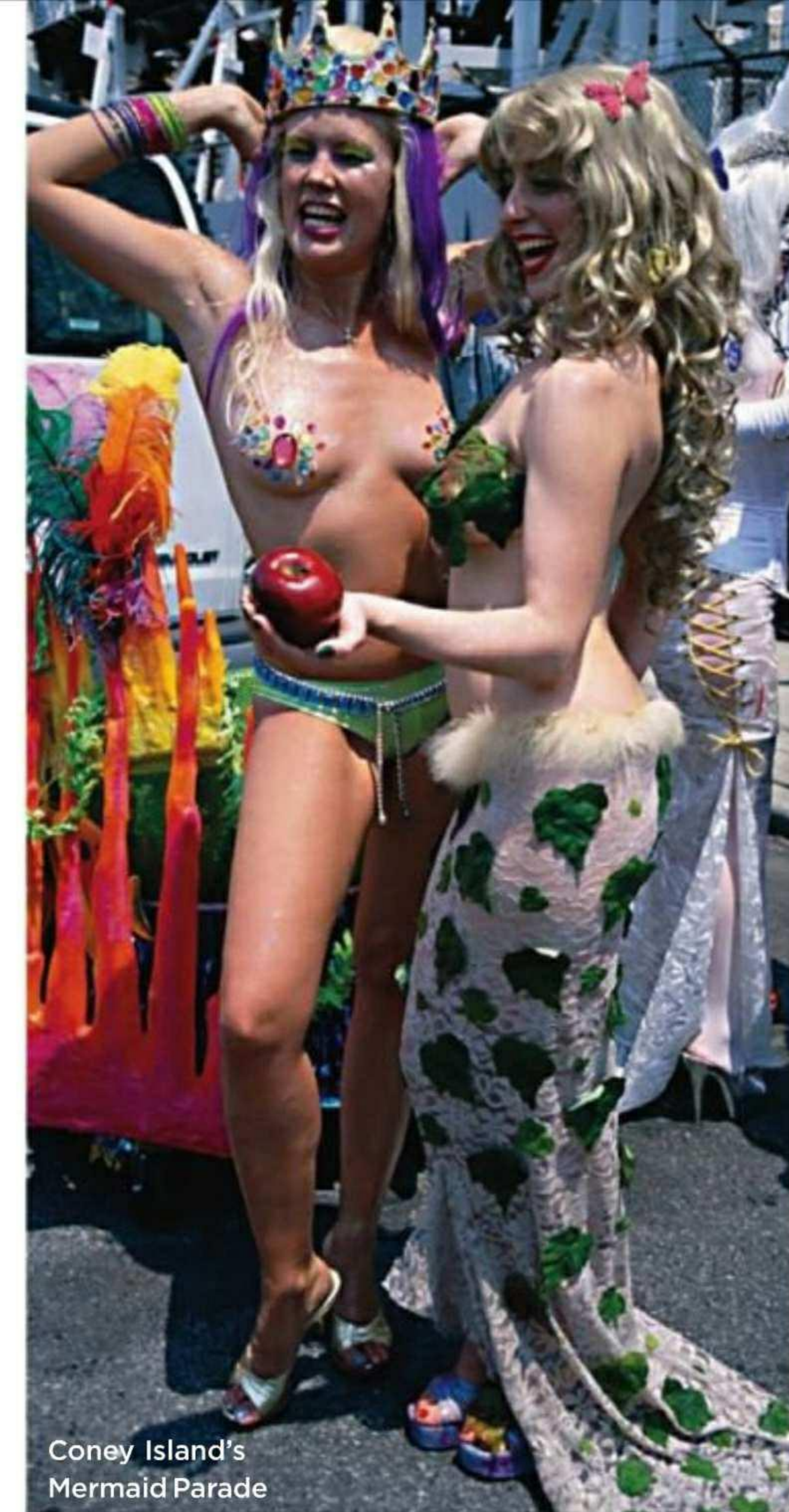
■ Coney Island's Mermaid Parade

Long gone are the days when Brooklyn's Coney Island was the nation's largest amusement area. (*The New York Times* dubbed it "Sodom by the Sea" back in 1893.) Still, Coney has had a remarkable revival of late, in no small thanks to the lasting popularity of Nathan's Hot Dogs' flagship restaurant and world-famous rides like the Cyclone and Wonder Wheel, plus the more recent arrivals of the New York Aquarium and the Mets' Class A affiliate team, the Brooklyn Cyclones.

But Coney also owes a sizable debt to a younger attraction, the annual Mermaid Parade, which takes place this year on June 18. It's a wacky, tacky seaside celebration with plenty of women wearing nothing on top but a coat of body paint. For this, we can thank a New York law that generously allows bare boobage in public, as long as the owner of said boobage isn't seeking money for her display. Marchers dress in handmade costumes as the mythical fishtailed babes, as well as other denizens of the deep. The day's capped off with a post-parade ball featuring live music and burlesque and sideshow acts. You can attend the parade as a spectator, or sign up online to participate. If you're staying in Manhattan, the D, F, N, and Q trains all go to Coney; take the train to the Stillwell Avenue stop. For info, go to ConeyIsland.com.

■ Cape Cod/Martha's Vineyard

The Cape Cod region is overflowing with fun-loving females. In fact, "cape girls" merits no less than 30 entries on UrbanDictionary.com, some good ("unique breed of young women/born and raised to swim, drink, play in the sand, and live life to the fullest/



Coney Island's Mermaid Parade

their life is your vacation"), some meant to be less than complimentary ("They can usually be found in the same boring places drinking and looking pretty trashy"). For our money, though, trashy-looking women out drinking sounds anything but boring.

Each Friday in summer the luxurious SeaStreak Ferry (SeaStreak.com) carries weekend partiers from New York and New Jersey to Oak Bluffs on Martha's Vineyard. From there the throng spreads out to the various beach towns, including South Beach, where some folks come to gaze at the sweeping dunes and colorful variety of birds, others at the abundance of beautiful women. The large waves make South Beach a hit with surfers. Keep in mind that the cute and single girls tend to hang out on the right end of the beach, while families tend to cluster on the left.

New York City entertainment publicist Chris Hulbert spends his summers sailing around the region. He tells us, "Martha's Vineyard is crawling with hot women. If you want to find them after daytime, check out the Lampost in Oak Bluff." The Lampost (LampostMV.com) predates the Pilgrims coming to Massachusetts, making it arguably America's oldest bar, but that doesn't stop it from attracting young blood on weekends. Our favorite tidbit among the history on the website was about its Circuit

Avenue location: "No number needed. Look for the biggest building." Hulbert adds, "The Wharf Pub in Edgartown [WharfPub.com] is also a great place to meet women."

Moving over to the mainland, Hulbert says, "You'll see plenty of cute girls working on their tans at South Cape Beach on the bottom of the Cape, or nearby on Popponesset Island." At night (or day, for that matter), you'll want to hit Landfall Restaurant in Woods Hole (WoodsHole.com/Landfall) and the Beachcomber in Wellfleet (TheBeachcomber.com), and Trader Ed's (TraderEds.com) in Hyannis can't be missed. It features some of the best local bands, plus sexy poolside waitresses in bustiers and bikinis.

■ La Jolla Cove

San Diego's La Jolla Cove may be small, but its pristine beauty draws sun worshippers from around the globe. There's plenty of marine life in the cove's clear, calm waters, so you might want to suit up and snorkel or scuba dive, two staple activities here. San Diego Excellent Adventures gives scuba-snorkeling tours (GetWetSanDiego.com). Don't stay under too long, though, as you won't want to miss all the gorgeous girls above the waterline. Renting kayaks is also popular at the cove, and you can feel free to paddle near the beach and do recon for females you'd like to chat up later; try Hike Bike Kayak Sports (HikeBikeKayak.com). Five miles up the coast you'll find Black's Beach, the largest nude beach in the U.S. Set aside an afternoon for an outing here.

When happy hour arrives, head over to Clay's in the Hotel La Jolla (ClaysLaJolla.com). You'll find an assortment of cougars and MILFs enjoying the \$5 Sangria, not to mention the dazzling view of the sunset over the coast. For a younger crowd, try London's West End (858-488-1191), a few miles south of the cove. The divey-but-hip nightspot is beloved by twentysomethings.



La Jolla Cove



[cleavage alert]

■ Caribbean Cruise

Nothing says hot fun in the sun like a Caribbean cruise. “It’s fabulous traveling the waters,” says experienced cruiser Jim Donahue. “Cruises are filled with different types of people—families, couples, classy ladies, promiscuous people, MILFs who want to let go. Lots of one-night stands happen.” Singles Cruise (SinglesCruise.com), which calls itself the nation’s “largest singles cruise operator,” uses the clever slogan Travel Single, Never Alone! It’s sponsoring several trips this summer, including a three-night “cocktail cruise” to the Bahamas on Royal Caribbean’s Majesty of the Seas. Going with Singles Cruise costs more than booking directly with Royal Caribbean, but the markup gets you cocktail parties, “speed meeting” sessions, and other exclusive mixers.

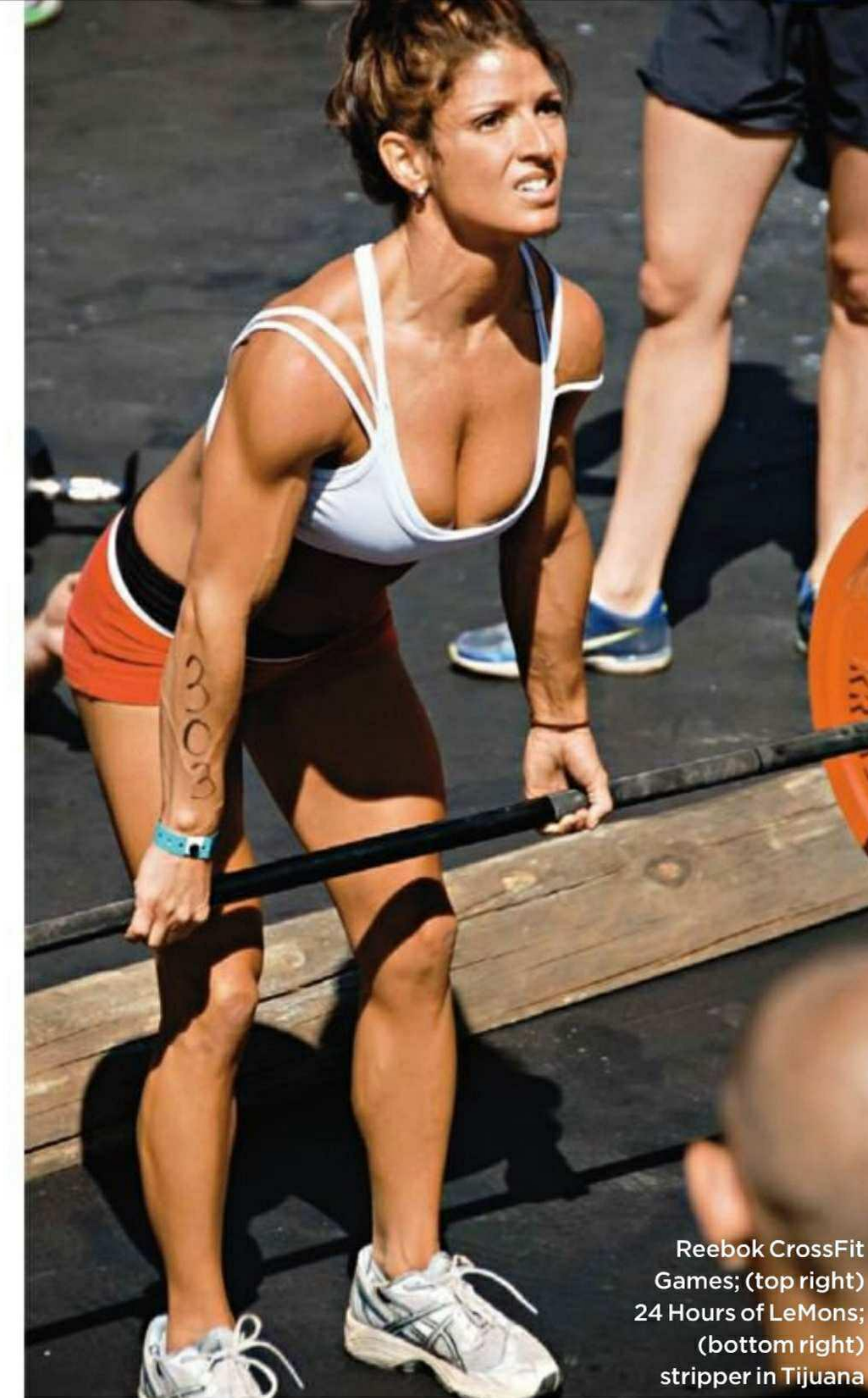
BORDER PATROL

■ Tijuana

These days it’s more notorious for drug violence than its unofficial status as San Diego’s south-of-the-border red-light district, so Tijuana needs all the positive press it can get. We’re happy to help. You don’t necessarily want to stay overnight, but if you’re smart about it, you can spend a few hours partying like Charlie Sheen and get back in one piece. Harry Choe (name has been changed) has made several recent sojourns to Tijuana. He suggests limiting your visit to the Zona Norte district, the government-sanctioned “tolerance zone,” as prostitutes working there have to get monthly checkups.

The hottest girls work in Adelita Bar on Zona Norte’s main strip, Calle Coahuila, near a police station. “Grab a cab at the border and tell the driver Adelita Bar,” says Choe. “All the cab drivers know it. It should cost \$5.” The bar is something of a Mexican institution, and even has its own motorcycle team that competes in the Baja 1000 and other off-road races. But you’re there for a different kind of ride. The hotel upstairs charges \$11 for a half hour. Add to that a perfectly reasonable fee for company—“I paid a girl \$70 for screwing and a blow-job,” Choe recalls fondly. To put that in perspective, getting into another place where dreams come true that’s 100 miles to the north—Disneyland—would cost you \$76.

A passport is not required to enter Tijuana, but you do need one



Reebok CrossFit Games; (top right) 24 Hours of LeMons; (bottom right) stripper in Tijuana

to get back into the States; still, you can travel light, amigo. Some cash, condoms, and your passport, and you’re good to go.

SPORTING EVENTS

■ Reebok CrossFit Games

Summer is all about girls showing off their bodies. The ultimate test of fitness, the CrossFit Games (Games.CrossFit.com), brings together some of the hardest bodies on the planet to run, jump, climb, and jerk their way to glory. Women compete against one another and as part of mixed-gender teams. The workouts change every year, and participants aren’t told what they’ll be doing till just before the competition. Last year’s punishing regimen included squat snatches, handstand push-ups, ring muscle-ups, and dead lifts. Head out to the Home Depot Center in Carson, California, on July 29 to 31, to cheer on the athletes. Tickets start at \$25 a day, \$50 for three days. They’re available starting July 1 from Ticketmaster.

■ 24 Hours of LeMons

This irreverent spin on the esteemed French race 24 Hours of Le Mans is an endurance race for jalopies—yes, LeMons refers to crappy-ass auto-

mobiles—with entrants limited to using cars that were purchased and track-prepped for less than \$500. This “breeding ground for morons” is also America’s fastest-growing club-racing series. Thirty-five teams took part the first year, in 2006, but now more than 1,000 compete. The cars might be eyesores, but there’s plenty of eye candy in the stands. The races are known for their chick-friendly silliness and Wheel of Misfortune penalty wheel. Cash prizes of \$1,501, \$1,500, and \$500 are paid out in nickels. The most annoying driver of each race has to sacrifice his hunk of junk to the “People’s Curse,” a brutal ritual of automotive carnage in which a crane hoists the (unmanned) vehicle high in the air and drops it to the ground. Races are held throughout the year at various locales; visit 24HoursOfLeMons.com for dates and locations. Tickets are \$20 a day, \$30 for the weekend.

■ Coke Zero 400

There are tamer ways to spend your Fourth of July weekend, but why would you want to? The 160-lap, 400-mile nighttime race, more affectionately known by its original moniker, the Firecracker 400, is one of the country’s most exciting summer





Lady Gaga at Lollapalooza in 2010

spectacles (go to Daytona InternationalSpeedway.com for info). Had you been there last year, you could have watched Kevin Harvick navigate a pulse-pounding path to victory through an obstacle course of accidents and wrecks. No doubt this year's race will be just as much of a nail-biter. The 400, part of the NASCAR Sprint Cup Series, also treats fans to one of the Southeast's largest fireworks shows, making it a great way to celebrate Independence Day. Country singer Martina McBride is doing the pre-race show this year. Tickets start at \$44.

■ Red Bull U.S. Grand Prix

This is the American portion of MotoGP (MotoGP.com), the world championship of motorcycle racing. The California race draws almost 150,000 fans to the Mazda Raceway outside Monterey. This year's race, which takes place July 22 to 24, marks the sixth consecutive outing. It's a great opportunity to see the stars of international racing try to outmaneuver one another on cutting-edge bikes as they grapple with the circuit's 11 turns, including the notorious Corkscrew. The sponsor's energy drinks rushing through their veins probably help blast them off the starting line, but it's the well-endowed paddock umbrella girls waiting to shield them from the sun, no doubt, that make them hurry back. Tickets (available at MazdaRaceway.com) start at \$25 for one day, \$75 for three days. Paddock passes are more, but they'll allow you to get closer to those smokin'-hot umbrella girls.

MUSIC FESTIVALS

■ Lollapalooza

The festival launched 20 years ago by Jane's Addiction frontman Perry Farrell is still going strong

(Lollapalooza.com). In 2010 it had its biggest turnout ever: 240,000 attendees. They were entertained by more than 100 performers, including Green Day, the Strokes, and reunited grunge legends Soundgarden. Those in the front rows even got a chance to fondle a crowd-surfing, barely dressed Lady Gaga. This year's headliners include Eminem, Foo Fighters, and Muse.

The three-day festival will take place August 5 to 7 along Chicago's lakefront Grant Park. You can count on a healthy number of vivacious Midwestern cheerleader-types to show up, which is why you should, too. Of course, you'll benefit from some wine with your women and song. The park has an outdoor lounge, appropriately named Uncorked, with large video screens where you can watch the festival while you sip vino. If you're enterprising enough, you can finesse your way into some of the celeb-filled after parties. Beware of crazy divas, though; last year Ke\$ha allegedly went ballistic when some guests tried to snap pics of her sucking face with her boyfriend.

■ Summerfest

Milwaukee's signature summertime celebration is a pop, rock, and country extravaganza (Summerfest.com). Last year's lineup included Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers, Sheryl Crow, Weezer, and Carrie Underwood. Among the acts set to play this year are Katy Perry and Toby Keith. The 11-day festival, from June 29 to July 10, except for July 4, features more than 800 bands. The main performances occur at the 23,000-capacity Marcus Amphitheater, an outdoor venue boasting spectacular views of Lake Michigan and the Milwaukee skyline. Summerfest draws about a million people each year and bills itself as "the World's Largest Music Festival," a boast that's borne out by Guinness World Records.

BEAUTY AND THE GEEK

■ Comic-Con

San Diego hosts the largest geek fest on the planet (Comic-Con.org). But beside all those fan boys are hordes of scantily clad babes decked out as eroticized versions of superheroines, twisted vixens, and green-skinned aliens. Big-breasted Wonder Women and slave Princess Leias always show up in force. Many female attendees are free spirits with a healthy appetite for fantasy. Gorgeous celebs also up Comic-Con's sexiness quotient. Megan Fox nearly caused a riot when she showed up to promote *Jennifer's Body* in 2009. Last year, *House* hottie Olivia Wilde came to plug *Tron: Legacy*. Also on hand the past couple of years were wrestling diva Eve Torres; *Avatar*'s Michelle Rodriguez, Zoë Saldana, and Sigourney Weaver; and geek goddess Eliza Dushku.

The visual high point is Saturday

night's masquerade competition, when attendees take the stage in their very own creations (store-bought getups are verboten). They may not win points for originality, but they are a guaranteed crowd-pleaser. Unfortunately, this year's convention, from July 21 to 24, has been sold-out for months, but if you're going to be in town, spend some time in the city's Gaslamp District, where many attendees dine and drink. ☛



Comic-Con



The Guccione Years: January 1994



RUSSIAN RHAPSODY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Sasha Vinni first appeared in *Penthouse* in September 1991, as her homeland of Russia was throwing off its Communist chains. The then-23-year-old beauty compared the magazine to the motherland's newfound freedom: "*Penthouse* is like the best of glasnost—idealistic, honest, and open—not only in its photographs, but in its words." Sasha appeared in a special fashion pictorial with comedian Andrew Dice Clay in October 1993, and was crowned our 1994 Pet of the Year. Our 35-22-34 Queen told us that her pictorials had inspired her to study photography. "As a model, you know what to do because someone tells you how to pose," she said. "But as a photographer, you have a chance to create that art."





The Guccione Years: January 1994



"As a model," Sasha added, "it's hard to know if people like your work, but *Penthouse* readers always let me know when they enjoy my pictures. It is wonderful to know this, because I love to pose for them."





The Guccione Years: January 1994





Sasha studied music in Russia, and her expertise helped to heat up her relationships. As she told us, "It makes you go in a special mood of seduction to put on a little Rachmaninoff as you lie in front of the fire."





"I would like to thank Bob Guccione for this honor," Sasha said about being named Pet of the Year. "I have grown up as a person since I first posed. I now feel like an American woman. I am more free than I was in Russia."





Meet Your New Wing- Man

If you spend any time in clubs, you know it can be brutal out there. But a few lucky guys have a secret weapon: She's 29, fun, and smoking hot.

By Bobbi Dempsey

MEET MARNI KINRYS, THE ORIGINAL "WING GIRL" AND CREATOR OF THE WING GIRL METHOD

for picking up women. She helps guys get girls by providing inside information. As she puts it, "I don't tell men how women should act, I tell them how they *do* act." For example, she can clue you in on signs that a woman is a tease (one giveaway: If she never makes direct comments about your looks she's not

really into you, she's just amusing herself).

Kinrys has been called a pickup artist, and though she doesn't agree with the label, she is proud of the work she does. She avoids the tackier methods that are common among her colleagues, like using backhanded compliments to make women insecure, and thus easier prey. "It gives the pickup-artist industry a bad name."



Kinrys does a “mock pickup” with a student at the Unbreakable seminar in New York City, February 2011.

■ WHAT SHE DOES

Kinrys is known for her ability to zero in on a guy’s sticking points within a few minutes. She helps guys figure out their dating problems and fix them, fast. That’s what happened with Mike. He tells us, “Marni was able to correctly pick up in a matter of minutes, over the phone from my voice tonality, how I was coming across, and she articulated it to me in a way that I could understand.”

Mike says Kinrys taught him—in very clear terms—how to be direct and ask for what he wants with women. She also bluntly pointed out the missteps that had become a pattern for him, like his tendency to “interview” a woman, instead of having a fun conversation with her.

■ TIPS FROM A PRO

Kinrys has simple advice for guys who want to step up their game.

1. Play the odds. She says one of the biggest mistakes is just not getting out there. “If you engage ten people every day, a rejection is easy to brush off. But if you only approach one woman a month, you’re setting yourself up for disaster.”

2. Don’t stress. Anxiety is more likely to rear its ugly head if you don’t fit the stereotypical “stud” image. Here’s a secret: Kinrys says women like brainy guys and nerds. “Smart men who are also good guys have the full package,” she says. “A genuine, authentic character will trump looks and ‘bad boy’ qualities almost every time.”

Don’t hang out with a woman who “just wants to be friends.” If you want to bang her, there’s no room to “just be friends.”

3. Act interested, not obsessive. Keep things light and fun. “I like to banter with a guy who can walk away at any moment, not someone who’ll be hanging there for an hour,” says Kinrys. In other words, don’t make the woman feel like your entire life hangs in the balance of whether or not she’ll have a drink with you. As Mike says, “I learned from Marni that women want a guy who is self-respecting from the beginning. Ideally, a guy walks up to her, tells her what he wants, and either she comes along with him or not, and he’s okay with that.”

4. Be yourself. Kinrys believes men should be confident, casual, and—most of all—real. She once practiced mock pickups with a guy who told a long story involving a motorcycle. Finally she asked, “Is this a bullshit story?” The man admitted he had learned it in a course—he’d been told women would think the motorcycle was cool. Kinrys ordered him to retire the bullshit approach and helped him figure out an authentic story, which ended up getting him much better results.



5. Be nice—but not too nice. “Don’t be a jerk. Don’t be an asshole,” says Kinrys. “But be clear about what you want or you could be stuck in the ‘friend zone.’ Take the lead and be a man. If you’re just looking for a fun night, be up-front and say so.”

■ WHY DO YOU NEED A WING GIRL?

Kinrys coaches guys all over the world by phone or Skype, but she’s best known for her “in the field outing” service, where she and an equally attractive female coworker go out for a night at the clubs with a client. What can a pair of wing girls do that your friends, who hang out with you for free, can’t? For one thing, strolling in with two hot babes makes a guy seem a lot less desperate. More important, it says you’ve already gotten the female stamp of approval. “We validate men to other women,” says Kinrys. “They’re already safe, so women want them.”

Plus, the wing girls handle the first move for you. Like a pair of gorgeous bird dogs, they scour the club, approach women who might interest you, and bring them to you. They also provide instant feedback on your techniques—before you crash and burn. “Wing girls can swoop in and save guys if anything starts going off course,” says Kinrys. They can also offer unique, real-time insight into your targets. “We analyze women on the spot, and can size up how she’s feeling, what she’d be open to.”

Does Kinrys’s approach work? Ask Mike. He readily admits he desperately needed help in the dating department. He’s five foot eight, in his late thirties, and rarely does the bar scene. Oh, yeah,

he also drives a ten-year-old Dodge. (He swears he’s financially successful, but frugal.) After ending a two-year relationship, Mike went through an extended dry spell—until an internet search led him to Kinrys. The results? He’s dated 25 women this year, including a few he met at the grocery store. “I go to Safeway to pick up some fresh produce *and* some fresh meat,” he jokes. “I’m having fun. In about a third of my first dates, I’m making out and/or holding hands by the end.”

Wing-Girl Wisdom: Stay Out of the Friend Zone

1. Do not continue to hang out with a woman you like who “just wants to be friends,” thinking she’ll one day turn around. If you want to be friends, be friends. But if you want to bang her, there’s no room to “just be friends.”

2. Do not be a shoulder to cry on for a woman you’re pursuing. If she’s having issues with her boyfriend, tell her to break up with him and then come see you. Don’t provide the attention she needs unless you’re getting all the benefits.

3. Do not agree to go shopping with a woman. The one exception: She’s buying lingerie that she’ll be modeling for you.



[fighting words]



Jessica Drake

PORN STARS



NEED NOT APPLY

Adult films may be a multibillion-dollar business edging toward the mainstream, but industry stars are still stigmatized and discriminated against — in courtrooms, custody battles, and housing opportunities.

By Larry Getlen

When not achieving cinematic immortality in such delicately named films as *Fuck*, porn goddess Jessica Drake enjoys chilling out at home like anyone else. But her occupation places bizarre obstacles in her way, sometimes before she can even get

to her own front door.

"I pulled up in my driveway one afternoon," Drake told us recently, "and a neighbor comes flying up in my face, telling me, 'You don't belong in that house! Jesus loves you! You're a sinner! Don't go in there! Pornography is bad!'"

Drake made it into her house that day, but she definitely filed that episode away for future reference. So she was more than a little surprised when, about a year later, as Drake was walking her new dog down their street, that same neighbor was suddenly very friendly toward her. The



[fighting words]

erstwhile Puritan was now petting the dog, inviting Drake to her home, and even introducing the professional fornicator to her very own husband.

But the charm offensive lasted only until the woman asked Drake when she had moved into the neighborhood. Her response triggered recognition—and the woman did an about-face.

“Her mouth dropped. You would think I’d just beheaded her cat in her front yard,” says Drake. “It was so bad. She backed away from me uneasily and said something about the phone ringing. Her phone was not ringing.”

This bizarre episode is just one example of the everyday hassles porn stars encounter because of their chosen career. But sometimes it goes deeper than having to fend off the mild and nutty scorn of the simpleminded. Some adult performers have suffered far more serious consequences for having sex on camera.

Evan Seinfeld—frontman for the metal band Biohazard who also runs several adult-film-related enterprises—recently lost his effort to gain custody of his 15-year-old son, Sam, who he says had been asking to live with him for several years.

Seinfeld says that during the court proceedings, his occupation played an oversized role. “The case the other side presented never once discussed parenting or relationships,” says Seinfeld. “All they talked about for a fucking weeklong trial was, ‘Isn’t it true, Mr. Seinfeld, that you costarred with your present wife [Seinfeld’s then-wife, Tera Patrick] in a movie called *Teradise Island: Anal Fever*? Isn’t it true, Mr. Seinfeld, that you have a website called RockStarPornStar.com?’ The look on the face of the judge said, ‘There’s no chance I’m letting your kid live with you.’”

Not only can being an adult-film actor hurt you in a custody battle, but performers feel that even *knowing* a porn star could screw you in the eyes of the law.

“I was really good friends with a girl in a custody dispute with her ex-husband,” says Drake. “The husband had wanted to get her into the industry, and had ideas for movies that were pretty twisted. Yet when custody was an issue, my relationship with her was called into question. She was actually told by a judge to cut ties with me for the duration of the trial, lest it reflect on her parenting skills.”



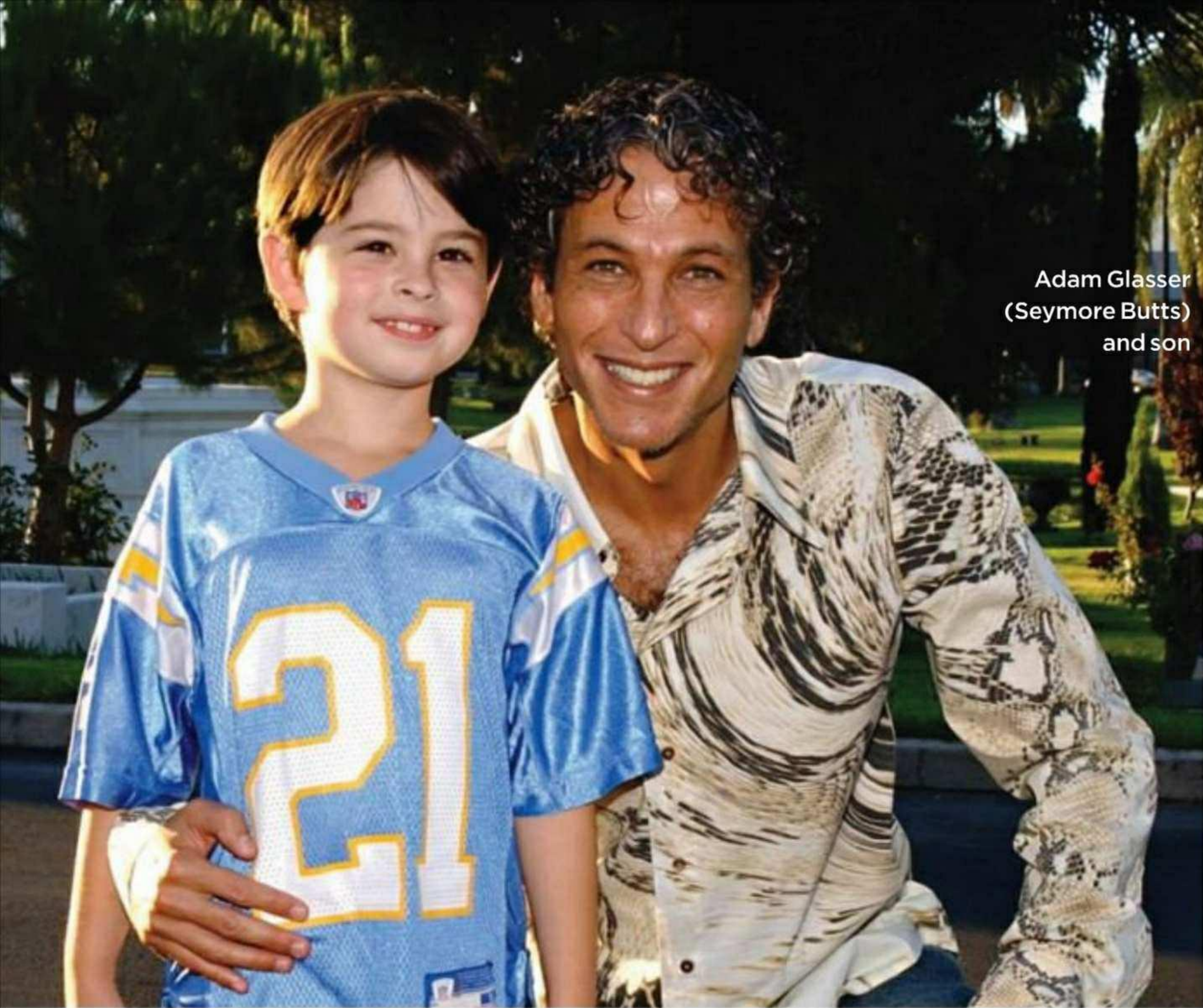
Tera Patrick and Evan Seinfeld

While porn—like tofu, or *Glee*—is not for everyone, the mere hint of it sends some people into convulsions, creating a bigotry that has deprived adult-film performers of the right to care for their kids, associate with their friends, or even live where they choose.

“My broker showed me a house that I liked,” says Adam Glasser, better known to porn aficionados as

Seymore Butts. “I wanted to show it to my son and my fiancée. So we went back, and the seller’s broker was there. My son and fiancée loved it, and I put in an offer for full price. They came back and told me that the owner decided not to sell the house.”

Glasser’s broker eventually learned the real reason the bid was rejected: The seller’s broker was also a neighbor, and didn’t want a man



Adam Glasser
(Seymore Butts)
and son



Sasha Grey



Kim Kardashian

known throughout the world for his love of assplay soiling their pristine community. She talked the owner out of selling the house because she didn't want him as a neighbor.

Glasser, whose reality show, *Family Business*, ran for four seasons on Showtime, has felt the sting of bigotry not just in housing, but also, like Biohazard's Seinfeld, in a way that affected his child.

Discussing the time his son, now 13, interviewed for several private schools in California, Glasser—who says he once had someone extend their hand to shake his, and then immediately retract it when they heard what he did for a living—noticed something peculiar about the only one that turned him down.

"When we walked into that room, the guy's eyes lit up," Glasser says of the man who interviewed his son. "I

meet a lot of people, and the reaction when they recognize me, even if they don't say it, is different from when they don't. I know this guy recognized me, and I know deep in my heart that's the only reason my son wasn't accepted to that school."

While it's one thing when moralists and paranoids want people who have dirty, filthy, sleazy, S-E-X kept away from their children, their homes, and their well-manicured lawns, some of the prejudice is downright mystifying—as Drake learned after appearing on a morning-radio talk show.

"They were fund-raising for Thanksgiving, donating turkeys to low-income families," she says. "I was on the show that morning, and I do some fund-raising myself—I do a food drive every year at Christmas. They were trying to get the remaining turkeys for these families—like, 25 to 30 turkeys—and I offered to donate them. But they wouldn't take them from me."

As someone who has straddled the line between adult and mainstream entertainment, Glasser sees a bizarre double standard at work. Noting that "mainstream" celebrities such as Kim Kardashian and Paris Hilton have starred in sex tapes, and that Howard Stern was considered as a possible *American Idol* judge even though he's featured orgasming naked women on his show, Glasser believes the line between mainstream and adult is fuzzy at best.

"[Howard would] say he's an entertainer," says Glasser. "Well, you know what? So am I."

If there's good news for those in the adult-entertainment business, it's that between mainstream performers crossing the bridge to porn, and such adult entertainers as Jenna Jameson and Sasha Grey going the other way, being an adult performer has less of a stigma than it did in the past.

But if perceptions are changing, they aren't changing fast enough for Seinfeld, who's preparing to do battle once again—this time in family court—for the right to raise his son.

"My time as a parent is ticking away. He's starting tenth grade next year," says Seinfeld. "These are the years when kids have to make decisions that affect the rest of their lives. If I was a selfish person, I could see my kid whenever I want. I'm not obligated to day-to-day parenting. What does the judge think I want out of this? This is just to help my kid."

KIM KARDASHIAN, ABOVE, AND PARIS HILTON HAVE STARRED IN SEX TAPES WITHOUT LOSING THEIR MAINSTREAM-CELEBRITY STATUS.



[chikita & carmen]



passion in pastels

The only thing better than hot blondes in lacy lingerie is hot blondes *out* of lacy lingerie—especially when the blondes in question are Chikita and Carmen. Thankfully, we get to share their afternoon delight.

Photographs by W. Lawrence Stevens















WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF CHIKITA AND CARMEN AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





THE JOYS OF JELLO

ONE NIGHT, AFTER WORK AND A MARATHON MAKE-OUT SESSION...

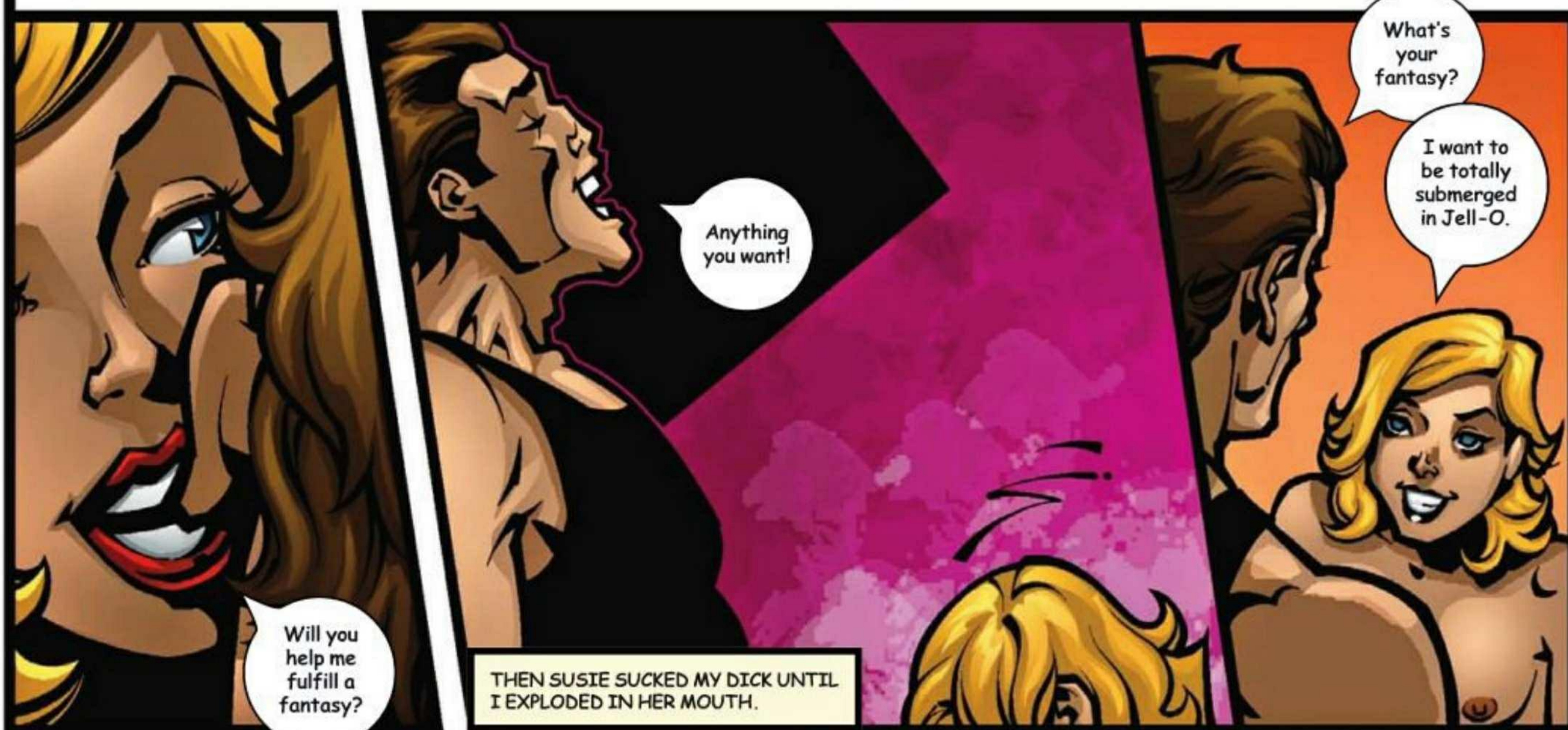
PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE



... SUSIE GOT A DEVILISH LOOK IN HER EYES.



What's up?



What's your fantasy?

I want to be totally submerged in Jell-O.

Anything you want!

Will you help me fulfill a fantasy?

THEN SUSIE SUCKED MY DICK UNTIL I EXPLODED IN HER MOUTH.



WHILE I HEADED TO THE STORE ...

... SUSIE BOILED LOTS OF WATER.

IT TOOK A WHOLE CASE OF CHERRY JELL-O, BUT ...

... OUR FIRST TRY WAS A SUCCESS.

IT TOOK SEVERAL TRIPS TO COVER HER WITH THE JELL-O. THEN I DOVE IN TO JOIN HER.



I ATE MY WAY THROUGH THE JELL-O TO MY REAL DESSERT.



THEN MY PASSION GOT THE BETTER OF ME AND WE HAD THE GREATEST SEX EVER. IT WAS A BIT STICKY AFTERWARD, BUT A GOOD LONG SHOWER TOGETHER MADE IT THE PERFECT AFTER-DINNER TREAT.

THE END

CAGED HEAT

*A hot tale from the
upcoming Letters to
Penthouse XXXXII,
published by Grand
Central Publishing*

I am a 23-year-old graduate student at a small Southern university. I have long blonde hair, medium-size breasts, and a knockout figure that I've managed to keep despite a steady diet of the beer and bar food usually associated with college.

Recently, my boyfriend Grant decided that we needed a change from the weekend party grind. He suggested I dress up and let him take me to a club. I accepted his offer immediately. Clad in my favorite garter belt with sheer black thigh-high stockings, my shortest and tightest mini, and a pair of shoes with platform heels—no panties of course; they wouldn't be necessary—we left our off-campus apartment and headed out into the night.

The club was crowded and the bass was pumping. The urge to abandon my body to the beat was irresistible, and the pleasure of moving my hips in time with the music was almost too much, especially with Grant grinding his hard cock against me as we danced. Admiring the way I moved my body, Grant suggested we dance in one of the cages set up on the stage. That way, he could show me off where all the guys in the club could see me.

Once we were in the cage, my boyfriend stood behind me, grabbed my hips, and held me against his grinding pelvis while working his hands around the insides of my thighs. Drawing me close to him, Grant asked if I would mind if everyone in the place saw him do sexy things to my body. I simply moaned, bent over, and grabbed the bars of the cage to brace myself, offering myself to him. Grant grasped my hips even tighter and pretended to fuck me from behind. Then he stepped back and hiked my skirt up above my ass, exposing my aroused pussy to the entire club.

Being watched by the crowd turned Grant on even more, and it was doing the same thing to me. My pussy was hot and throbbing, and a mixture of sweat and sex juice ran down the insides of my thighs. Then Grant took things even further, fucking me furiously with his fingers, rolling my clit like a ball in oil. I ached for him to be inside me, and knew that the only thing between my cunt and his thick cock was the crowd below.

As if reading my mind, Grant ran his fingers all over my pussy, massaging my swollen lips for a moment before his fingers dove deep inside. He moved in and out, slowly at first, then went faster and faster. My cunt throbbed with pleasure, and when I looked down onto the dance floor, I could see a number of people looking up at us,

some even whispering to their partners. I found that I loved the thrill of being watched and stood with my legs wide-open, letting Grant slide his fingers in and out of my body until I came with a shudder. I bit my lower lip to stifle a cry—not that it would have been heard in the noisy club—and my pussy muscles squeezed and sucked Grant's fingers throughout the duration of my orgasm.

I shivered and shook for a few moments, then Grant turned me around and took me in his arms. He kissed me and told me that he was proud of me. We would have stayed there longer, but the bulge in Grant's pants required immediate attention. We ran back out to the car, and I squeezed my boyfriend's hard cock as he fumbled for his keys. Our plan was to drive home and fuck the night away, but we couldn't wait that long.

Once inside the car, Grant pushed back the driver's seat while I worked open his fly. I pulled out his hard dick and quickly took it in my mouth. I sucked it down to the root and drew my lips up the length of his shaft. Then, with long, slow laps, I dragged my tongue up and down over his veiny rod.

While I sucked Grant's cock, I massaged his balls. Soon he was moaning and groaning and thrusting his hips in an effort to fuck my face. I held still so that he could do it, taking the opportunity to work my fingers under my skirt and into my pussy, which was still wet and throbbing. I pressed against my clit, sending tiny sparks all throughout my body. Then I drove my fingers into my hole and thrust them in and out, fucking myself.

Meanwhile, Grant continued driving his cock into my mouth, and I could feel the spongy head hit the back of my throat again and again. He grabbed my hair as his shaft swelled, and I fingered myself even faster, wanting to come at the same time he did. I was moaning loudly by this point, and I'm sure the vibrations of my mouth only added to the total experience for him. Suddenly, Grant grunted and his cock pulsed against my tongue as shot after shot of tasty, creamy come flooded my mouth and slid down my throat. I came then as well, and even though I was racked with orgasmic spasms, I managed to swallow his entire load.

After that, we were finally calm enough to drive home, though the minute we got through the door we were at it again, fucking like bunnies. Showing off for an audience at that club had really turned us both on, and we resolved to do it again, soon. As for our audience ... we've spent many evenings imagining the dancing that must have gone on for the rest of the night and, even better, what went on in their bedrooms when they got home!—M.W., Georgia



CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.

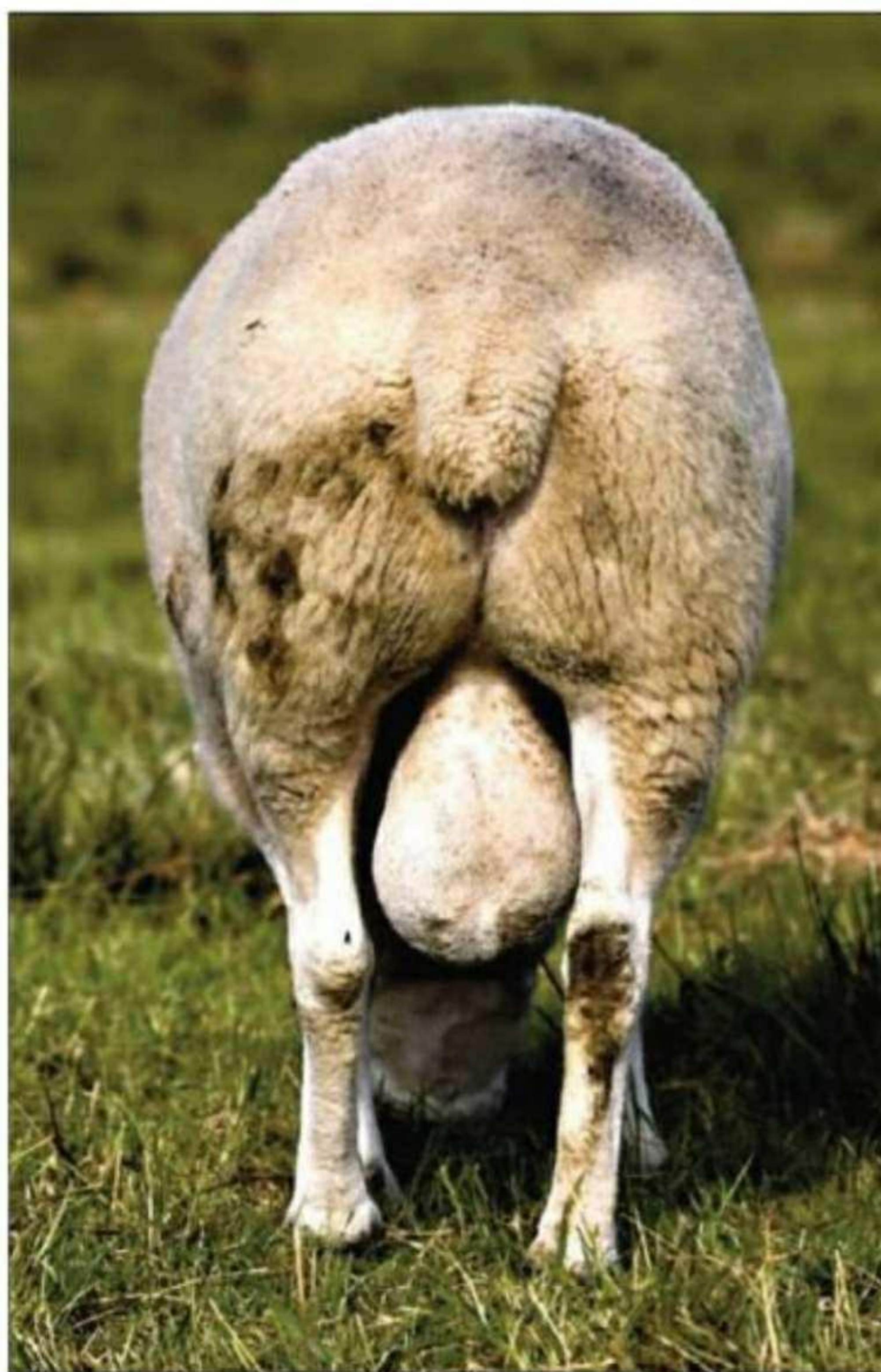
■ TIE'EM IN A BOW

I have really big balls and they hang low. It's something I'm self-conscious about. None of the women I've been with seem to care, but it's always bothered me. Is this something I can have corrected with surgery?

Yes, a cosmetic surgeon could give you a perfectly proportioned scrotum to showcase your ponderous ellipsoids like jewels in a Cartier pendant.

I'm trying very hard to restrain my sarcasm here, because you and the surgeon would surely be the only ones ever to appreciate the results of the surgery. In researching my response to your question, I had the exquisite pleasure of viewing several before-and-after pictures of "scrotal lift" and "scrotum reduction" operations. Yes, the patients' nut sacs looked less droopy after the procedure. But they were still gnarly old nut sacs on gnarly old geezers. Up high, down low, or in the middle—balls are ugly.

As a general rule, I think it's never a good idea to let someone slice up your genitals unless it's absolutely necessary. No operation is completely safe. There is always a risk of a post-operative infection, and improper healing could cause painful scar tissue to form. There's also the possibility that messing around with your balls could adversely affect your fertility. The testicles normally raise and lower in response to external conditions, which helps to keep them at the right temperature for sperm to survive. If it's too chilly, your balls snuggle up closer to your body for warmth. And if it's too hot, they hang lower to catch a breeze. A surgical lift could prevent the testicles from lowering enough to cool off, which could roast your little swimmers.



Unfortunately, you didn't tell me your age. As you age, your skin loses elasticity and all sorts of things sag, including your scrotum. But if you're a younger man, maybe you're just confused about how your junk ought to look. If your ideal vision is based on Michelangelo's "David," whose sac is plump and taut, consider that he's standing naked outdoors and facing a fight to the death with the giant Goliath. Another fact of male anatomy is that the scrotum contracts and the testicles rise in response to stress.

If you're self-conscious about the size of your balls, there's nothing you can do for them, except perhaps take anabolic steroids, which would cause them to shrivel up. I also wonder what you mean by "really big." Testicle size is measured in cubic centimeters, with the normal range for adult men being 12 cm³ (a little bigger than a walnut) to 30 cm³ (a bit smaller than a medium chicken egg). If your boys are significantly larger than that, you've got what doctors call megalotestes. Translation: great big balls. There's nothing unhealthy about megalotestes; in fact, they could give you a reproductive advantage, since men with bigger testicles tend to have higher sperm counts.

■ MW4W

My husband and I would like to try a threesome with another woman. How do we go about finding someone to join us?

Many roads can lead to a threesome. Each has its own advantages and drawbacks. For some couples, a threesome fantasy involves a generic third—as you say, "another woman"—but other couples may have a particular person in mind. Let's look at the different options.

First, you could ask a friend. The advantage of this is that she'd be someone you already know and trust. The obvious disadvantage is that you'd risk rejection and embarrassment. Couples that fancy a friend should honestly appraise how realistic their fantasy is. Is there some chemistry among you three already? It might be that your relationship with that friend is highly sexually charged, and she's just waiting to be asked. If things are a little more ambiguous, then consider your friend's feelings. If you think she'd be creeped out, don't ask. But if you think she'd be unruffled, even if she turned you down, go for it. Remember, if you're rejected, it's really important to play it cool. That means saying you understand, promising not to be weird about it, and asking your friend for the same courtesy.

The second option is to make a new friend. You could create a profile on an adult personals site, such as AdultFriendFinder.com, and indicate that you're a couple seeking a woman. Search for women seeking couples in your area. If you find one who's interested, arrange to meet her at a neutral spot, like a coffee shop. Be clear that there's no expectation of getting naked on this first date. Don't give her your home phone number, and don't friend her on Facebook. You need to be able to politely tell her you're not interested if you don't click. If all goes well, discuss your ground rules and expectations, and make a later date to hook up with her.



Now, for a public-service message about online privacy. Anyone can, with little effort, find any personal information that you put on the internet. If you're going to be posting photos of yourself and details about your sex life, remember that it's not really private, and that it could be used against you. Craigslist ads give you little or no control over your privacy, and many replies are scams, so I would recommend avoiding Craigslist altogether. Reputable adult personals sites allow you to control your communication preferences, and you can hide your profile from search engines and unregistered members of the site.

Another option would be to check out a swingers club or sex party. These are organized events that require a membership fee or cover charge and a prescreening process. They're only open to couples and single women. Some events are fully clothed social mixers of like-minded folks. Other events are full-on orgies. There's also a distinction between a "sex party" and a swingers party. A true swingers party involves swapping partners. An event billed as a sex party might be better suited to a curious couple looking for a female third, and should you find one, you could get it on immediately, if you don't mind other partygoers watching.

Some couples find that a no-strings-attached threesome can be conveniently paid for by the hour. Look for an escort that advertises her experience in catering to couples. Just don't ever say or do anything that could be construed as an agreement to exchange money for sex. When you hire an escort, you're paying for her time, and nothing else. What she chooses to do with you during that time is, of course, up to her.

With any potential third, whether she's a close friend, someone you met on the internet, or a pro, always practice safe sex. I've seen many ads in which couples state that the third they're seeking "must be clean." You can never know that anyone is "clean"—i.e., free from sexually transmitted infections (STIs)—even if they look wholesome, and even if they can produce documentation of negative test results.

If you're going to have a threesome, you should take responsibility for protecting yourself and your third. Always use condoms for vaginal and anal sex, without exception. Unprotected cunnilingus, fellatio, and rimming reside in a gray area where the risks of getting or transmitting STIs are not zero, but are low enough that many people choose to take their chances rather than use condoms or other forms of barrier protection.

The responsible thing to do is to get tested for HIV, chlamydia, syphilis, and gonorrhea before you fuck anyone new. To be extra responsible, also get vaccinated against human papillomavirus (HPV), a very common sexually transmitted virus that can cause cervical cancer, and hepatitis B, another sexually transmitted virus that can lead to liver disease.



■ ROVING EYES

I've been living with my man for five years and, yes, we are monogamous. Here's the thing. He likes to watch porn and, on occasion, so do I. He knows I don't have a problem with it. I've also let him know that if we're out together and he wants to look at a woman because she's hot, I'm okay with that, too. I feel it's natural to look. So why is it that when we're out together in public, he feels the need to sneak a peek? I've assured him it's okay to look, but not touch. How can I get him to trust that I mean what I say?

What should he do? Stare like a psycho? Or maybe he should punch your shoulder and go, "Dude, look at that ass!" Or how about if he wolf-whistled and made obscene gestures at the women in question?

While it's very nice that you agree it's natural for a man to notice attractive women, it is not especially generous of you to grant him that freedom. And it is especially annoying of you to keep tabs on where his gaze falls. If you really felt so okay with his looking at other women, you wouldn't be checking. It sounds to me like you've granted him permission to look, as if he needed it, in order to find out what he's looking at.

Telling a man that it's okay to look at other women is like telling him it's okay to fart. It's going to happen with or without your permission. He can be discreet about it, or he can be a lout. I bet that if your man blatantly ogled every piece of tail that caught his eye, you'd be embarrassed to tears, so count yourself lucky that he sneaks his peeks.

■ NO FOOD BEYOND THIS POINT

Is it dangerous to play with food during sex? Are certain foods harmful if they get in the vagina?

On the whole, you should avoid food in the hole. It may be tempting to turn her jelly roll literally into a jelly roll, but a moment's deliciousness could bring her days of discomfort and foul discharge. Naturally occurring yeast in the vagina feast on sugar, so introducing anything sugary could fuel a raging yeast infection.

If a girl needs a dildo in

a pinch, but can't get her hands on one (maybe she's on vacation in Saudi Arabia or northern New England), a peeled cucumber, carrot, or parsnip—locally grown and organic, if available, so it's not treated with pesticides—would do the job without adversely affecting her vaginal flora.

If it's culinary sensations you're after, I would advise against hot spices. Buffalo-style pussy sounds good to me, but the cayenne pepper would probably be pretty awful for her. Similarly, pussy seasoned with Himalayan

pink salt would be right at home on a chic bistro menu, but it might dry out the vaginal mucous membranes and cause irritation.

Growing up in Detroit, one of my favorite ethnic delicacies was Greek saganaki, a flambéed goat-cheese dish. If you want a dangerous way to play with food during sex, try making saganaki on the crotch. After you ignite the high-proof liquor on the sizzling cheese, you shout, "Opa!" Then you extinguish the flames with a spritz of lemon juice. (Yes, I'm kidding.)

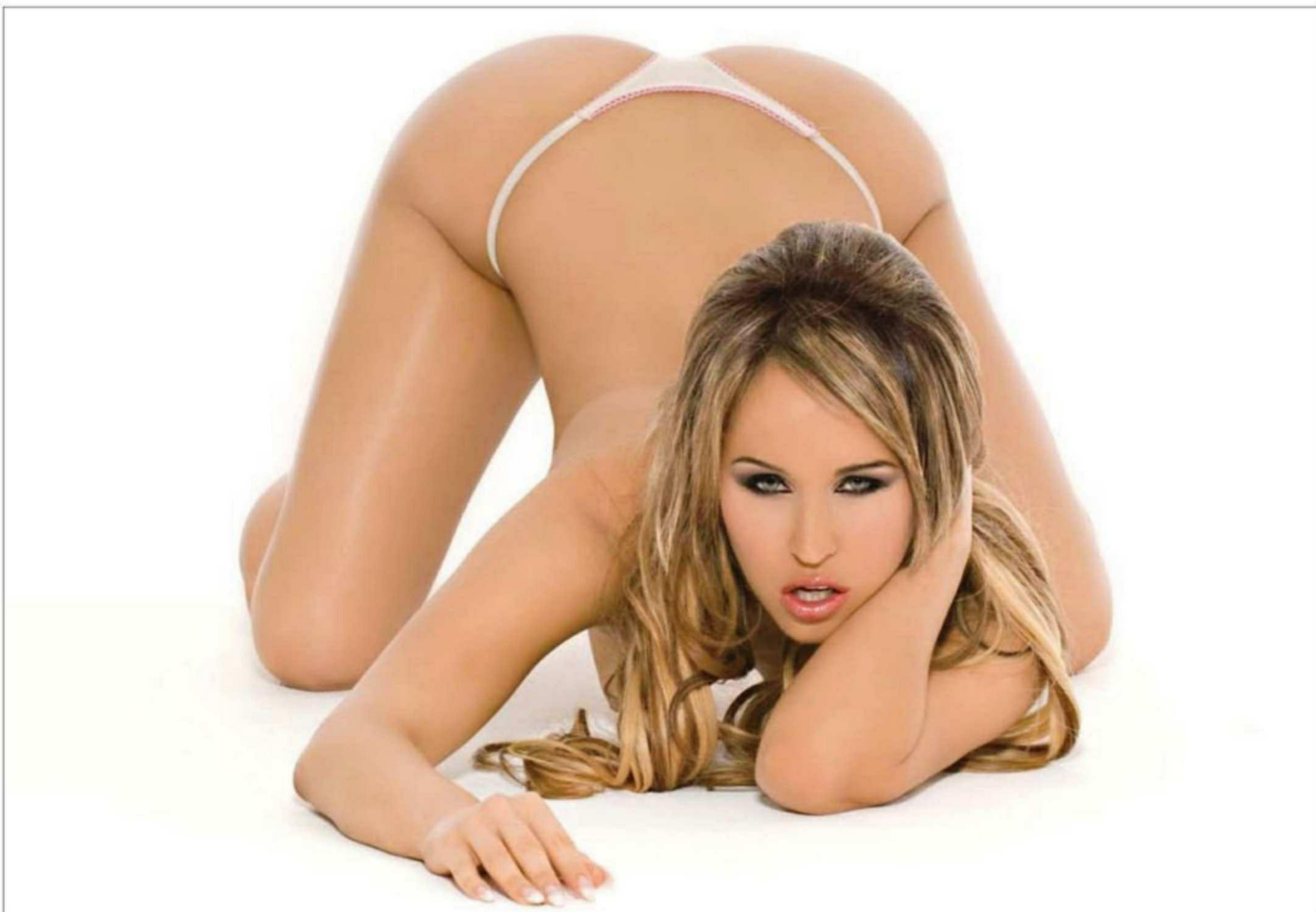


video vixen

International sex star
Aleska Diamond
shows you what goes
on—and what comes off—
behind the scenes
of a hard-core porn shoot
in the Penthouse DVD
The Orgasm.

Photographs by
Penthouse Studios





This sexy blonde from Budapest, Hungary, has already racked up an impressive list of nominations for her European film work, and now she's poised to take the United States by storm. One look at her stunning face and all-natural body will have you ready to surrender.



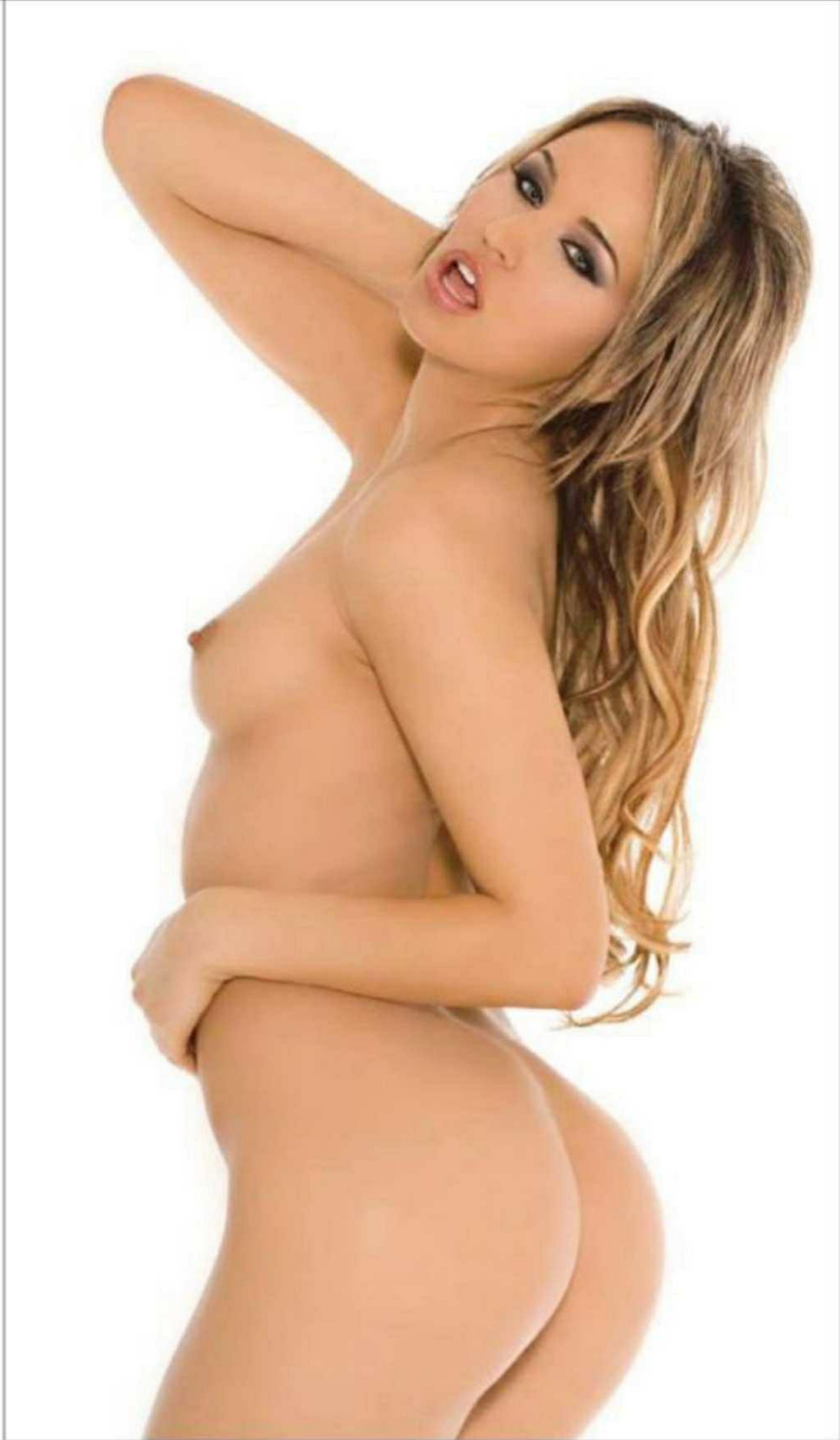


Aleska is a seasoned adult entertainer who's comfortable working on-screen with both male and female partners—in any combination. She's just as happy squatting on a thick cock as she is burying her face between the thighs of one of her lovely young girlfriends.



It's obvious that Aleska could have chosen to strut her stuff on the catwalks of Europe, but we're glad she chose the adult industry. After all, who needs to fantasize about seeing such a beauty take it like a champ between the sheets when you can see the real thing?







In *The Orgasm*, Aleska's scene with Evan Stone takes a lighthearted look at those awkward moments when everything that can go wrong on a film set does. But once they work out all the, um, kinks, you'll see just how perfect fucking can be.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
SEE MORE OF ALESKA AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





SCREWED

Penthouse Features

Marital infidelity set against a backdrop of corporate chicanery provides the starting-off point for this densely dramatic and sexually charged effort from James Avalon, one of the best directors out there. Lexi Belle and Eric Masterson get off a great scene: She's an energetic little cocksucker from the word go, and with a helping hand (or two) she gets her lips to the root of Masterson's, uh, sexual frustration. Finally she rides him to a shuddering orgasm after several positions, including a bout of standing missionary highlighted with fine camera work. The film's dramatic

tension is briefly broken by a totally off-the-wall scene in which a gun-toting, trigger-happy Roxanne Hall strips down Niko—out of his bunny suit—and gives new meaning to the phrase “cocked and loaded.” But Ann Marie Rios's over-the-top fucking from Charles Dera is a hair-pulling free-for-all that quickly becomes the film's erotic high point.

Above: Ann Marie Rios and Charles Dera
Right: Lexi Belle and Eric Masterson



By Johnny Bronx



MY MOM'S BEST FRIEND Penthouse

The May-December dyke flick is a staple of the MILF genre these days, but where this DVD takes a seriously genius turn is by pairing the venerable horny housewife character with ... the equally venerable horny babysitter! Our 2010 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Veronica Ricci turns in a beautifully twisted performance as a wide-eyed waif who gets a sexual schooling from MILF-flick staple Darryl Hanah. Persia Pele's coupling with Charlie Laine gets off to a decidedly less convincing start, but once the connection is made, they run with it. Charlie was our February 2006 Pet, and her work with Pele bears out her rep as one of adult's finest femme-friendly actresses. The young-girl fantasy gets lots of play in porn—some worthwhile, most not—but *My Mom's Best Friend* manages to improve on the genre itself by injecting some sorely needed new energy.

Above left: Veronica Ricci and Darryl Hanah
Above right: Kimberly Kassanova and Tweety Valentine



LOOSE Penthouse

Understanding and communication are necessary for a successful relationship. That's the lesson learned in these five tales of making romance work. Ruby Rayes is a tiny, dusky-skinned brunette cutie with an intriguing resemblance to actress Mila Kunis. Her problem? Her sex-obsessed boyfriend can't get enough pussy. Her solution? Give him more! Her scene with Johnny Castle is rivaled by the surprisingly hot offering featuring redheaded MILF Janet Mason, which is presented as a video of an extramarital trailer-park hookup. A lesbian vignette featuring Tweety Valentine, Kimberly Kassanova, and a nasty threesome (during which Britney Amber takes on two guys) help round out a dick-stiffening disc. The wraparound narration here is provided by the lovely Victoria White, who unfortunately provides little more than eye candy, but she leaves us with something to look forward to down the road. 

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can be purchased at PenthouseStore.com.

will she?

our
excellence
rests
in
the
details

THE
WORLDS
FINEST
SITE
FOR
ADULT
ENTERTAINER
REVIEWS

United
Kingdom
Italy
France
Netherlands
Germany
Belgium
United
States
Canada
Japan
Spain

THEEROTICREVIEW.COM



SEX ED IN ACTION

My fuck buddy Paul and I work at a resort that caters to singles, and we recently helped an attractive young divorcée gain some much-needed sexual experience. Karen had married young and only had missionary sex with her husband, and on her first night here I'd given her her first girl-on-girl experience and her first multiple orgasms, and Paul had given her a penetrating lesson in riding a guy cowgirl. We'd left her exhausted and satiated, with promises of much, much more to come.

The next morning, I taught two pre-breakfast yoga classes, one during sunrise, then went to Karen's room. She'd given me her key the night before so she could sleep in, and when I got there she was still out. She was sprawled across the queen-size bed on her stomach, legs spread wide. I pulled the sheet off her still-nude body, knelt between her legs, and caressed her ass as I woke her.

"Good morning, Karen. You told me you wanted to learn how to eat pussy today, remember?"

She looked back at me sleepily and tried to roll over, but I kept my hands on her ass and held her down. "Don't do that, sweetie. Not when you're so ripe for the taking." I slid one hand between her legs and reached around to her mons, then pulled till her hips came up off the bed. I lifted Karen until she could get her knees under her, then put my entire palm against her cunt. I rubbed the flat of my hand up and down her pussy a few times, till I could feel her juices start to flow, then pulled my hand back and gently slapped her cunt. Then I began to rub again as I said, "You're so ready for me, sweetheart. That's really hot. Are you going to be a good girl today and do everything I say?"

Karen moaned deeply, then said, "Yes, ma'am. Anything you want."

I slid two fingers into Karen's cunt and worked her clit while I finger-fucked her. She was already halfway to an orgasm. God, I love women like this! I'd met a lot of them at this resort, and I always had a great time with them. They're dying to try all sorts of kinky positions and scenarios, and taking a submissive role lets them feel like they're not to blame for being into nasty, down-and-dirty fucking.

Karen came with a shudder, and I let her collapse onto the bed, saying, "That's a good girl. Now let's get you ready for the day."

I stripped off my tight yoga gear,



then joined Karen in the shower. We washed each other's hair and bodies, then I pushed her up against the wall, knelt between her legs, and made her come again with my tongue. Looking up at her, I smiled and said, "So you want to learn how to do that?"

"I want to make you feel the way I do right now."

We got out of the shower and I told Karen to dry me off. We went back into the room and I sat on an armchair. "I don't think you're ready to eat me out yet, but let's work on your fingering. Think about what you do to your pussy when you play with yourself, and do it to me."

Karen knelt in front of me and put her hand on my cunt, easing one finger into my slit. "Come on, Karen. Think about how you used to feel when you looked at your husband's *Penthouse* magazines. What did you want to do to those girls?"

"I wanted to taste them."

"Suck my juices off your finger," I ordered. She slipped her finger into her mouth and slid it in and out a couple of times. "That's right, honey,

suck it like it's a cock. You're going to take Paul's dick deep into your mouth today. Show me what you can do."

Karen was getting embarrassed, so I took her hand and put it on my cunt before pulling my lips open. "Never mind that, baby. Make me come."

She thrust a finger back into my vag and I moaned. "More, baby. Give me another one." Karen pulled back her hand and pushed back into me hard, and I quickly realized that she was fucking me with three fingers. Excellent.

Karen searched out my clit with her hand, rubbing quickly around my pearl. She had me arching my back off the chair in just a few minutes, and I came soon after. It was quite a performance for a newbie. Post-orgasm, my legs were still spread, and Karen leaned in and licked my slit. I grabbed her head and held her still, then pushed her from my crotch. "Not without permission, sweetie. There will be consequences for that."

Looking at the expression on Karen's face, I felt like I'd just kicked a puppy. I kissed her long and hard, then told her to put on her sexiest bikini. We went to the buffet and grabbed a quick bite, then I took her to the topless beach. Paul was already working the small bar there, as I knew he would be.

I put down large towels for Karen and me, then made her stand right in front of them. She was facing Paul,

I pushed her up against the wall of the shower, knelt between her legs, and made her come again with my tongue.

AVAILABLE THIS MONTH!

PENTHOUSE™

DVD

Bree Olson & Capri Anderson invite you to a

SLUMBER PARTY

BOYS
ALLOWED



These Goddesses are waiting for you!



ORDER THESE TITLES AND MORE AT
WWW.PENTHOUSESTORE.COM
OR BY CALLING 1-877-217-3436





Take Control!

Find Your Perfect Sexual Match Tonight!

GET IT ONSM.COM

Find Your Sexually Compatible Match

Join for FREE!* Visit www.getiton.comSM

GETITON.comSM is a service mark of Various, Inc. Models depicted in photo.

*Access to certain site features requires an upgrade from a free membership to a paid membership.

and most of the other people on the beach. I stood behind her and took off her top and started rubbing sunscreen onto her back. Then I moved closer and reached around to put lotion on her stomach, working my way up to her tits. When I got there, I kneaded her C cups and pulled on her nipples till they were as hard as pebbles. She began breathing heavily and leaned back against me, and as I continued to tweak and tug her nubs, I whispered, "Everyone on this beach is staring at us right now. Every one of these guys is hard as a rock and dying to throw you down on the sand and plow you."

All she could do was moan, and I gave her nipples one more good hard tug before letting go. "Now it's time for your punishment for licking my cunt without permission. Go behind the bar with Paul. Then get down on your knees and take his cock in your mouth. I want every single person on this beach to know you've got a dick in your mouth."

Karen and I went over to the bar, and I saw heads turn as people watched her. Eventually she'll realize how fucking hot she is. She walked right behind the bar, kissed Paul, and reached for his crotch without even trying to be discreet. Damn, we'd tapped into a vast reservoir of sexual heat.

A minute later, Karen disappeared behind the bar, and I watched the other beachgoers try to catch a peek. One guy actually came up and sat at the bar, forcing Paul to ask what he wanted, and he just put up his hand and said, "Take your time." Then he turned to me, introduced himself as David, and said, "That was quite a show you and Karen put on. We took the same flight and met on the way here from the airport, and I tried to pick her up and stake a claim before she met anyone else. But I thought she was a total prude. I have never been so wrong about someone in my life."

"Sometimes you just have to take the time to bring out the best in a girl," I said. "She's coming along very nicely. But if you want to play with her, you'll have to wait till tomorrow. Today she belongs to me, and I'm only sharing with Paul."

"Lucky Paul. I'll just admire the view then."

We both looked back at Karen just as Paul jerked himself off into her open mouth. He quickly tucked his dick back into his shorts, since



even here he could get fired for having sex on the job.

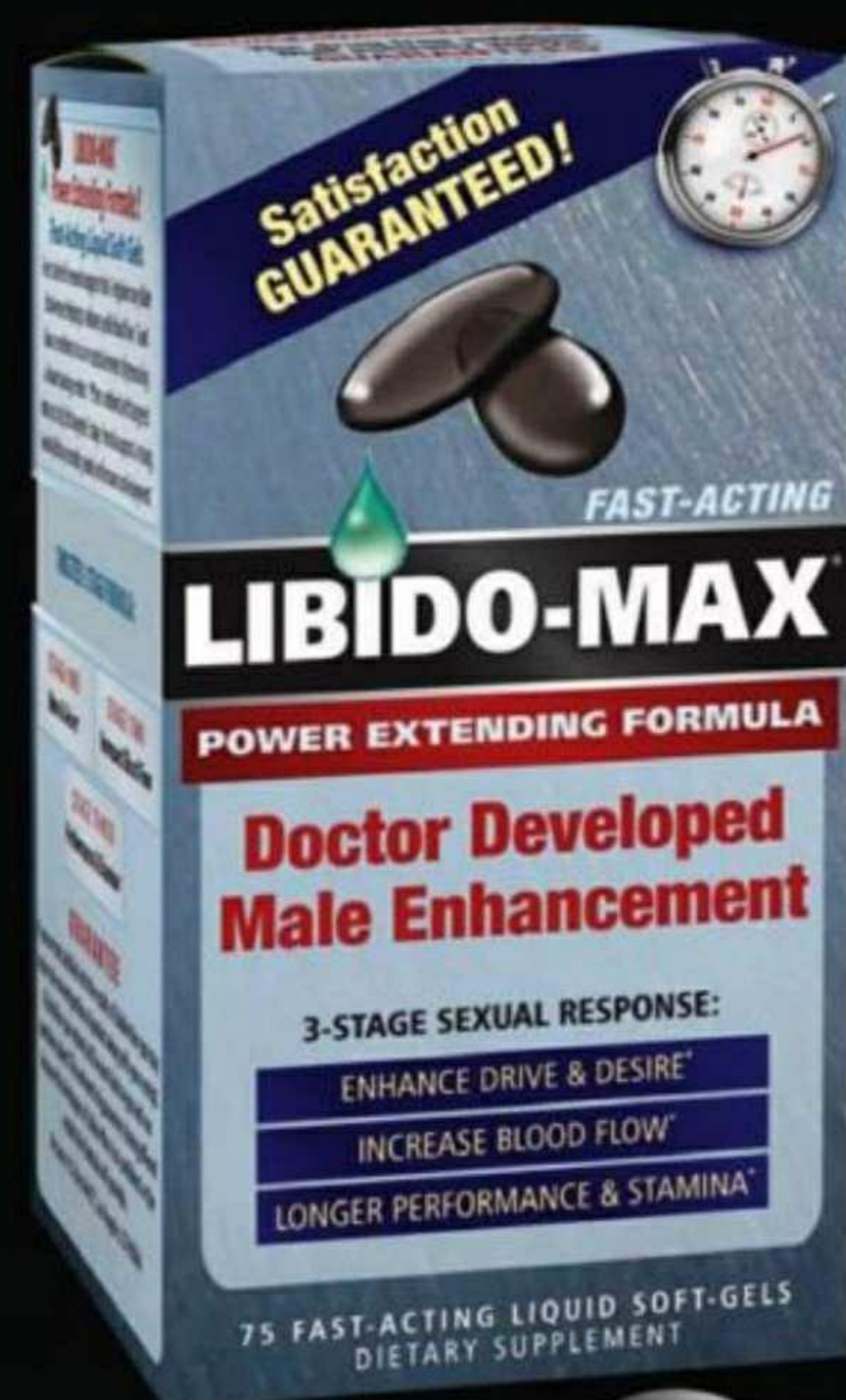
Karen came over and kissed me, giving me a taste of Paul's come. I licked the last drop off the side of her mouth, then introduced her to David. She remembered meeting him, of course, since it had happened only the day before. Paul got us drinks, and as we all talked, I noticed some real chemistry between Karen and David. You'd never guess this about me, but I'm a closet romantic, and suddenly I just knew that this was going to be the best week ever. I would give Karen one hell of a well-rounded sexual education, then send her home with a new man in her life.

And now it was time for her next lesson. "Hey, baby, let's go back to your room. It's time for you to put that mouth to work on me." —S.R., Jamaica

"Everyone is staring at us. Every one of these guys is hard as a rock and dying to throw you down and plow you."

LIBIDO-MAX

3-Stage
Sexual Response for Men



Available for purchase with coupon in fine stores
everywhere or online at:

www.appliednutrition.com

Enter Coupon Code: 010634



LIBIDO-MAX for MEN
75 Count ONLY

SAVE \$3

EXPIRES 08/31/11 MANUFACTURERS COUPON

Consumer: Redeemable at retail locations only. Not valid for online or mail-order purchases. Retailer: Irwin Naturals will reimburse you for the face value plus 8 (cents) handling provided it is redeemed by a consumer at the time of purchase on the brand specified. Coupons not properly redeemed will be void and held. Reproduction by any party by any means is expressly prohibited. Any other use constitutes fraud. Irwin Naturals reserves the right to deny reimbursement (due to misredemption activity) and/or request proof of purchase for coupon(s) submitted. Mail to: CMS Dept. 10363, Irwin Naturals, 1 Fawcett Drive, Del Rio, TX 78840. Cash value: .001 (cents). Void where taxed or restricted. ONE COUPON PER PURCHASE. Not valid for mail order/websites. Retail only.



These statements have not been evaluated by the Food & Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

■ COMING ... TO MY RESCUE

The coffee burned my tongue as I took my first sip, and I was so surprised that I dropped the cup, spilling the hot liquid all over my coat. I tried to wipe up the spill with the napkin I'd grabbed on my way out of the café. A lot of good that would do. I had a business meeting in 20 minutes and I was covered in coffee. Fabulous.

I was still standing on the street corner cursing my luck a few minutes later when an attractive man in an expensive suit offered me a handful of napkins. "I saw the spill from inside the café," he said. "I would have come out sooner, but I didn't want to leave my own coffee behind. I'm sure you understand." I nodded and took the napkins, trying to clean myself up. It wasn't doing much, but at least I wouldn't be dripping with coffee when I went to my meeting.

When I looked up to thank the guy, he held out a cup. "You looked like you could really use that coffee, so I had them make you another. You weren't too far ahead of me, and they remembered your order." *Hmm, I thought, cute and considerate and buys desperate women coffee? He might be worth getting to know.*

Unfortunately, by the time I got cleaned up I had to run, and so did he. There was no time to exchange names, let alone business cards. Some luck I was having. But at least I'd had my coffee before going in to meet my new clients.

I was in the middle of discussing my marketing plans with the company's top executives when the door to the conference room banged open and in rushed none other than the cute guy who'd bought my coffee. Well, what do you know? He stopped dead in his tracks when he saw me, and I saw him smirk as I looked at him. I just smiled and kept going, not even waiting for him to take a seat before continuing my pitch.

The meeting went off without a hitch, then the coffee cutie—who I'd learned was named Hunter—stuck around to "talk shop." We both knew that talking business wasn't on either of our agendas, though. Come on, you don't come to a woman's rescue like he did, then chat about branding options. You make plans for a date. Or you fuck. Those are the only reasons for a follow-up conversation. Hunter and I did both.

Hunter closed and locked the door to the conference room, and we didn't say a word as we approached



each other, walking around the large table until we were standing face-to-face. He leaned down and kissed me immediately, and his tongue slipped right between my lips, probing my mouth. "Mmm, hazelnut," he murmured when he pulled away to kiss my neck.

He had some extremely talented lips, and he suckled my pulse point for a moment, driving me wild without doing much at all. I couldn't wait to find out how he could make me feel when he was really trying!

Things moved quickly once Hunter realized how aroused I was. His lips stayed planted firmly to my neck as he started unbuttoning my blouse and pulling at my slacks. I found myself wishing I'd worn a skirt for easier access, but at least I'd gone commando—no one wants visible panty lines—so that would help. He didn't seem even the slightest bit surprised that I was naked under my pants, and as soon as I had stepped out of my heels, he practically ripped them down my legs

Once he had me stripped bare, he had me hop up on the table. Then he went to town on my tits and pussy.

and tossed them aside.

Once he had me stripped bare, he unbuttoned his shirt, rolled up his sleeves, and pushed down his pants. He had me hop up on the conference table and then he went to town on my tits and pussy. Hunter sucked my nipples like they were hard candies, bringing them to erect little points before moving down to my cunt and eating me with the same excitement I'd had earlier when downing my morning coffee. And that's saying something. I could hardly control myself, and it took a lot of effort to stop myself from crying out as he brought me to an explosive climax.

He wasn't done with me yet, though, and I had barely come down from the orgasmic high he'd given me before he was pushing his cock into my dripping pussy. I only caught a glimpse of his dick, but I could tell from the way it felt inside me that it was long and extremely thick. It was exactly what I needed!

I fell back onto the table as he pumped into me, wrapping my fingers around the table's edge, my nails digging into the wood. I circled his waist with my legs and dug my heels into his ass, pulling him further into me. He started thrusting harder and deeper, forcing my body to slide against the smooth wood of the table, and each time he bottomed out in my cunt, I felt my whole body shake in ecstasy. I wasn't going to last much longer before coming again.

Hunter felt it when my pussy began to clench and release his dick, and it spurred him on, making him thrust faster. The table shook under us as we fucked, and I shifted my legs around his waist so I could get enough leverage to thrust up against him. I wasn't able to move as quickly or as forcefully as he could, but I felt a difference when I started to hump him. Soon I wasn't the only one on the verge of climax.

My pussy was spasming wildly as I got closer to the edge, then I felt Hunter's dick throbbing between my cunt lips. I clenched my pussy tight around him and let go, coming in a rush of juices and quiet moans. That set Hunter off, like I knew it would, and he pounded into me as he shot his load.

After I stepped back into my heels, I reached into my wallet for a business card and handed it to Hunter. "We should get together soon," I told him with a grin. "Maybe we could go for coffee." —A.W., Illinois

■ LIKE A VIRGIN

I stared at the vibrator Tracy had given me like I'd never seen one before. I guess I hadn't, really. Not one that belonged to me, anyway. It was the first one I'd ever owned, and about to be the first one I'd ever used. It felt like the first time I'd had sex—which hadn't been all that long ago, actually. I was probably more nervous to use the vibrator than I had been to fuck my now-ex, come to think of it.

Here goes nothing, I thought as I pushed the power button and slid the toy between my legs. I'd been reading a romance novel earlier when I'd gotten aroused, and though I'd never been much of a masturbator, I decided it was the perfect time to try out the vibrator my friend had given me. It was a pretty simple toy, a straight plastic tube with an angled, egg-shaped head. Tracy had said it was good for clitoral and G-spot pleasure, and that I would have no trouble getting off when I used it. I could only take her word for it.

I was imagining the hunky sailor from my romance novel when I touched the vibrator to my clit, and even at the lowest speed the vibrations made me jump in surprise. But it was definitely a good surprise. I imagined him touching me, his

fingers playing against my sex while his tongue danced in my mouth, and suddenly it was like it was really happening. The vibrator was really getting my juices flowing, and the more I thought about my fantasy man, the wetter my pussy got. I hadn't expected to enjoy the toy, but it seemed to be working for me just like Tracy had said it would.

As my fantasy turned from foreplay to fucking, I decided to test the toy's G-spot power. I dipped three fingers into my pussy and rubbed the juices onto the vibrator's head. When it was glistening and wet, I pushed it against my opening. I felt the pressure and vibrations against my pussy lips as I slipped the toy inside. The buzzing wasn't as strong now, and I pressed the power button again until it reached a pleasant level of intensity.

It was a strange feeling at first, having something vibrating inside me, but once I got used to the unusual sensation, I let myself relax and enjoy it. I moved a hand to my clit and began to rub it. Meanwhile, I kept wiggling the vibrator around inside me, trying to find my sweet spot. It took me a few tries to get it angled just right, but when I did—oh, my God! It was like someone had flicked a switch inside me that increased my arousal tenfold. It was incredible!

My hips started thrusting upward off the mattress, and my back arched as pleasurable waves swept through my entire body. My finger began moving faster on my clit as the hunk in my daydream started pumping into me, the romance set aside as he fucked me in earnest. That was more than okay with me, though. I didn't care about his imagined soft hands or gentle tongue. I wanted to be fucked until I came in an Earth-shattering fashion.

I thrust the vibrator in and out of my pussy, hitting my G spot each time I pushed it inside myself, and soon my legs were shaking as I neared my climax. With a few more fast thrusts and a little extra attention to my clit, I finally exploded. My cunt clenched the toy and held it in place as I shook through my orgasm. The experience was so hot that it felt like electricity was flowing through me, from my toes straight through every strand of my hair. And then it was over.

If I'd known how good playing with a vibrator could be, I'd have done it *much* sooner. Now that I do know, I think I've found my new favorite hobby!—P.K., Iowa



There's only one place to visit for your **XXX** needs!

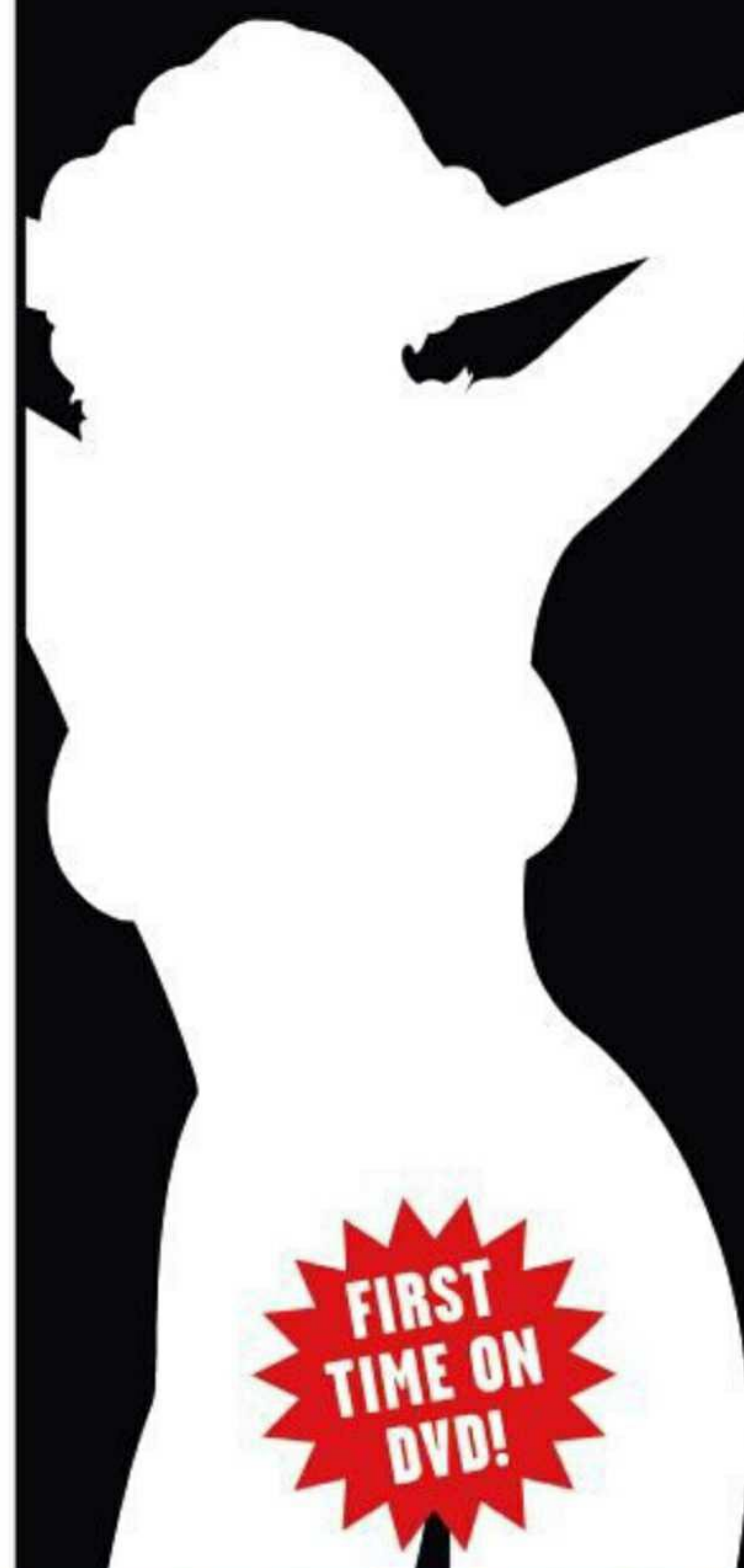
Celebrity-Adult.com

Stop by and see!

AN AMAZING LEAP IN XXX TECHNOLOGY IS HERE...

3D

ADULT FILMS YOU CAN WATCH AT HOME!



EXCLUSIVE 3D PREVIEW:
Project3Dx.net



■ BRACED FOR ACTION

I leaned forward against the dresser and braced myself. I felt Kyle come up behind me, then his fingers were on my ass, spreading lube between my cheeks and inside my asshole. I couldn't wait for him to put his cock up there. His fingers worked the thick, cool liquid along my ass and up my hole, making sure I got a heavy coating of lube. Then I felt his cock slip between my cheeks. He slid the head along my ass crack several times, teasing me. He was going to make me beg for what I wanted—and I had no problem with that.

"God, Kyle," I cried. "Fuck my ass already!"

I heard his quiet chuckle from behind me before I felt his hard dick pushing gently against my backdoor.

"Mmm, yes," I moaned. "I want you in my ass. Please, Kyle, fuck me!"

Kyle pushed harder then, and slowly his cockhead moved past my sphincter and into my ass. He started thrusting, each stroke easing in more of his dick, and it felt fantastic. I moaned as he filled me, stretching my arms across the top of the dresser and digging my nails into its edge. I loved the way Kyle's cock felt when it was wedged between my cheeks.

He began to thrust, slowly sliding his cock in and out of my ass, gradually going faster. I could feel

every inch of his six-inch shaft as it moved back and forth, and it felt incredible.

I let him set the pace, then I started to thrust back against him, meeting him stroke for stroke. That made it feel even better, and it sent him deeper into my ass. I loved it! We fucked each other furiously, and the dresser I was leaning against started to rattle and scrape against the floor. I loved the way the sharp edges of the wood pressed into my skin. It made the fucking that much more delicious.

It was getting to be too much, and I thrust harder against Kyle. I needed to have an orgasm! Kyle reached around me and fingered my pussy, helping bring me closer to the edge. I would've come without his help—anal always gets me off, no matter what—but he got me there faster. A minute later I came, my muscles massaging his fingers while my ass clenched his cock with a viselike grip. Kyle didn't come, though. He waited till I'd gotten through my orgasm and gone limp

He began to thrust, sliding his cock in and out of my ass, and I could feel every inch of his shaft as it moved back and forth.

against the dresser, then pulled out of my ass and jerked his cock until he sprayed my butt with his come. As I felt his seed splashing against my warm rear, I had a feeling we wouldn't be getting much rest that night.—
D.T., Florida

■ CLOSETED

Lia had sexiled me more than I could take during the fall semester, so when she started doing it again in the spring, I decided to get my revenge. She usually told me in the morning that she'd need the room later, so when she announced her intentions one Friday at breakfast, I saw my chance. This time, instead of steering clear, I planned to hide in the closet to watch her. I figured I'd jump out at just the right moment, scaring the shit out of her and her date, both of whom obviously couldn't be bothered to remember that I lived there, too. But you know what they say about best-laid plans....

It was about ten o'clock when I heard Lia coming into our common room. I slammed my laptop shut, grabbed my purse and jacket, and jumped into the closet, closing the door just enough so that I could see through the space in the middle of the folding door.

When Lia came into the bedroom, though, I was surprised by what I saw. Instead of one of the soccer players she liked to fuck, she was followed into the room by a girl I remembered from one of her fall study groups. *Maybe I misunderstood her*, I thought. *Maybe she didn't say "date" this morning. She must have just said she had plans. Why else would she be here with Ella?* But I was wrong. It was clearly a date, as I learned when my roommate pulled the other girl to her and kissed her. *How did I not know she was into chicks?*

I had no idea if this was Lia's first time with Ella—or even her first time with another girl. I thought she might be experimenting. But when Lia started to pull off her friend's clothes with practiced movements, I had a feeling the "study group" she'd been in with the other girl had been about more than just advanced calculus.

Now I didn't know what to do. When I'd thought it would be her and one of those smarmy jocks she liked, the plan seemed simple and spectacular. But I hadn't planned for her to be hooking up with a girl, and I couldn't bring myself to interrupt them. So I watched.

PENTHOUSE MAILBAG

Advertise your product in this special advertising page to reach over 2.6 million readers monthly.
For information call Elysia Bandong at 212-702-6152 or email ebandong@ffn.com.

PENTHOUSE Confidential
shoes by ellie
Vol. 2005

Get your pair today!

Penthouse shoes by Ellie

Buy it now at

WWW.PENTHOUSESHOESONLINE.COM

INCREASE EJACULATE VOLUME
EXPERIENCE STRONGER ORGASMS

Developed in Sweden, the all natural Ropex® formula is recommended by European and Asian doctors for the improvement of sexual function. Used by over 5 million men worldwide as well as by Porn Stars to increase ejaculate volume and intensify orgasms.

ROPEX
The original Swedish "ropes" formula

Order at: www.RopexUSA.com
or call toll free (888) 799-6979
Amex, MC, Visa, Discover and checks by mail accepted.

Send to: New Generation Labs
12905 S.W. 132 Street, Suite 4
Miami, FL 33186

1 Ropex: \$39.95+\$6.95 shipping = \$46.90
Special Offer: order 2 Ropex, receive 3 bottles!
\$79.90+\$7.95 shipping = \$87.85

Statements herein have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration

VIAGRA

LEVITRA

Cialis

HABLAMOS ESPAÑOL
www.viamedic.com
800.547.9737
ORDER ONLINE, BY PHONE OR MOBILE DEVICE!

VIA MEDIC
SAFE • SECURE • DISCREET

PENTHOUSE MAILBAG!

MARKET YOUR PRODUCT OR SERVICE TO OUR NEARLY 2.6 MILLION READERS

For further details call:
Elysia Bandong at 212-702-6152

MEN WANTED!

HEY GUYS!
MAKE \$\$\$ for "SPECIAL SERVICES"
\$750 per week possible. We provide names, addresses and photos. Send \$1 for info to ROYCE (Attn. Lori) 5152 Sepulveda Blvd. #200-P5 Sherman Oaks, CA 91403-1154

IN YOUR AREA!

on the web: www.royceorders.com

AmeriMedRx
Confidential prescriptions, priced right.
PRIVATE • SAFE • SECURE • DISCREET

Viagra

Cialis

Get the REAL DEAL

- FDA Approved Medications
- Overnight Shipping Available
- Online/Phone Consultation

ORDER TODAY!

Also available: **Levitra®** and **Propecia®**

1-877-745-5779 (Toll Free)
www.amerimedrx.com
Checks and money orders accepted

XXX ADULT JOKE BOOK

THE BOOK THAT EIGHT PRINTERS REFUSED!

\$9.95+\$2.55 s/h-USA

Send check or money order for \$12.50 to:
Bob Adelman
PO Box 5637
Apache Junction, AZ 85178

or **Paypal:** xyxbob@yahoo.com

XXX ADULTS only Joke Book

GET 5" TALLER NOW!

Height increasing shoes can make you 5" taller instantly. Hidden heel technology, just look like normal footwear. 100+ styles, from \$49.99.

Constep

Make you **5"** taller instantly

1-888-220-6808 www.IncreasingShoes.com



Ella was pulling off Lia's clothes, and she laughed when she found out Lia wasn't wearing panties. "Naughty girl," she giggled seductively. "Were you planning to seduce me?"

My roommate just smiled as she reached for her girlfriend's panties. She pulled them down quickly and smirked. "Looks like we're about even now, wouldn't you say?"

Lia guided her date to her desk chair and got on her knees in front of her. When Lia snaked her tongue out between her lips to lick her friend's pussy, I had to bite back a gasp or risk being found out. It was crazy to see my roommate eating out another girl, but it was kind of hot, too, and I soon forgot all about my revenge scheme.

Lia really seemed to know what she was doing with her tongue, and the other girl was loudly begging her for more—when she managed to get any words out at all. I watched with rapt attention as Lia pleased her date, and when Ella came, my pulse raced. Lia stayed between the other girl's legs until Ella's orgasm subsided, and when she pulled back I caught a glimpse of her face, sticky with Ella's juices. I couldn't believe what I was seeing!

But Lia wasn't the only one who was going to feast on pussy that night, and after they shared a kiss, she and Ella switched roles. Lia dragged her girlfriend to her bed, just barely staying in my line of sight, and pushed her onto her back. Then she climbed over the slight girl and knelt over her face, her hairy pussy right over Ella's mouth.

Ella ate my roommate to a screaming orgasm, and from my hiding place I could see Lia's quaking left leg and Ella's right hand as she tried to steady the girl above her. It was so hot that I had to play with myself, and I rubbed my pussy through my jeans, not wanting to get caught with my pants down if I should be discovered.

For the next hour, I watched as the two of them played with each other and ate each other in every position possible, getting more aroused the longer they went at it. When Lia finally left to walk Ella back to her car, I darted out of the bedroom and went straight to the bathroom, where I fingered myself to climax. Then I snuck out of the dorm and waited for Lia to come back. After she'd been inside for maybe ten minutes, I entered, loudly announcing my return.



When Lia snaked her tongue out to lick her friend's pussy, I had to bite back a gasp or risk being found out.

"How was your night?" Lia asked when she saw me.

"Pretty good. Yours?"

"It was good," she said. "What'd you end up doing?"

"Not much. Just caught a show."

To this day she has no idea that she was a star in that show, and I don't plan on telling her. I haven't spied on her since that night, but I don't mind being sexiled so much these days. Now that I know what goes on, her requests for privacy usually result in some great fantasies for me to rub myself off to.—C.L., via email

Certification: The records, if any, relating to any images in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75.1–75.8 are maintained by the Custodian of Records of General Media Communications, Inc., at 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. June 2011
Volume 42, Number 10 Copyright © 2011 by General Media Communications, Inc., a subsidiary of FriendFinder Networks Inc. All rights reserved. No portion of Penthouse magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published monthly except combined in July/August in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by General Media Communications, Inc., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken NJ 08109. Periodical postage paid in New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Penthouse magazine, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast FL 32142-0235, Tel. 800-289-7368. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic, or other matter. Submission of letters to Penthouse magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to Penthouse all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world in perpetuity without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. Penthouse does not accept unsolicited ideas subject to conditions of confidentiality, nonuse, or other obligations. Names, places, and identifying details in submissions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., possessions, APO, and FPO—\$32 for 12 issues; Canada, \$56 for 12 issues (includes GST); elsewhere—\$56 for 12 issues. Single copies: \$7.99 (\$8.99 Jan., June, Sept., and Dec. issues) in U.S., Canada, and elsewhere. Canadian GST registration #R126607902. To subscribe, report a subscription problem, or change address in the U.S., call toll-free 800-289-7368; outside the U.S., call 386-447-6361. Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquires to Penthouse, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005. Tel. 212-702-6000. Advertising offices: New York: General Media Communications, Inc., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York NY 10005. Tel. 212-702-6000. West Coast: Penthouse, 19749 Dearborn Street, Chatsworth CA 91311. Tel. 310-280-1950. PENTHOUSE, the ThreeKey Logo, the OneKey Logo, Penthouse Pet, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of General Media Communications, Inc. PRINTED IN CANADA. Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificador de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaría de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaría de educación pública. 1279882

CALL THE PETS!

If you want to get to know Pet of the Month **Eden Adams**—or any of our Pets—call the Pet Hotline at 800-799-PETT (7388). Our vixens can't wait to tell you all about their lives and fantasies. Callers must be 18 or older. Cost is \$1.99 to \$2.99/minute.

Penthouse.com has more than 35 years of your favorite Penthouse Pets, *Penthouse* videos in DVD-quality downloads—including the infamous *Caligula*—and an archive of sexy letters from readers. Go to **Penthouse.com** today for a free preview.

ehoTM Enhancement Formula for Men



- **EHO** helps enhance Pleasure and Performance
- **CONFIDENCE!** The most important thing you'll bring to the bedroom!!!
- Easy & safe
- 30 Day Money-Back Guarantee
- On the web **www.TryEHO.com**
or Call **(610) 757-2610** (Mon-Fri 8-5 pst)
- Individual results may vary
- Multi-bottle discounts available
- New proprietary formula

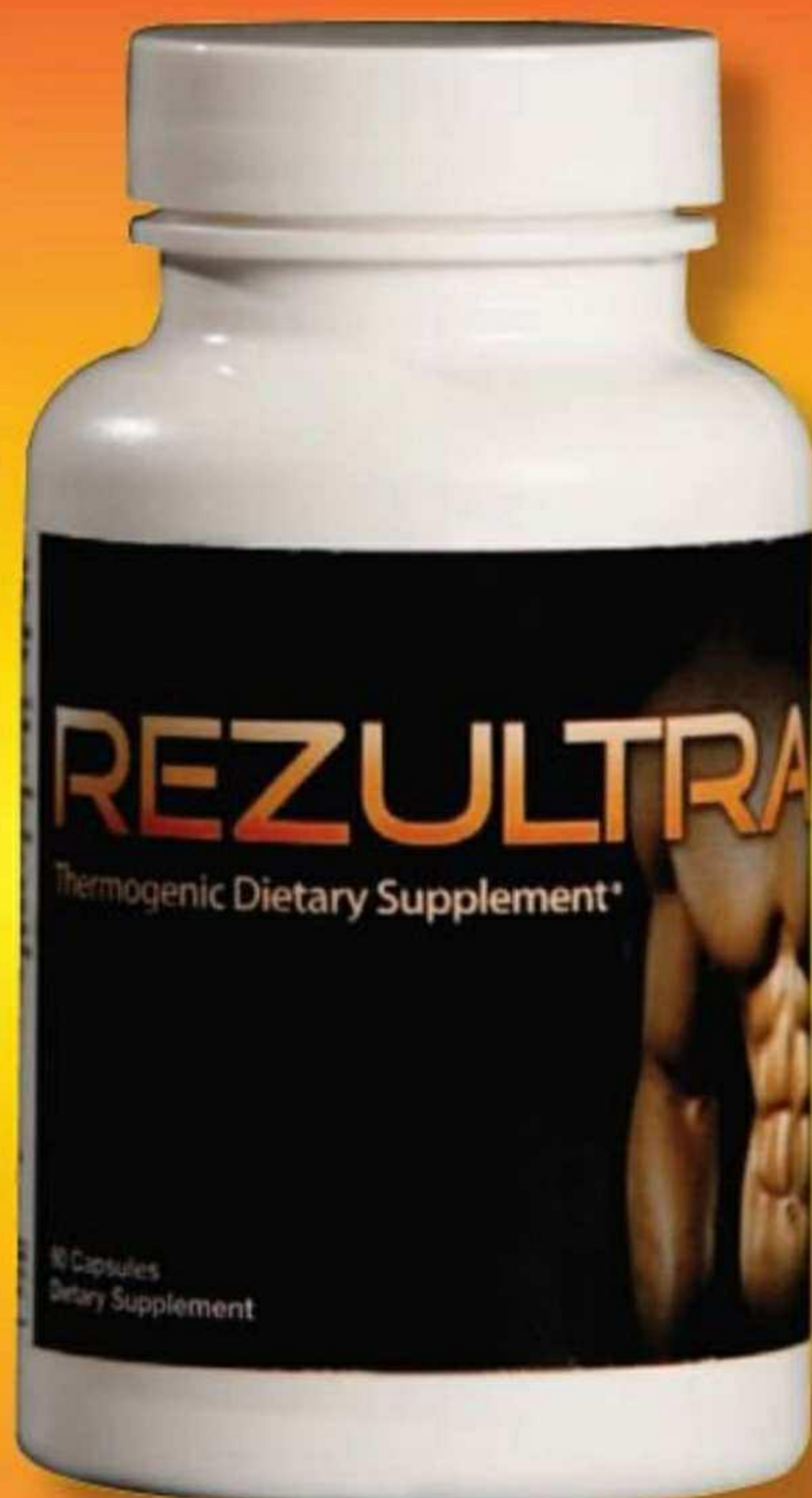
Use this code for
FREE SHIPPING
PHeho11



Available Now!

INTRODUCING REZULTRATM

FEEL THE BURN



- Research proven ingredients
To help you
 - Burn more Calories*
 - Reduce Body Fat*
- Easy & safe
- 30 Day Money-Back Guarantee
- Available NOW
- On the web - **www.TryRezutra.com**
or Call **(610) 757-2610** (Mon-Fri 8-5 pst)
- Individual results may vary

***When combined with proper diet and exercise**

Use this code for
FREE SHIPPING
PHREZ01



-persons appearing in images are for illustrative purposes and not endorsement.



Elizabeth Taylor

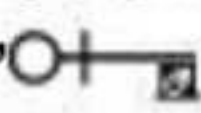
Elizabeth Taylor's love affairs were legendary, but seducing her audience made her an eternal icon.



It was easy for Richard Burton to sneer about Elizabeth Taylor's beauty—after all, he married her twice. “She has wonderful eyes,” he acknowledged, “but she has a double chin and an overdeveloped chest, and she's rather short in the leg.” Ouch.

For the rest of us—whether we lusted after Liz (a name she hated) on-screen in movie palaces or during TV film festivals or on DVD or streaming videos—she was the very essence of Hollywood sex, splendor, and sensuousness. She was, as James Agee once wrote, “rapturously beautiful.” He went on, “I hardly know or care whether she can act or not.” (She could.)

Her greatest movies were made during the days of the Production Code; you can see more skin on family TV these days. But censorship only helped her turn up the heat. As Paul Newman's sexually frustrated wife in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, Taylor, wearing only a prim slip, became an erotic icon. And wearing a mink coat, with seemingly nothing underneath, in her Oscar-winning performance as a high-priced call girl in *BUTterfield 8*, she embodied the Manhattan glamour that *Mad Men* desperately tries to recapture. Even *Cleopatra*, with its ridiculous costumes and an insane budget that nearly drove 20th Century Fox into bankruptcy, forever imprinted Taylor in the world's imagination as the most alluring woman who ever lived.

Director Joseph L. Mankiewicz, who wrote the classic *All About Eve*, was a cynical, hard-bitten Hollywood veteran. But every man can share his epiphany on seeing Elizabeth Taylor for the first time: “She was the most incredible vision of loveliness I have ever seen in my life.” 

PHOTOGRAPH BY EVERETT COLLECTION

w i l l s h e ?TM

THEEROTICREVIEW.COM[®]

THE WORLDS
FINEST SITE
FOR ADULT
ENTERTAINER
REVIEWS

our
excellence
rests in
the details

United Kingdom
Italy
France
Netherlands
Germany
Belgium
United States
Canada
Japan
Spain

POSITIVE EFFECT ON THE VODKA'S TASTE. - ASSOCIATED PRESS MIRACULOUS...A MATCH MADE IN HEAVEN. - USA TODAY ...BELIEVE US, THIS VODKA IS SLICK

CE AS FLAVORFUL. - THE ADVOCATE GREAT STRENGTH IN TEXTURE...SMOOTH MOUTH FEEL ...A PERFECT - ST ETER TIMES SOY IS VERY CC

WE CAN ATTEST THAT 3 VODKA IS SMOOTH AND TASTY. - MAXIM 3 IS WITHOUT PEER AS THE FOUNDATION OF THE ULTIMATE V ODKA MARTINI. - ROBB REPOR

'LAWLESS VODKA RATING OF 100 POINTS EVER RECORDED. - IBAT* ...BELIEVE US, THIS VODKA IS SLICK. - PLAYBOY FIRST FLAWLESS VODKA RATI

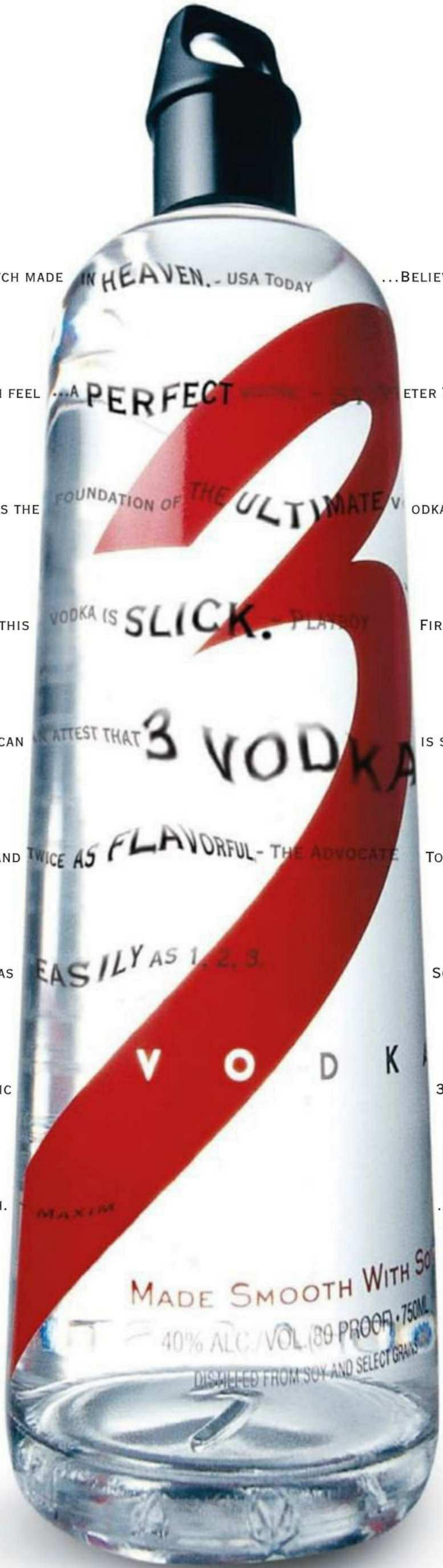
.OFFERS A SMOOTH TASTE. - ABC NEWS A HEALTHIER WAY TO GET SHITFACED...WE CAN ATTEST THAT 3 VODKA IS SMOOTH AND TASTY. - MAX

ND THAT'S STORMING THE BAR SCENE. - COSMOPOLITAN SMOOTH AS FRENCH SILK AND TWICE AS FLAVORFUL- THE ADVOCATE TOP TEN MUST-HAVE ITEMS

A POSITIVE EFFECT ON THE VODKA'S TASTE. - ASSOCIATED PRESS SOY VODKA SIPS AS EASILY AS 1, 2, 3. SOY IS VERY COMPLEX...HA

- THE ADVOCATE THE SMOOTHEST VODKA I HAVE EVER TASTED. - ARIZONA REPUBLIC 3 IS WITHOUT PEER AS THE

LESS UNMATCHED BY ANY OTHER VODKA...YOU'LL FIND THAT 3 IS TRULY TRIPLE SMOOTH. ...A SMOOTHER VODKA...TH



3 VODKA.
DISTILLED FROM SOY
ASK FOR IT
BY NUMBER
NO CARBS

JUDGING BY THE BUZZ, WE'VE CLEARLY MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION.